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February 4, 1972

Dr. Edith Farnsworth
16 via del Carota
50011 Antella
Florence, Italy

Dear Dr. Farnsworth:

This letter is to confirm our arrangement in regard to your translation of Eugenio Montale's PROVISIONAL CONCLUSIONS.

You warrant that your translations are original and that you own the rights to them. We agree to pay you a royalty of three per cent (3%) of our catalog retail price on our hardback edition of the work and two per cent (2%) of the catalog retail price on our paperback edition. In any case where we give a discount of fifty per cent (50%) or more, the royalty will be based upon the net received by us. You will have final approval of the translation before the book is brought out in paperback. If this is in accordance with your understanding, would you please sign one copy of this letter and return it to me.

Sincerely,

Harvey Plotnick
President

_____

_____
Date

114 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610 (312) 527-3300

M E M O R A N D U M

June 13, 1967

TO: Edith B. Farnsworth, M. D.

FROM: Addis E. Hull

SUBJECT: Plano Bridge Project

RE: Procedure in condemnation cases and Kendall County's right to condemn a portion of your land for road widening and bridge construction purposes.

I thought it well to give you a memorandum on this subject so you would know the extent of your power to bargain with the County over the location of the proposed new Plano bridge.

Section 5-502 of Chapter 121, Ill. Rev. Stats., grants the County Board of each county power to construct or repair bridges, culverts, etc., including approaches thereto, on, across or along any highway. Section 5-801 of the same chapter grants any county the right to acquire land for road widening purposes and if the county cannot acquire the land from the land owner by negotiation, the county is authorized to exercise its right of "eminent domain," which means the right of condemnation.

The law governing condemnation is contained in Chapter 47, Ill. Rev. Stats. That chapter provides that when a governing body has the right of condemning land, it is to file a petition in the Circuit Court of the county where the land lies and is to make parties defendant thereto all persons who have any interest in the land which the petitioner wishes to condemn. Except as hereinafter noted, there is no provision in the statute for a defendant to contest the right of a governing body to condemn land, but the courts of this state have repeatedly held that defendants can contest the right of the governing

body to condemn if they can show that the exercise of the power to condemn by the governing body is arbitrary, capricious and thereby takes away the defendant's property in an unconstitutional manner, i.e., without due process of law.

Among condemnation specialists, the pleading filed to contest the governing body's right to condemn is called a "special traverse." The special traverse is filed before the court holds a hearing to determine the value of the land to be condemned. If the court enters an order on the special traverse finding in favor of the defendant, the condemnation proceeding abates unless the petitioner appeals directly to the Illinois Supreme Court (Rule 28-1, Rules of Supreme Court) and wins the appeal.

If the special traverse is denied, the order of denial is not immediately appealable, Department of Public Works v. Dust, Ill. Supr. Ct. 1960, 19 Ill. 2d 217, 219, and then the court impanels a jury to hear evidence of both parties as to the value of the property. The amount the jury awards is then entered as a judgment against the governing body and in favor of the land owner. The land owner can waive a jury and have the court ascertain the value of the land sought to be taken.

In the valuation proceedings, the jury, or the court, is permitted to hear evidence at the instance of the property owner as to the damage suffered by any land or improvements thereto which are adjacent to the property sought to be condemned which are damaged as a result of the condemnation of the adjacent land; thus, in your case, the judge or jury would not only compensate you for the value of the land which would be taken to provide the new approach for the proposed Plano bridge, but would also allow you damages for the decline which resulted in the value of your remaining land and house as a result of the condemnation of the land which the County proposes to take from you.

If the court entered its award of damages in your favor, you could then appeal from the order overruling your special traverse, the appeal lying directly to the Illinois Supreme Court. You could also appeal the award of damages if you felt

the amount thereof was insufficient compensation to you.

The taking of an appeal on any issue to any appellate tribunal in Illinois does not automatically stay the enforcement of the judgment in the lower court. A lower court judgment remains unenforceable during the appeal period only if proceedings are taken to make the appeal a "supersedeas." The appeal proceedings are made a supersedeas on trial court proceedings only if the appellant files an appeal bond in an amount to be fixed by the court and conditioned to make the petitioner whole from any damage he might sustain by the pendency of the appeal, assuming the appellant loses the appeal. Section 12, Chapter 47, Ill. Rev. Stats.; Section 82, Chapter 110, Ill. Rev. Stats.

The damage which could flow to the County in your case, if you lost your case in the trial court, appealed and lost the appeal and the appeal was made a supersedeas, might well be that between the entry of the condemnation judgment and its affirmance by the Supreme Court, the price of bridge building and road building increased. The provable amount of the increase under these circumstances would be damages which the County could collect from the bonding company which would be surety on your bond and which the bonding company, under its surety agreement with you, would collect from you. This could be a very sizable sum.

If the Court ruled against your special traverse and you did not make your appeal a supersedeas, the County could immediately enter upon your property and commence construction of the proposed new bridge if it wished to run the risk that the lower court's judgment would not be reversed on appeal. It is not likely that the County would take this risk because if you appealed and won, you could compel the County to remove the approach to the bridge to your property, vacate the property and restore it to its original condition or you could receive an award of damages in money which would repay the cost of doing all this.

Because of the risk of damages if you were to lose an appeal, you would be best advised not to attempt to make your appeal from an adverse finding on a special traverse, a supersedeas but rely on the County's reluctance to enforce the lower court's order during the appeal period.

Not too long ago, the General Assembly amended the condemnation sections of the statute to provide for a "quick taking" by governing bodies of land sought to be condemned upon motion therefor made by the governing body if the petitioner can show it is necessary in the public's interest that the condemnation proceed without delay, with the damages to be determinable at some later date. The purpose of the amendment to the statute was to permit a governing body to be able to forthwith enter a landowner's land and not be obliged to wait the time consuming procedures necessary to determine the fair value of the land. Undoubtedly, in your case, the County having instituted condemnation procedures would move for a quick taking of your property and would likely obtain a favorable order. The County would allege that the present approach is a danger to motorists and should be promptly removed. If the quick taking order were entered, you would have a right of an immediate appeal therefrom. Section 2.2(b), Chapter 47, Ill. Rev. Stats. As in the case of the special traverse, the appeal proceedings would act as a supersedeas only if you posted an appeal bond, but, again, it is unlikely the County would take the risk of enforcing the lower court's order of quick taking during the pendency of the appeal. If the order of quick taking were entered, the court would be obliged to make a preliminary estimate of the value of the property taken and the County would then be required to deposit a certain percentage of this in a special fund to await the outcome of further proceedings.

The courts of our state very rarely find that a governing body is arbitrarily exercising its power of condemnation and it is highly unlikely in your case that the Court would so find. In Department of Public Works v. Lewis, Sup. Ct. of Ill. 1952, 411 Ill. 237, it appeared that the State Highway Department wanted to take 10 feet of a farmer's land to widen the shoulders of a road. It appeared, in evidence, that the right-of-way of the road prior to its widening was within 52 feet of the defendant's land and house; thus, the proposed widening would have brought the right-of-way within 42 feet of the defendant's land and house. The defendant tendered evidence that the road could be widened at the opposite side of the right-of-way and presented expert testimony in that

regard. The Court said defendant's proposed alternatives presented engineering and not judicial questions. "The number of curves to be constructed, and the desirability of a particular curve are matters to be determined by engineers . . . and the degree of slope presents questions involving safety, economics and feasibility of maintenance. In view of these factors, it cannot be said that no necessity existed for appropriation by the Department of Land to effect the proposed improvement . . ."

The court further said, "The authority and power of the department in establishing, maintaining and improving the highways of the State is broad and plenary, and it is only in the exceptional case where such authority and power has been manifestly abused that a court may interfere. This is not usually the case."

I am sure the County Board, in the event of a contest with respect to the Plano bridge, will be able to present much engineering evidence which will tend to show why the bridge should be located at its proposed new site. I do not say this evidence will be true, but I do say the evidence will be convincing to the courts. The courts' philosophy in these cases is that the governing body is the best judge of the necessity for taking land and it will only interfere in extreme cases. I think it will be difficult for you to make out the required "extreme" case.

From the foregoing, I conclude that resort to the courts is not likely to prevent the construction of the Plano bridge at its proposed site; therefore, you must take action at the political level. This means you should first attempt to persuade the members of the County Board from proceeding with their project; first, by showing them the great harm it does you and your property, and second, by showing them another way to reconstruct the Plano bridge without bringing its northern approach onto your land. If these efforts are unavailing, then your final step would be to appeal to the people of your County to bring pressure to bear on the County Board members to change their decision. This latter job would be difficult to accomplish: most people are interested only in protecting their own property and not in protecting property of their neighbors. This is particularly so when the damage done to your property will be in the name of "progress." The great majority of Americans dislike the status

quo, they hanker for progress, i.e., a change in the status quo.

Since the power you have appears to be to delay but not defeat proceedings to condemn your property, it behooves you, in my opinion, to proceed very diplomatically with the County Board. I would take care to ingratiate myself with them and not antagonize them with empty threats. In your contacts with the County Board members, I think it is extremely important that you present them with a reasonable alternative solution to the problem which, to be believed, can only come forth from a reputable civil engineer who knows the facts in the case. I don't think it will do much good to ask the Board's mercy for your plight until you devise an alternative solution because, having gone this far with their project, they are not going to abandon it.

I am taking the liberty of sending Mr. Hardin copies of this memorandum and I am going to suggest to him that if he takes issue with any of the above opinions, he report this to both you and me.

Addis E. Hull, III

cc: Louis S. Hardin, Esq.
Schiff, Hardin, Waite,
Dorschel & Britton
231 South La Salle Street
Chicago, Illinois

FRANK R. REID, JR. 1910-1962
L. M. OCHSENSCHLAGER
WILLIAM C. MURPHY
ROBERT B. HUPP
GILBERT X. DRENDEL, JR.
STEPHEN J. MRKVICKA
CHARLES F. THOMPSON, JR.
GEORGE P. LINDNER
JOHN M. LAMONT

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
(P. O. BOX 1264)
75 SOUTH STOLP AVENUE
AURORA, ILLINOIS 60507

TELEPHONE
AREA CODE — 312
892-8771

May 25, 1968

Dr. Edith B. Farnsworth
Plano, Illinois

Dear Dr. Farnsworth:-

Here is a billing for our services up to date as requested by you, together with a draft of the letter I propose sending if it is your decision to give the property to the County.

Sincerely yours,
Reid, Ochsenschlager, Murphy and Hupp

William C. Murphy

WCM/bl
encl.

Home address:

M. Ricciardelli
639 Brighton Rd.
Tonawanda, New York 14150
USA

Novembre 21, 1975

Gentile Ms. Farnsworth:

Ricevo oggi la Sua lettera del 22 settembre. Mi scusi se Le scrivo brevemente ed in fretta. Ma desidero mettere in chiaro cosa è successo.

1- Lei comprende benissimo l'ammirazione che ho per Pierro, di cui ho pubblicato già delle Sue traduzioni, e l'ammirazione che ho per Lei come traduttrice, specie di Montale.

2- Quando ricevetti la Sua traduzione de Gl'innamorati di Pierro Le risposi subito dicendole che senz'altro l'avrei stampata con piacere. Però le dicevo anche avevo bisogno di avere una copia dell'originale della poesia e dei dati bibliografici del libro da cui è stata presa. (Titolo del libro, editore, anno di pubblicazione)

3- Inoltre Le spiegavo che nella sezione di F. I., Traduzione, non mettiamo mai un'introduzione sull'autore. Infatti pubblichiamo solo traduzioni di poeti ben conosciuti.

Credo perciò che l'equivoco sia nato dal fatto che io scrissi ad Albino Pierro chiedendogli qualche poesia inedita con una breve introduzione di un critico noto, e questo secondo le norme della sezione Poesie, dove pubblichiamo solo poesie inedite, Spero che il Professor Pierro abbia conservato questa lettera, dalla quale Lei può verificare quello che Le ho scritto.

Come Lei sa la posta, oggigiorno non funziona bene e forse Lei non ha ricevuto la mia lettera, in cui tra l'altro Le dicevo anche che non è difficile trovare una casa editrice qui in America che Le pubblichi le traduzioni di Leopardi o quelle di altri autori del Novecento, specialmente se raccomandati da Singleton.

Se Lei mi manda i dati richiesti sopra su Gl'innamorati, sarò ben felice di pubblicare la Sua traduzione in uno dei fascicoli di F. I. del 1976.

Dispiacentissimo per questo involontario equivoco, La ringrazio della Sua preziosa collaborazione alla nostra rivista e La saluto.

Cordialmente Suo

M. Ricciardelli

It will take you 4 yrs. to make anything of this: so Take your time.

April 19, '77

466 SOUTH PRICE ROAD
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63124

Dear Edith,

I have carried your most recent communication of Aug 26, 1976 around with me, over hill & dale, on the ground, in the skies and on the water while fishing, ever since!

Jabber Cherbonnier whom you entertained so pleasantly at your Villa, asks about you often. The last query was in Florida this past month. She has a very delightful home on the island of Captiva. The house faces the Gulf of Mexico and the land or rather the beach in front of the house washes away periodically from heavy winter storms. This is a great expense and a worry but she loves it and has nieces, nephews & friends to visit often.

P.S.

Carol (my elder daughter) and husband planning to build a week-end residence out of U.N.C. summer. Architect is a great friend of mine with impeccable taste and great Talent — a former pupil of Frank Lloyd Wright. It should be lovely.

466 SOUTH PRICE ROAD
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63124

the Mo. Historical Assoc. building. I had rather planned to give a donation to the Lindbergh Memorial which is to be built in Washington Gardens, but there goes part of it into the evening of May 11.

Our Museum is on its way to raising several millions of dollars for complete rejuvenation & addition & I am about to fly briefly & briefly to the Chicago Art Institute to see the Tutankhamun exhibit. This I have seen in Cairo but want to see how it is displayed in the U.S. and also simply want to stand and drool over the various pieces again, as I did before.

In relation to the great energy crisis which is closing in upon this country, I've installed "reflecting film" on all the front & larger windows of my house. There appear

pale gold on the exterior and simply cut the glare inside. The purpose: they now keep the furnace heat in in winter and the air conditioner cool in in summer. So both heat & cold air can now be cut down considerably. I'm told the house now gives the appearance of a " of ill-repute!

And a man from an installating company comes tomorrow & give me an estimate of adding greatly to the insulation in my attic.

But what am I going to do with my legs when I have to move to a midget-size auto? If I fold them under I can't be able to emerge. If I stretch them straight out, they'll puncture the radiator. A real problem.

Pres. Carter must have something in mind other than peanuts. I should drop him a note!

No one - but no one on the highways obeys the 55 mi. per hr. speed limit. 70-75-80 - what's the difference? A great deal if I love to you

Guess I'm thinking about you much. I could see you often and long. xxx

Frances

466 SOUTH PRICE ROAD
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63124

This is sometimes a warmer too and always of course an Iowan. But she rushes back to St. L. and sells a couple of homes (real estate is her business). This seems to rejuvenate her. She is a great girl and smart.

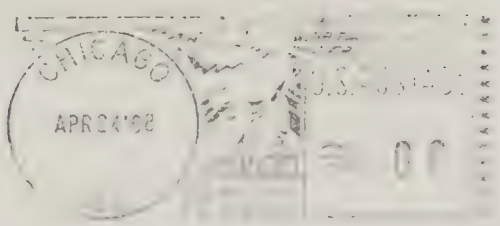
Martha Jane, another St. L. admirer of yours, frequently inquires about you. She travels far & wide each winter to exotic spots and somehow spoke a good deal of French in Portugal and maybe Spain too this year. Don't ask me how all this came about.

And do you remember Polly? He & I are planning to attend the 50th anniversary dinner of Lindbergh's flight on May 17. Anne Morrow L. will be on hand and will see all her husband's medals & trophies displayed in a new setting at

P.S. Spent this past week-end at Martha's farm. Everything green beautiful and quite unkempt! Her herd of cattle had produced a great abundance of calves and a great Pyrenees dog came to visit and rested on Martha's stomach in bed in the night. She had to telephone the master at 12 midnight. He was so sorry, he had spent the day burying a horse. Where will it sleep?

AEH

RAYMOND, MAYER, JENNER & BLOCK
135 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603



Edith B. Farnsworth, M.D.
942 N. Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Pub. favorable to me?

Not so!

There are such realities
not as of value
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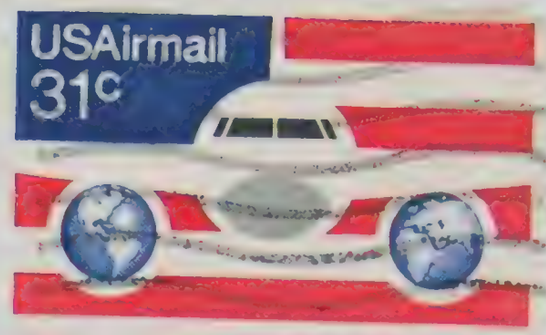
paying on damaged
to Kansas Indians.

Office of the whole
state some later.



Dr. Edith B. Farnsworth
16 Via del Carota
50011 Antella
Florence
Italy

MRS. HENRY M. COOK
466 SOUTH PRICE ROAD
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63124

P.S. I did receive your note thanking me for suggesting I come to you to return with you to your native shores. The offer still holds.

AIR MAIL

Dr Edith Farnsworth.
PLANO. (FOX RIVER).
NEAR CHICAGO.
ILLINOIS.
U. S. A.

REID, OCHSENSCHLAGER, MURPHY AND HUPP
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
75 SOUTH STOLP AVENUE
P. O. BOX 1264
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Plano, Illinois

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January 7, 1974

Ms. Edith B. Farnsworth
16 via del Carota
50011 Antella
Florence, Italy

Dear Ms. Farnworth:

Thank you for your recent letter and the excerpts from your manuscripts. Both the FIFTEEN ITALIAN POETS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY and the translation of the poems of Leopardi seem to be quite solid work, which makes it doubly hard for me to have to tell you that we just can't express any interest in either work. Quite frankly, they're just too specialized for our rather general list. May I suggest that you contact a university press?

I do appreciate your thinking of us, and I hope you are successful in placing your work with another publisher.

Sincerely,

Corlies M. Smith
Senior Editor

CMS/rjs

FRANCIS H. STRAUS, M.D.
5621 WOODLAWN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

312 MU 4-5696

August 15, 1977

Dear Edith:

I received your August 15th note two days ago. I have been greatly concerned that I had not heard from you for so long. Your letter allowed me to know that you were still there; but it was hardly reassuring about other matters concerning which I could only guess. I shall be more than grateful for further clinical detail if you can, and wish to, let me have it.

As your dictated letter requested, I have taken your inquiry most seriously. But again, I can only guess about the matter. Remedies to which I assume you refer were never offered to me. And I had no knowledge that they were ever given to individuals in more exposed situations. Matters of that sort should form the basis of rumor, however unfounded, and I never encountered even such a rumor. I am sure that you will understand my reluctance to act on the basis of two compounded assumptions; either of which is more than likely to be incorrect.

If Anne does appear will you give her my love. And, if you believe it advisable, you might ask her to send me more detail than you were apparently willing to give your ammanuensis. I saw Anne just before she left for Europe. It was a great pleasure, as I had not seen her since her farewell visit to Betsy.

Nancy and I presently plan to be in Egypt during early February of next year. This naturally depends upon a presently unstable political situation in that area. If we do not find a suitable untenanted pyramid into which, at our advanced age, we may crawl; we shall probably be footloose about Europe for a time.

Please, Edith, understand my very deep concern about you. This is for yourself alone; but it is also because ou are one of the strong ties with the past and with the Betsy whom w both loved.

Frances

None of this, as I said and feel, can possibly be true.

I did not, still I feel cold me, know that you had lived some years in Florence. I accidentally did not know that I was 43, trying again-and-again to complete for The Viking Press my (impossibly) first book of poems.

I only knew that the wind blew today off of Belfast with a cold clarity which must have ridden the Spider downhill to Isle au Haut in three hours. A wind absolutely Northwest. A pure brilliance. My father is, beyond imagining, cruising as Spider. Your father has just, on The Leer, fended-off mobsters with his cane. You are in medical school, or nearly a doctor, coming to Castine sunny of cheek and strangely golden of both spirit and hair.

I was eight, twelve, sixteen?

It does not matter. All of it is true. And nothing less is true.

I sent Robin to realize these things, against the world (including Castine/father) which she rightfully distrusts. You will not be able to tell her; no more can I.

But I write you, across years, in love. This is strange, but true. I believe in such truth because Frank showed me tonight your indelibly lovely poem about finding keys. Please believe that this night, in Castine of a total moon, when the tides were high on the Head, there were old and new Castine cracks who spoke of you lovingly and who drank your health gladly -- each to his own silence. Florence may flood with bad water or foolish Americans; Castine may, given too much Maritime Academy, sink. But the tides turn and return. And the world, after all, will hold. Perhaps, in the end, given xxxxxxxxx children departing and age catching up, we must give ourselves up to that: to trust in (in spite of us all) the planet.

Let it be so. Across years. I hope, if she comes to try, Robin may somehow, however distantly, remind you.

Yrs faithfully,

Philip Booth

REID, OCHSENSCHLAGER, MURPHY AND HUPP
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
75 SOUTH STOLP AVENUE
P. O. BOX 1864
AURORA, ILLINOIS 60507

FRANK R. REID, JR. 1910-1962
LAMBERT M. OCHSENSCHLAGER
WILLIAM C. MURPHY
ROBERT B. HUPP
GILBERT X. DRENDEL, JR.
STEPHEN J. MRKVICKA
CHARLES F. THOMPSON, JR.

GEORGE P. LINDNER
JOHN M. LAMONT

TELEPHONE
AREA CODE 312
TWINOAKS 2-8771

May 25, 1968

To the Members of the Board of Supervisors
Kendall County
Courthouse
Yorkville, Illinois

Dear Sirs:-

To evidence the willingness of Dr. Edith Farnsworth to compromise the difficulties between us, and in a final effort to dispose of all matters between us, I make this offer to the County of Kendall in behalf of Dr. Farnsworth.

If the Board of Supervisors will rescind its Ordinance for the construction of the 5 mile bridge through the Farnsworth property, Dr. Farnsworth will deliver a deed to the County of Kendall dedicating all her property for park purposes, but reserving a life interest therein to herself, on condition that during her lifetime no roads, bridges or approaches thereto be built on her property by any governmental body or other person without her express written consent first had and obtained.

As evidence of her good faith, she has deposited an executed deed to the County of Kendall with me as her attorney, with instructions to deliver it to the State's Attorney of Kendall County on receipt of advice that the rescinding Ordinance has become final and binding.

I suggest that this offer of a unique and most valuable property should be carefully and immediately considered by the Board. The bridge can be built elsewhere, but once this offer is rejected the people of this County will lose a park forever.

Sincerely yours,
Reid, Ochsenschlager, Murphy and Hupp

WCM/bl

William C. Murphy
Attorney for Dr. Edith B. Farnsworth

Farmer and Dark Chartered Architects 131 Upper Richmond Road London SW15
Telephone Putney 7801

Date 24. 5. '68.

Dear Dr Farnsworth.

I wonder if you remember me and the wonderful day I spent with you & Mrs at your house before it was completed? I am prompted to write to you because I saw a note in Progressive Architecture that the authorities were proposing to build a bridge to near your house that you may have to leave it. After eighteen years this sounds awful and you have my complete sympathy should you have to leave this lovely setting.

My wife died early this year and I may come to the States later in the year to visit friends in California. If it were possible I would like to visit Chicago again and possibly to go and see you. I do so hope

You are well & happy and busy. It is an awful long time since we last wrote — a Christmas card if I remember correctly.

With kindest regards and very best wishes.

Yours ever

Frankland Dent.

STATEMENT

REID, OCHSENSCHLAGER, MURPHY AND HUPP
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
75 STOLP AVENUE
P. O. BOX 1264
AURORA, ILLINOIS

FRANK R. REID, JR.
LAMBERT M. OCHSENSCHLAGER
WILLIAM C. MURPHY
ROBERT B. HUPP

GILBERT X. DRENDEL
STEPHEN J. MRKVICKA
CHARLES F. THOMPSON, JR.
GEORGE P. LINDNER

AREA CODE 312
TELEPHONE
TWINOAKS 2-4203

May 25, 1968

Dr. Edith Farnsworth and Mrs. Warren Buckley
Plano, Illinois

Re: Farnsworth, et al., ats. County of Kendall

LEGAL SERVICES RENDERED from December 29, 1967 through present date------$1840.00
(Research, conferences, drafts of documents, court appea;rances, correspondence, preparation of Reply Brief, Pretrial and conference)

EXPENSES:

Toll Calls----------	$1.50	
Plat of Area----------	9.00	
		10.50
	Total	$1850.50

Silver Ley,
Theobalds Park Road,
Crews Hill, Enfield,
Middlesex.

21st. February, 1974.

My Dear Edith,

I often think of you and wonder how you are making out, the only news I have of you has been via Lilian, we, as you know correspond fairly regularly and she keeps me posted with local news and also of you.

In her last letter she told me that Peter Palumbo is engineering much activity in your old estate and having it very lavishly landscaped by a well known architect, who happens to be friend of mine named Laning Roper. On reading the Daily Telegraph yesterday, I found an article on Mr. Palumbo which I thought might interest you, so I am enclosing this herewith. I also have sent a copy of this to Lilian because she is very interested in the man and what he is doing to your old gardens. I understand that Lilian has met Peter Palumbo, I believe they came to Lilian's house one evening for drinks, Peter Palumbo and Laning Roper, and Lilian was quite impressed with him, I do hope he has settled everything up amicably with you because, as you will note from the article enclosed, he is a very rich young man.

I only wish business would take me near to Florence, I should like to call and see you again, I hope the chance may come later this summer.

When you get time dear, drop me a line and let me know how things go. Have you still got your same butler and other servants, I was very impressed with your cook, I thought her a charming person, I suppose her daughters are now, if not married, courting strongly.

Well Edith I send you every good wish for 1974 and I hope that I have the opportunity of popping in once again to visit you, if I do have the chance I shall of course write to you well beforehand. With all good wishes,

Sincerely,

Rec

Questa denuncia risulta da un malinteso, i terreni qui denunciati essendo stati esposti già nella denuncia di Terreni contigui. Abbia la gentilezza, pertanto di cancellare "Denuncia di coltivazione N° 6359, intestata a Turini Ferdinando.

330 — PARIS — L'Eglise Saint-Augustin et le Boulevard Malesherbes A. P.

Saint-Augustin Church and the Boulevard Malesherbes

CARTE POSTALE

Correspondance

Adresse

Dear Dr. Farnsworth,

I do hope that you will accept this publication as a memento of your Commission!

With all good wishes.

Pfitzner

Cormault et Pacaghin, Éditeurs, Paris

Huron College
London, Ontario
December 7

Dear Edith

With Bach's Konzert für Oboe d'amore on the phonograph, a bowl of cornflakes for a ten o'clock breakfast and a heap of exam papers(!) I quite arbitrarily announced to Helen that I was going to write that letter. Quite scatter brained but lyrical and full of feeling, but I am afraid I shall begin and end nowhere-- an infuriating habit I am picking up from my elder daughter who is now on her way from New Hebrides to New Caledonia in that sailing boat. Helen will have told you about our utilitarian living arrangements. We have broken the illusory ring of the abiding place, and keep the action of the road still, campers, pilgrims if you like and especially at the moment my very breath is tight in on the largo of the Concerto for flute and Strings in G. Minor-- the voice of the infinitely pure always is that flute. The cornflakes have gone and Helen has given up her breakfast companion, so I must concentrate on reaching across -- distance can be at once so plunging and empty and then in a moment nothing at all. In a warm room on a sustained note indeed nothing.

I am afraid we read between your lines about your not feeling very well. But the triumphant hint about the possibilities of publishing your poems carried all before it for us.

I have nothing but chores to report, but my philosopher friend in retirement says that we cannot take on the cares of the world, but must work diligently in our particular corner, each of us doing what he can to move the world from his spot. I'll go on levering away from Welsh, he says, and you use what you can do in London. So I see a great deal of my students in a large untidy office crammed with books dirty teacups and odd things in dynamic disarray. And I become garrulous day by day. I find I have the best of all possible worlds in academia. The Administration is happy that I am not hostile, being itself now smothered by multiplying committees that have sprung up in the soil of mistrust. I rise occasionally on committee motions when I am not busy with more important things--students-- but find the seats impossible for that task which has its advantages. I had one short article accepted and another turned down. But I read it to the Faculty Colloquium . Helen has finished off the very rough draft of the Lorca, and we have now to settle to dramatic English and the long job of preparing the scholarly materials lies ahead. But as for me I spend all my time with my teaching a new course and scurrying about with papers.

The lapse in our communications was due, we guess, to the post. Helen wrote you from England to the Villa Le Tavernule but neither of us can remember when exactly. We now think that it must have been before you had moved in. But we did write telling you of our adventures. We had made a very exciting discovery of Ireland and were full of it at the time. We spent two weeks with my cousin in Winchelsea and revisited our HQ in Cambridge. England the second time was sheer love. Canada looks bleak and I feel that Italians and English people are my kin. Canada a race apart! Provincialism in reverse!

And now to the splendid, charming and witty verses on the ceremony of the keys. Le Tavernule is a vision, with you in the centre. We shall not lose it.

I began this letter in another frame of mind at 1 a.m. the night before last., I shall end there. It is

A Christmas Thought

Dear Edith you will hardly credit how
Your message lifted up our hearts with joy
To learn that you may presently employ
Poetic fruits, long ripened on the bough
That nurture in the Muses' garden now
Has made productive, for the great employ
Of Publication. Nothing can destroy
That guerdon. This much the gods allow.

What paradox this birth of book, as 'twere
A human soul immortalized by skin
And bones! Yet how else does the spirit stir
And essence into ^ portraiture win
(Our god-like shapes)? For flesh that fails, that sure
To run the race left us but love to Him?

Aunty

P.S. Miles says he must tell you about our quarters. Nothing except that they are low overhead. A two bedroom flat. For the river and the park it is a good district. We can let or shut us suddly four to five months of the year.

Letter to Edith

From Florence we pushed away and on
Against heart-pull of
Friend new found
Climbed through the tunnels through
Mountains to Bologna
Found there Library of no use
Book place not worth the
Maze threading traffic , nor
Tension in neck-cricked-at mirrors
Watching for under the counter Fiats
In rear darting irritably and
Honking shrill tantrums
Worth not the foot-ache
Pedal-vigil, long waits inching the line-ups
(Oh, worse far than oar-work!)
No fleece here for Jason, nor
Sirens Ulysses listened to bound to the mast
Only swine snouted Fiate-Five-hundreds
Honking in Bolognese queue
In the light-fall sad on old stone
One backward glance at the Square in the
Dusk, pointing our prow for the
Night-camp for wheels rest
Now map west is east and we
Some twelve miles lost!.
We were late finding the place, no wise men we, but
Tired beyond pleasure.
Bologna be blamed for its ill made maps!
No seamen they,
Midlanders on
No side of Italy their
Topside is under!

Early we hurry to
Ferrarese book-hoard to seek there
Play become fleece become grail
Truth for the searcher to
Quest after
No matter what
No matter why
Only the way and the search to
Seek there the thing (play, was it?)
Long ago printed, some said, but now lost maybe
This to find out that was
Written long past near four centuries of
Rose-dooms ago, seasons of laughter long lost or of
Tears at the Theatre where seven feet of
Filtered dust, man treadings and leavings have
Raised up the Road level so
Long is the past and so
Thick with lost things
And the thing which we seek has no value but lost truth in
Lost context

Letter to Edith (cont)

Now in the book-hoard not found but
Quick sense of lost travel
A stranger we meet
Gives us by guess a
True bearing where
Straight to the reference it leads us
Found is the answer
Not printed but acted the play and that once we suppose
But reposes the MS at Modena
The signatura given for the library
Named for the Duke
Este by name
Safe haven assured, recent the date
Seen it was sure only four years ago.
With day star again we go
To Ravenna, to Venice, a long compass a
To fetch round about to Modena
Our Ithaca where sits
Our Penelope at loom
Our long sought and guessed at
Wild across Italy searched
Bradamante Gelosa.

Rod & Helen

Cavallino Venezia April 17

Helen writes & we
both send our
love with this
doggerel

3rd March 1977.

Dear,

Enclosed a letter from Jaques Francais, with couple of other papers which all are fully selfexplanatory.

As I really expected, he took the violin on consignment. And since it would be very difficult to sell the violin here, due to Hill's opinion, I fear you have not much of an alternative.

Just the same, you can still decide. My sister is coming to London on the 26th March and could bring the violin back if you wish. Also PLEASE let me know about the bow about which I wrote in my last letter (???)

We (Baki and I) are flying to Istanbul on Sunday the 6th will be back in London on the 10th March and off again for Cannes on the 12th March to the 26th March. You can contact me here on the 11th March or from

the evening of the 12th March in Cagnes.
20-81-58, is our Telephone number.

Hope you are alright and the new couple (or couples) wonderful i.e. all you want. I really hope so for you.

Much love from both of us.

Li

Dear Edith -

At long last - I take my pen in hand - Haven't been able to write letters at all - Not much writing but my eye seems to have stopped me. Completely - It is snowing - The first real severe storm of the winter - The weather has been beautiful clear, cold and sunny - I find living here very pleasant - There are lots of congenial people - Then it is such a lovely city - Detroit is as busy and busy as ever - Elsa seldom gets down - Today is an exception and we have in front of the fire listening to the opera on the radio - Tom Polly is not at all well now and with to bed all except for a short dress - She had had us for dinner a couple of times but I think it is very trying on her - Margaret had a bad spell before Xmas - Her memory is very spotty but she is cheerful about it all and quite capable otherwise - There is nothing that I can tell you about old age - Geneva Sawyer really took care of her and then she died suddenly at the fall - So she is quite lost as all the people who had with us for so years are dead - Hazel's children are the only ones left and they are attractive but of course not around much - Sam Jr and his wife left Paul three days after the funeral - Jeanne is very depressed - Her wife is gay and jolly as he is to - like Tuesday Margaret has lunch with us and then we go to Geneva's and play Chuke a game of Canasta - On Sunday noon Joe Kaar drinks high

Margaret and she entertains for a teacher people —

The Thomas's have retired here and Tommy manages the hospital — This house is filled up with their circles pictures and I feel the influence of these pleasant days —

The shocker of the season is the crack up of the Clark Fitzgeralds — &c. you remember the sculptor and his wife — I believe she said she had fallen in love for the first time in her life — They were married twenty three years — Keith's intended is also married — to the Judge who was head of the Reading Park and now is at the Yosemite the two couples pair off each other here —

The Keith Hatches are low — Margery does not go out much — and Keith has trouble with his eyes and can't draw after dark — Blanche Robinson died last summer —

Lucy Stone's daughter is married to a Greek artist and living in her mother's house the winter — Ben Moore are lots of other people — &c &c &c —

I try to picture you in your villa in Italy — If you have any snap shots send me some — I have had the books by Howard Taylor and his boys — so I picture you in the Bloomsbury set to what is left of it — Oh are they too precious for you? Then nobody is excluded —

Last summer I went to my sister Julia's wedding in Virginia — the day before Thanksgiving my sister Josephine was taken ill very suddenly of appendicitis and died a week after it had started — Between this and what happened in the — North Carolina —

I am sure you are writing but it's pouring
or we must? Can't to wait me to tell you she
read the book by the daughter of Ezra Pound - Have
you seen this book?

Is the Como polluted? Pollution is the chief
topic of conversation over here -

I am enclosing a snapshot taken at Tre le Bocchette
last summer. Ted's mother is very sick and he
and Una are with her most of the time - Come back
for a week sorry now and then - As usual the
letter seems to be nothing but ortel stat. $ tic -
I do want you to know that I think of
you often and hope that you are enjoying
the life in Italy.

Your devoted
Ted

February nineteenth

Dear Edith -

Here I am back in Castine - all in a foggy morning. Ruthie has just called to ask if anyone would like to ride with her to Bucksport and Tuesday send me for all of us - Hence I am taking a few moments of quiet to tell you how very much I enjoyed my visit with you in your beautiful home - Baby is right the flowers here do not have any odor any more - When I think of your gardens and the delicious fragrance there, no where do you find it here -

Although you probably don't feel this way it was so thoughtful - The meal, the outing and the house - All was also wonderful to find you so spirited in spite of your health - I am like Margaret who finds no thing to recommend in old age - I am content to be same as ever -

Mrs Wass visited a week ago in the meantime my sister Sallie and her husband have come to the Oakland House a 6 Hermits landing and Lewis to Mrs Wass home in Bar Harbor They are fine enough sailing, so we don't see them very often but I do see them all almost whenever they wish of the day - That is just it true - Frederick Bartlett died Saturday - He had been in a nursing home in Bar Harbor for a couple of months -

Baby and Jackie moved into Peggy's house yesterday - Tommy Gann, the plumber has been there today - he had such beautiful drawings in Italy it almost broke me up to hear all of his most people - Alma Bowden told me to give you her best wishes - Said she enjoyed you so much that week you spent here - Jane had Sunday the other day - He is still the golden haired boy -

Dear Edith Thank you again for the delightful book - Val Carey is here and give my best to Nina and her husband -

Love -

Nate

June 26th -

I believe your letter was opened as it was sealed with tape.

April 9th

Dearest Edith; - It is a strange thing that I had been thinking so much about you and then your letter came. Perhaps it is that now we are older (and did we ever think in our wildest dreams that we would become this old?) our thoughts go back to our earlier years. I can remember so many interesting things we did as children and I remember your house and parents so vividly. You all must have been very good to me. I spent so much time at the Abbot Street house that I remember that very well also, and I clearly remember walking with you and telling you my mother was dying. Certainly violin compositions bring back the times you practised ~~your violin~~. Then, of course, I remember a beautiful Fall Sunday when Malcolm and I were sitting on the Esplanade (I have forgotten how to spell his name, and we were talking about the character that was being sought along the river and you slept with a pistol! Well, so let's forget memories. They are great things when they are happy. I do not like you to be so uncomfortable with what I assume to be your arthritis. I remember you were miserable when I last saw you. It is such a pity no one comes up with a cure. I am still healthy and count my blessings. I still live in a cottage right on the ocean and hope I can stay here for the end of my days. It belongs to the Casa de Manana, a retirement set-up. Unfortunately, it is in bad financial condition and I am afraid will fold. In this case I can't imagine what all us old folks will do - particularly those in their 90's. This is a pretty posh area with few low income housing for those that will need it. I just live each day, playing golf twice a week, walking a lot, working for causes and feeling grateful for friends. Your letter makes me feel more than ever I should read about Italy and your future comfort in your villa. My sister gave me a detailed description of it. I would adore to see you and it had double if I will get to Europe again. There are friends of Louise's in the Paris area I would also like to see but doubt if I make it.

I came on my Italian diary the other day. What a wonderful school year I had! We are all wondering how Mr. Carter will work out. He seems pretty brash at the moment but I am told he is exceedingly bright and will learn fast. My family are all fine and living good, constructive lives - all are very creative - where they got this I don't know. I will try to keep more in touch with you, my dear. I love you deeply -

your devoted friend, Frances

I am sending your letter to Rachel. She visited me this winter. She is just the same -

Dr. Edith Farnsworth
16 Via del Carota
50011 Antella
Florence
Italy -

AEROGRAMME
VIA AIRMAIL
PAR AVION

(2) Second fold

Additional message area

under with any continuity.
I imagine that Ulmers
will remain friends
and something to do with it.
I am glad you did not
think I went your card this
year, but I somehow imagined
you had gone to Italy.
Turn to very true and
sorrowful as result of a bad
fall, but always sweet and
amiable and I miss to be
-tiful. Dear Eveleigh is touched
but we are fortunate in being
very comfortable up on our hill
and surrounded by beauty.
Much love from us both. Yours

Ruth, dear.

Your Christmas note with the news of Steve's death came as a shock to us. Having left F. L. 26 yrs. ago, I find it hard to realize that our old friends there also age, particularly Steve. How you must miss him! I loved the picture of us at the bridge table.

A friend Edith's memories had such gaps, that I was not able to put them in

★ Anemones • 1924, by Henri Matisse, France. Courtesy of the Kunstmuseum, Bern (Switzerland), to benefit the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF). ★ Les anémones • 1924, par Henri Matisse, France. Reproduction autorisée par le Kunstmuseum, Berne (Suisse), au profit du Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance (UNICEF). ★ Anémonas • 1924, por Henri Matisse, Francia; cortesía del Kunstmuseum, Berna (Suiza). Contribución al Fondo de las Naciones Unidas para la Infancia (UNICEF). ★ Анемоны. 1924 год. Анри Матисс, Франция. Работа любезно предоставлена Кунстмузеум, Берн (Швейцария), Детскому фонду Организации Объединенных Наций (ЮНИСЕФ) в благотворительных целях. ★ 秋牡丹。1924，亨利·马蒂斯（法国）作。（瑞士）伯尔尼艺术馆特许联合国儿童基金会使用。

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

times to the family, and have just had three weeks in there with the boys vacation. very strenuous but interesting. Sam writing. Hastily as am expecting friends guest any moment.

my little friend many Local lost her mother, last fall & is now taking a trip west. she will be in your city for the next two weeks c/o W. B. Sturgis 2440 Lake View Ave, and if you have a moment and the urge do see her, as she needs a bit of cheering up.

Love best to you and family.

Ruth

Jan. 8, 1938

Lincoln
Mass.

Dear Edith:

Many thanks for the Xmas card. Was much cheered over the prospect of more tennis & the pleasant morning routine again next summer. I too played much better when I got home onto really good courts. Do bring your fiddle too next summer.

I am living in the cutest wee cottage out here in Lincoln, real country, Tommie as sole companion Except for one night guests. Doing own work, Experimenting with wood-carving & practising fiddle, much outdoor, riding skating walking & some skiing. I love it. So in ah

Dear Edith, Received the good message from your friend, and skimpy as his report of you was, I was glad to get it.

A report on ourselves: We are both somewhat damaged goods having had a heart attack apiece (each), and Q. a broken hip in Marseille. I must have written you about that. We've cut down 4 about 50% of the wild life we lived before, which means turtlehood for both of us. Its really a joke because, as you know we've Never been very active.

Q. is as handsome as ever if not more so and so far I'm holding up - Not more beautiful and very little more or less passable. However there is still zest.

Q. is writing his memoirs; I'm editor with No training. You can imagine the result. I'm afraid I demolish his latinized English to replace it with pedestrian current style, which doesn't limp too much.

Leon, my son, has written a very lively book on car racing — auto biography of Peter Revson since killed. The book was well received but has a limited audience.

Leon's father, my ex husband, died in the spring. I don't know whether I wrote you that Dick Noel about 3 years ago; a dreadful blow that I don't really get over.

No one in our age group has married, taken any new lives except one, whom you don't know but has taken a dark one.

We're going to the Poconos in July - August with a Dr. David Scherf and wife. Do you know him? He is and was a very distinguished cardiologist from Vienna. He too is a cardiac case, a very meticulous pavor, and maybe with all those excellent qualities, he'll be able to slow time a little.

Dear Edith, I've thought of you very much; forgive this intimate comfortable writing paper. Let me know about yourself. Are you imbued with Italy, art and poetry and love I hope.

Our love to you -

Edna -- George

Eugenio Montale

Via Bigli 15

23 sett.73

Edith carissima,

sono pieno rimorsi. Chissà che cosa avrai pensato!

Il fatto è che gli ultimi giorni di Forte dei marmi stavo MALISSIMO e potevo solo affrettarmi a rincasare. Non camminavo quasi più e anche la Gina aveva esaurito le sue deboli forze. Nei due mesi di soggiorno al mare (mezzo asfissiato dal caldo) ho anche sperato in una TUA visita, ma suppongo che anche tu non stavi molto meglio di me. Chissà se e quanto potrò tornare in via del Carota. Pare che nel prossimo inverno avremo un caldo punto riscaldamento e io sono già gelato fin d'ora.
Cara Edith ti voglio dire che ti voglio molto bene e che per me sei stata e sei un'apparizione meravigliosa/ , quasi inverosimile. Scrivimi subito e poi di tanto in tanto se non ti affatico. Salutami la tartaruga. Il Singh sta traducendo ogni cosa e sembra malissimo, ma io sospeso tra pietà e orrore non so più difendermi.

Ti abbraccio con tanto affetto

Tuo

Eusebio / Arsenio

Eugenio Montale

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Edith birbona,

non so perchè tu pensi a un canocchiale. Si tratta di un grande specchio corroso dal tempo dal salnitro o da altre muffe. La cornice è d'oro o dorata. Le èlitre ronzanti non sono nosconi ma aerei bombardieri; siamo in guerra. Non c'è la fine di un amore perchè i miei amori non finiscono mai anzi si accentuano dopo la morte o la scomparsa dell'oggetto amato.

E ora dimentica le balle
di Avalle,
manda al diavolo tutti
i Carnelutti e se odi
qualche ronzio non è di una nostra indiscreta
ma del vecchio poeta
dei cuttlefish che ora
fishing for compliments
non trova parole adeguate
ad una dura rubella
che domina e fa strage sulla Antivalle.

Fishing

spera è specchio (arcaismo)

Stai in forma

Eugenio Montale

caro Christian Wish

non ho più nulla di te. Come stai? Io anch'io ho più scritto perchè mi trovo nelle condizioni in cui mi hai lasciato. Cammino poco e male (con l'aiuto di qualcuno, quasi sempre Drusilla). non posso salire nè discendere scale. All'ospedale presso Bari con [illegible] mi arrangio alla meglio col turchiaio.

Non scrivo quasi nulla. Credi che io possa continuare a vivere in simili condizioni? A me non è più possibile di venire a farmi una visita.

Voglio dirti solo che il Vostro [illegible] che sono pieno di riconoscenza per il [illegible] tu abbia [illegible] (poco) a vivere. Salutami tanto tanto.

Un abbraccio da

Tuo

Eugenio

Le Tavernole
sotto Antilla
8/14/74

Carissimo Eugenio,

Ti scrivo queste parole — non saranno nemmeno parole bensì ombre di parole, niente che abbia del senso — sul quaderno appoggiato sulle ginocchia. Sul divano, accanto a me, c'è Amy che già dorme.

La tartaruga, invece, è già sveglia — mi è venuto incontro sul sentiero l'altro giorno, la testina fuori, le tre zampe da rettile portandolo avanti con una velocità sorprendente. "Chi t'ha fatto quale male?" gli chiedo per l'ennesima volta. "Io non posso sopportare le evidenze del tuo male." "Sei troppo sentimentale," mi rispondono i piccoli occhi scintillanti, "Cosa vuol dire un piccolo scontro fra tanti secoli?" E oggi sono rimasta colpita dal canto del faggiano. È un maschio e fa il suo quartiere generale con noi mentre cerca la sua femmina. Però al canto suo non si sente nessuna risposta — pare che non rimanga una sola faggiana in tutta la Toscana.

scapestrate degli spari del 1973.

I poveri Romanelli (ti ricordi la sera che abbiamo trascorsa da loro?) sono caduti in tutt'una serie di sciagure. Sono arrivati la notte in casa loro i carabinieri e hanno ammanettato il figliolo ventiduenne per l'uso di non so quale droga — e l'hanno buttato in carcere! Pare che sia coinvolta anche la Ginevra (quella che ~~è tornata~~ venne qui a chiudersi la finca) e perciò non più tornata dall'Inghilterra dove si trova ora, per la paura di andare in carcere anche lei. E intanto la povera Rollo Royce la quale ha una fiducia semplicissima nella magia, qualsiasi magia, chiede alle tarot — qualsiasi tarot — di rivelare qualsiasi cosa servendosi di tavolini agili che ballano e battono (Jauberberg!), di fili di cotone che, attaccati a un dito, ti spiegano quello che sarà o che non sarà.

Oggi abbiamo commemorato l'ascensione di Cristo in Paradiso. A Washington i nostri amici studiosi, Contini e Singleton, in toga, passano per i viali

della capitale per commemorare l'in-
coronazione di Petrarca. Contini avrà
già letto la sua relazione, a cui ho sac-
rificato le ultimane della mia stanca
e deprima vita. Dovevi assistere a un
paio di sedute fatte qui sullo stesso
divano per lo scopo di convertire quelle
incredibili frasi di purissimo contenuto
in un inglese che Contini stesso ~~possa~~ avrebbe
~~avuto~~ la forza fisica di pronunciare! E
le digressioni: fiori per la Chiovenda,
riverente menzione del padre e dello zio
di lei — e tutto questo a Washington!

Ora, carissimo, parliamo di te. Le
tue affettuose parole mi confortano molti-
simo e mi fanno venire la voglia di andare
a Milano a trovarti. Se non fossi così debole,
così sofferente! Mi trascino per le giornate
mi abbandono con sollievo, anzi con
gioia, alla notte, la vista delle colline
notturne e al suono delle civette.

Cara Edith

Dopo 2 mesi di infelice stato
operato alla prostata. Ora sto meglio.
Fra 10 / 15 giorni conto di venire
in Forte. Verrà anche la figlia.
Spero a mia tua visita. Forse
verremo 2 giorni via Ancona.
E possibile?

A. domani

Tuo Montale

Manfredi le due mani Eugenio

Roma 26-II-76

Carissima Ditta,

in questi giorni vado aiutando un ragazzo e, in particolare, rileggiamo le Sinestre. Ricordavi che è stata la prima delle tue stampe tradizionali presentate anche in mio studio. Penso di avere proposto «Enlets» oppure «Caverns» come il consiglio e questo, che secondo me è il massimo compromesso poetico dei tempi moderni, è venuto a farmi desiderare di arrivarti. Sì che i Cantini vengono a trovarti e ne sono felice, poiché è bello di un impareggiabile

Vorrei potervi scrivere più leggibilmente ma non mi riesce.

Vi pensiamo sempre, e sempre vi vorremmo stringere le vostre mani in segno di gratitudine e di profonda riverenza, ma troppo poco non può il materiale di realtà.

Pensiamo sempre di voi, e sempre con immutato affetto!

Salute a tutti voi!

Stefania.

Torre alle Rose
Tavarnuzze 50029 (Firenze)
Sept. 22, 1970

Marion dear,

Your nice letter of long ago has been eyeing me reproachfully for many weeks. I have had my troubles, health-wise this summer, and writing, either by hand or by writer, has been very difficult. First, wnother vertebra gave way, then a bout of thrombophlebitis, and recently I snapped a rib! I have no further comments to make on the miseries of such, and will pass on at once to more agreeable topics--

The shipment from lChicago finally arrived, Chinese objects and all, in July, after which I went in for a period of recovering and re-upholstering with, however, such gratifying results that I had hardly dared to hope for. So we have all the familiar pieces of furniture, the Morocdan rugs, the sleigh bed, and the ritual vessels, bronzes and jades--against Florentine frescoes of the most sentimentaland feckless--and the house is really lovely. Ritual vessels on small columns lovely fabrics on the old chairs and sofas, one new big sofa for the salone, a couple of lovely little church candlesticks of silver-plated copper in the little library where my old hooked rug presides with a sofa and chair done in a wide green stripe alternating with tiny pink flowers which seems just right for this country villa. There is a suite of two bedroom bath and the sittingroom for guests; so if you and Fair are contemplating Europe I can put you up in a reasonable degree of comfort. I certainly had to change my impressions of decorating when I tackled this. Here it doesn't do to be shy about pattern--you just have to take more and more, depending upon the character of it and the colors, for unity and harmony!

Notwithstanding discomforts, I have also managed to do quite a volume of work, and I sent off just a week ago my outline for an anthology of 20th century Italian poets. I have done all the poetry necessary, and am waiting for the definitive green light before I start the accompanying text. You should hear my D'Annunzio! It has really been fascinating to do. In the meantime, the Montale book has encountered copyright problems which have necessitated the deletion of some of it, but it will be out shortly.

Mirella has just entered to say that the cookbook bids her turn the pasta out on wet marble, and will formica do?
Already twice delayed, I'll get this off. Do write--
Affectionately, Edith

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] . [illegible]

[illegible]

Ecco anche la mia miseria:

It is not a vice, [illegible]
he frowned, rein-[illegible]
of [illegible]

It is hardly an [illegible]
the living and the [illegible]
and so much [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
the enormous [illegible]
[illegible]
the buoys are clanging on the reef.
I read the signs out on the [illegible]:
[illegible]
[illegible] strange nailed
To a
[illegible]
on they [illegible]
to the [illegible],
with always double the [illegible]

It is not a vice, [illegible]
an arm. I am too [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

E.B.T.

March 31, 1977

Liza darling,

Heavens, how I miss you! But I can't say that you were wrong in leaving Florence. It is quite awful here now, and Essex leads the list of the fallers by the wayside. I haven't seen her for ages, but we phone frequently and at considerable length. Having hypnotized herself into a psychosomatic crisis, she is now in the hands of the agopuncturists. These are Oriental and repulsive, also quite expensive She goes every Saturday, turns her back and lets them jab. I find it all very distressing but, needless to say, I can't make a dent on that little brain of hers. As you well know, she has no mental patterns other than those associated with "people with handles"-- do I understand? I only wish I didn't!

Ti mando le seguenti, carissimo Albino, pregandoti di scusare i defetti che indubbiamente troverai. La scelta, tranne "T'Aspette" gia la scelta del Contini, è a puro azzardo. Sei come un coccio, residuo di un paese sconosciuto--difficile di trovare la lingua che ci occorre per tradurrti in inglese. Eppure--non ridere--me sembrano bellissime qui come le ho buttato sulla carta! Affettuosi saluti--

Pierro

Edith

Still
~~Always~~ Mild (Sempre)

Still mild and strong,

I ventured on my path again after the inhuman

scream;

and perhaps the agony

overcame me, reflected white among between the walls

which death had emptied.

But I could not strike the light of love

in the one who made gave me exile.

Vainly Christ (Inutilmente Cristo)

The dream,

now that I am the ~~nude~~, figid a naked ~~still~~ instant,

has gone far away, like the fire which

in the winter leaves the poor.

Vainly Christ

passed and died,

announcing in mildness the certainty

of the day replete, without the crease of shadow;

still unbroken

is this blind repeating of events:

man remains the whistle of a slingshot

in a grotto.

Carissimo Montale,

non so mai quando è a Roma, non ho mai il piacere di vederla. Come si fa? (Io abito a un passo dal Senato e per lei sarebbe facilissimo venire da me a colazione).

Intanto è qui una mia amica di cui lei già sa, Edith Farnsworth. E'una donna molto intelligente, dico proprio molto - perchè non è una cosa di tutti i giorni. Parla e scrive un bellissimo inglese. Ha tradotto Montale, e le sue traduzioni hanno un grande successo. Benchè sia una persona giovane ha molta esperienza di mondo (e anche della letteratura italiana, poichè l'ho letta già da giovanetta!), è intimidita con lei. Ha lasciato ora per motivi di principio il suo lavoro di medico (fatto anch'esso per motivi di principio!), e tradurre lei è stato un fatto importante della sua vita. Lei anche un ottimo editore, dovrebbe proprio incontrarla. Abita a Milano di qua o a Roma. Come fare? Naturalmente sarei più contenta se fosse così ma gli la vedrei anch'io. Perciò non importerebbe gran che vederla. Sua

Elio.

e ora le spedisco (vecchio) B. Elio Milano
(Commedia)
o lo cerchi al Senato. Pugno ferreo!

Mi telefoni -

Elio

Ciao (when you finished) mi dica che ne Fiabe di Calvino sono comprese in paperback Oscar di Mondadori

16 via del Carota
50011 Antella (Firenze)
3/5/75

Caro signor Craff,

rispondo alla Sua del 29 aprile, giunta ieri. Non c'è bisogna di dirLe che provo un senso di sollievo dal fatto che quella benedetta 50ma azione si trovi ora in mani Sue! Sono anche in accordo con Lei che il primo passo deve essere una assemblea della società per effettuare le modificazioni degli statuti di cui abbiamo già parlato. Ora, specificamente:

1) Non penso di poter venire ad assistere. Per ciò Le autorizzo di procedere senza di me.

2) Non desidero più di un solo amministratore. Però per quanto che è compatibile con la legge svizzera, voglio tenere sempre io la voce determinante. Co-amministratore, forse? Cerchi un sistema che mi assicri del potere che conviene a chi è il proprietariaae e quindi corre i rischi. Non voglio che nessuna amministrazione abbia un potere assolute --anche se si tratta del tanto stimato "marito di Malou"-- rispetto alle mie poche risorse. Dunque, ci pensi Lei e mi mandi la Sua versione dei nuovi statuti; confirmerò subito per telegramma ortelefono. L'ideale sarebbe sempre un week-end con Malou in Toscana alla Villa Le Tavernule.

3) Quanto a una banca adatta come sede per la società, io non mene intendo. Scelga pure Lei. L'importante è che Lei possa agire con comodo e con economia.

Credo di aver risposto alle Sue domande di ora.

Cari saluti a Malou, con cordiali ringraziamenti a Lei

Sua,

16 via del Carota
50011 Antella
Florence, Italy
May 1, 1974

Ruth dear,

I saw Anne Sheldon yesterday afternoon at I Tatti for a most fascniating lecture on "Michelangelo e la Spagna", given by De Maio of the Vatican libraries. She looked well and was cordial. We talked--yes, we really did. I confided in her my martyred intention to spend $50 on Charles Singleton's Bocaccio.

Dear, would you mind trying to reclaim my two chapters from that monster, that exponent of the Age of Insolence? He is quite right: my "remeniscences" would not interest his "melieu." What he has of mine is only a carbon copy, but those are hard to get over here as well as rather expensive. He probably won't give it to you, but do try. And just put it in your own desk drawer, for the present. I hate to leave my work in his coarse and bumptious paws.

Do come back soon! The clouds will have to roll away finally.

Much love--and don't feel bad about our misadventure. I had a similar (and I suspect, related) spit in the eye in connection with the Montale translations before the book was published.

Edith

16 via del Carota
50011 Antella
Florence, Italy
Mar. 10, 1977

Anne dearest,

What a long time it has taken me to reply to your nice letter of some time ago! And at this moment I cqn't lay hands on that in the piles of papers on the coffee table in the salotto, although I saw it thie morning !

There have been changes on our hill since you were here. On Nov. 4 Vittorio had what was certified as a coronary occlusion, which terminated his days of usefulness, hallucinated as they had been. After an awful period in which Gina was rarely here, a new couple appeared on the kitchen doorstep led by Emilio (our neighborhood kleptomaniac!) and a new chapter opened. The wife is attractive and pleasant, and Fiorenzo is also good to look at as well as full of alacrity. There are two boys, Claudio and Marco, 14 and 18 years respectively. Our style of life has changed in accord with the prevailing customs of Eurocommunism, but the fact that Dina is really quite a darling is evident from the fact that the children are obviously fond, helpful and friendly. The ashtrays don't get emptied very often, but Dina is ready to do all sorts of errands in town with or for me--a type of service which by now is very necessary.

Fiorenao does the same for the grounds. And they have in tow another couple who will occupy a little apartment which I am fixing up in the north part of the villa. So now I live as an affectionately treated charge, with the Montigianis traipsing around the villa, "keeping me company", and I shall be fortunate indeed if the arrangement turns out not to have some serious catch to it. I think sometimes of our childhood in safe little old Winnetka, and marvel at the dangers of personal deterioration in a totalitarian State!

I think I remember mention in your letter of a prize that you got for your sculpture? How nice! Perhaps your trip last summer could have contributed?

Has the Biennale incident been reported in the States? I have been thrilled over the recent response formulated by the Region of Venice, of support for Ripa di Meana, art director of the production this year, who submitted his resignation in protest against the interference of the Soviet Union. The theme this year was "Dissidence" and di Meana's resignation was a challenge to Italy to assert her prerogatives as a sovereign state, to develop whatever theme she saw fit. The Region seems to be supporting him, and calling upon the Government and the public to do the same!

Is there any chance that you might come back this year? It would be lovely if you would, although I can't say that it is very safe.

With love, dear. And do write whenever you feel like it.

WILLIAM D. HORNE
260 OTIS ROAD
BARRINGTON ILLINOIS 60010 USA

Edith Farnsworth?

Dearest Bunny,

I am sorry not to have been able to reply sooner to your Xmas note. I have been laid up for a good many months and unable to use either a pen or the typewriter.

This will be brief and particularly for the purpose of enticing you & Bill to make it to Florence to spend a few days there with me. I can't think of anything that would give me more pleasure. The political situation may give you pause but I don't believe that anything much will change this year & much would need waiters.

So do come!

With much love as always.

Mrs HENRY CLEERING
160 MAPLE HILL ROAD
GLENCOE ILLINOIS
60022

Dear Jenny,

Just a few lines to urge you & Henry to set your sails for Tuscany. My delay in answering your Christmas note was due to physical disabilities. I hope that I am not too late in my invitation.

It would be lovely to see you both & I shall be waiting to know when I may expect you.

I was of course delighted to know that Henry was better.

Most affectionately,

Mrs Ambrose Chambers
~~3319 NORTH ARCOTT~~
3319 NORTH OKOTT AVE
CHICAGO
ILLINOIS
60634
USA

Dear [redacted] Jacqueline,

It is a long time since your nice letter arrived and I am sorry not to have been able to answer it sooner & have been more or less disabled for most of the last winter & spring & correspondence is sitting in untidy & unanswered piles! Your letter opened a long vista & I am glad to know that you are well & presumably Ambrose & the children

You mention Stu Able and the quotes something he had to tell me -

It was sweet of you to ask me whether I wanted to hear it &

I hesitated a little myself — But I think we can trust Ster ;- So do give him my address & tell him that I will be glad to hear from him —

Do give my affectionate regards to all your family & do let me hear from you now & again —

Fondly,

MRS. JIM SALLEMI
615 BAYSIDE RD
BELLINGHAM
WASHINGTON
98225

Dear Jim,

I actually had a Xmas note to you all written — which for me is rather a feat — and then I lost track of it in the confusion which resulted from my own prolonged illness. This is not exactly ~~Monday~~ EFFICIENCY apartment — I have the impression that you and Emil are very busy in your new home & I hope however that that will not prevent you from planning another trip to Italy. It would be lovely to see one or both of you here at Lafayette.

I was a little sad to think of the Borselli's

in their retreat for the aged which I can imagine all too easily. It seemed a great pity to give up their beautiful apt in Rome and make the long transfer to the Pacific Coast - but Ivozetta was badly disabled & frankly a valuable asset that Tommy could die ~~first~~ FIRST & leave him alone in Italy I miss them greatly!

So let me hear from you Jim

affectionately,

Dear Mr Trembley,

Thank you very much for your kind and explicit letter of Jan 27th - It brought me peace of mind - In view however of so many ambiguous factors I am writing now to request the customary quarterly bank statements covering my own personal account - and that of the BATIFONSA (perhaps you have already sent them and the mail has let us down!)

however, I have had no further communications either from you or from Mr. Olivero and am therefore out of touch with the recent affairs. I understand that the amount of the "rental" of the house customarily forwarded to GENEVE twice a year, is now matched with a 50 per cent temporary withdrawal from my STEINHAUSHIN ACC— I wonder if you would have any suggestions with regard to this problem.

With thanks,

cordially yours

JUL 70

• DEC • 69

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Committee Hotel
Lincoln Square
1945

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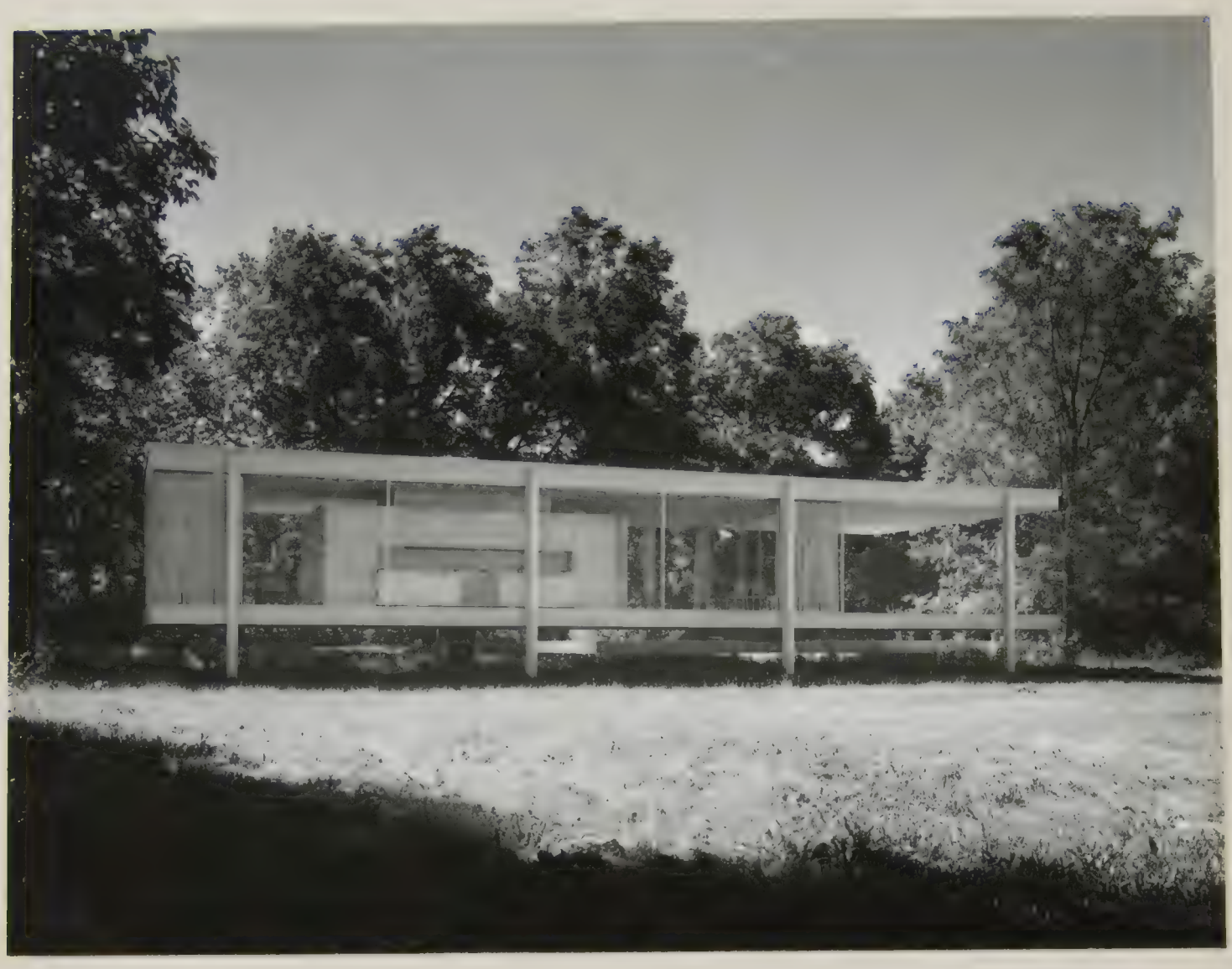

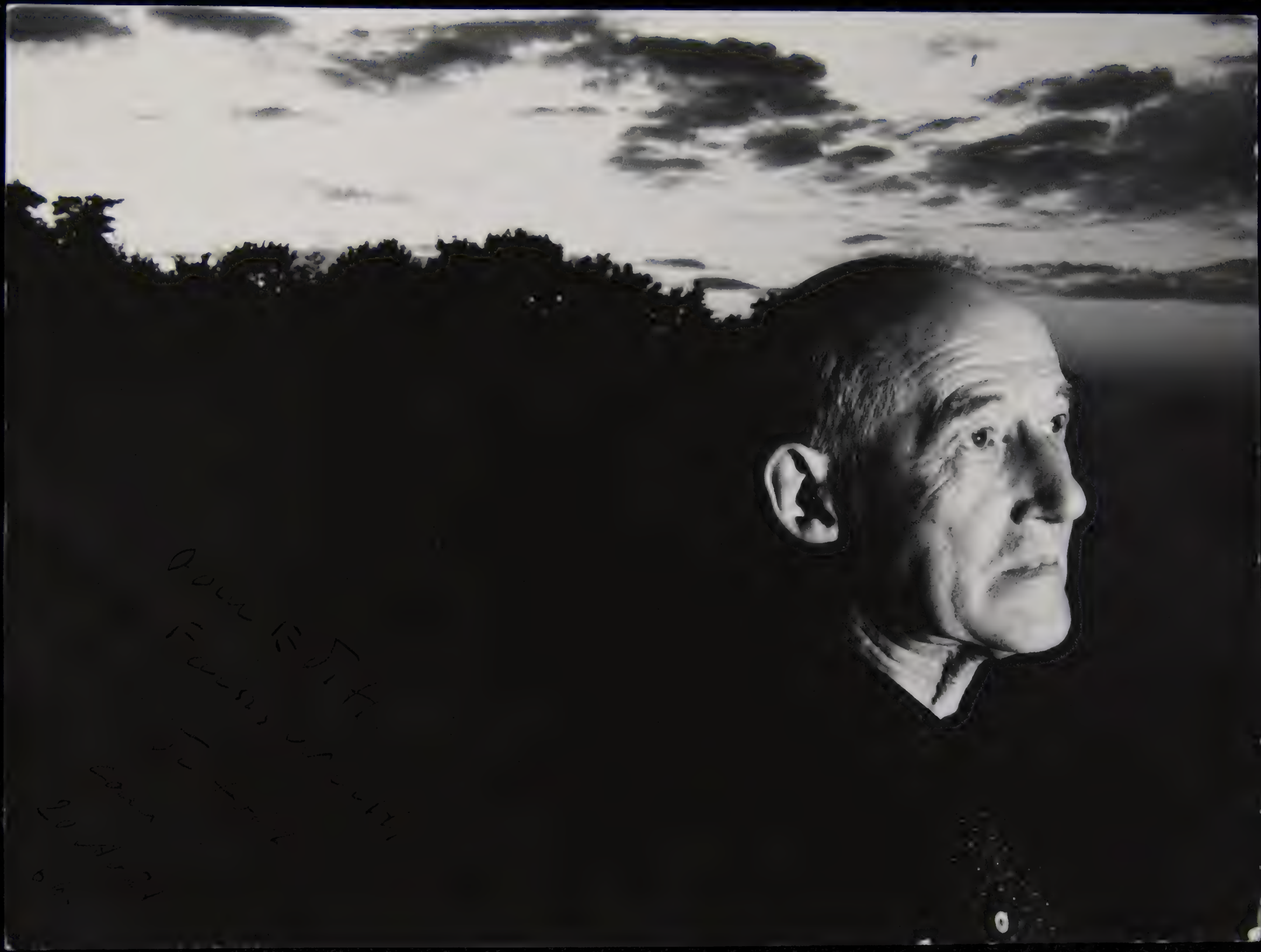

MARCEL JOUHANDEAU

PHOTO DANIEL FAUNIERES 1964
27, rue Clavel, Paris 19e

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1966

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CARTOLINA POSTALE ITALIANA

A Isaia Pierro

The co-existence, in ancient times of Latin and a vulgate or, later, of a stabilized Italian and a dialect, lies deep in Italian soil. The choice of the native dialect as a literary medium, however, is apt to respond to a special, probably emotional, need on the part of the writer, who thereby addresses the few rather than the many--and this in a world whose eyes are adjusted to the national or international scene. The choice is even rather definitive, for dialect verse lends itself unwillingly to translation even into Italian, let alone into other highly evolved languages. If this were not true, the humbler speech would never have been elected. So it is apt to be nostalgic: the subject emerges from a childhood which is both personal and national, and colored with a longing for the village, the persons, the landscapes, the legends of times past. The verses are paths of recall, and since death lives longer than life, elements of melancholy are more frequent than those of gayety; the dreams are dark and the loves are lost even if they were faithful.

In the case of Pierro, seven volumes of poems written in formal Italian preceded his "conversion" to the ancient Lucanian speech of his earliest years, and it was precisely in this somewhat rudimentary even asyntactical medium that he achieved what may be-his purest and most poignant expression.

"A terra d'u ricorde" and "I 'nnamurate" (1959-1960), in their wonderfully simple eloquence, are like personal turned up by the plough, infrangible and ultramundane.

Pierro

This is very difficult to do in English, lacking as it does, not only the tender homely second person singular, but the people who would use it if it were still in use. It seems almost impossible not to set up a train of connotations leading back to the airport and to the people to be found in airports, and too much attention to such avoidance on the other hand, is apt to result in a laboured and characterless hybrid.

So I am not proud of the translation of "Gli Innamorati" which follows. But it is a key poem, one of the most characteristic and the most beautiful in the anthology of Pierro, and it is hoped that its curious and lovely quality may still be traceable through the metamorphisis.

Albino Pierro

La coesistenza, in tempi antichi dell'latino e del volgare o, più tardi, di un italiano classicizzato e un dialetto, ha radici profonde nel suolo italiano. La scelta del dialetto natale come mezzo letterario, comunque, risponde forse a un bisogno speciale dalla parte dello scrittore, il quale si indirizza così facendo ai pochi piuttosto che ai molti--a questo in un mondo i cui occhi mirano invece alla scena nazionale o internazionale. La scelta tende pure a essere definitiva perchè la poesia dialettale si presta poco volontieri alla traduzione, persino in italiano, ancheè in altre lingue altamente erudite. Se questo non fosse vero, il linguaggio più modesto non sarebbe stato eletto. Dunque sarà una scelta nostalgica: il tema emerge da una infanzia che è insieme personale e nazionale, colorito di una bramosia per il villaggio, per le persone, i paesaggi, le leggende di tempi passati. I versi sono sentieri di richiamo e, siccome la morte vive più a lungo che non la vita, gli elementi della malinconia ci si trovano con maggior frequenza che non quelli dell'allegria; i sogni sono scuri e gli amori sono persi anche se erano felici.

Nel caso di Pierro, sette volumi di poesie scritte in lingua precedettero la sua "conversione" all'antico linguaggio della Lucania dei suoi primi anni, e fu precisamente in questa alquanto rudimentare, molte volte persino asintattica parlata che raggiunse forse la sua espressività più pura e più intima. A terra d'u ricorde e 'I 'nnamurate (1955-1960), nella loro meravigliosamente semplice eloquenza, sono cose dei sogni portati al giorno dall'alba, dei frammenti sono

Camillo Sbarbaro

Camillo Sbarbaro spent his quiet and orderly life in Liguria. Born in Santa Margherita Ligure in 1888, he seems to have earned a living as an employee in an iron and steel firm and, after the conclusion of the war, by giving lessons in Greek and French, as well as by translating from those two languages. He also acquired international recognition as a student of lichens.

His first small collection of verse was published in 1911, with the aid of subscriptions from his school mates. Three years later, he published the first edition of "Pianissimo," a collection which, with rather curious revisions, was republished by the Voce in 1957 and again in the volume of the collected poems, in 1961. The rest of his writings appeared first in slender collections, for the most part with whimsically non-committal titles. Sbarbaro died in Savona, in 1967.

Although he served for a time on the editorial staff of the review, "Riviera Ligure", as well as that of the "Voce", relationships with literary people seem to have had little importance for him, and he was not given to literary circles.

There were, however, several notable exceptions, among which was his friendship with another Ligurian poet, Eugenio Montale, of which we find affectionate and admiring testimony in two poems included in "Ossi di Seppia"*. The affinity

*"Cuttlefish bones"

of temperament and attitude toward life must have been close, and the influence of each upon the other has been brought out in various critical studies.

The substance of Sbarbaro's poems and "art-prose" fragments depends upon the inward life of this detached personality, and their effectiveness lies in the intensity of that life, and the frugality of the poetic resources brought into play. There is no attempt at embellishment of form or sentiment, and what imagery is employed is notably simple. The recounting of inward happenings is all that is wanted by the poet, and it is the detailed character of the narrative rather than any elaboration of language or image which accounts for the singular power and beauty of his contribution to modern Italian poetry.

FIFTEEN ITALIAN POETS

of the

Twentieth Century

Translation by Edith Farnsworth

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Translator's Note

This book is dedicated to those persons who, although having an interest in poetry, are not qualified to read Italian, and therefore have no access to Italian poetry. In a sense, then, it is a primer, a book for beginners. In a larger sense, however, it is for advanced people because only the rather highly developed are lovers of verse.

The selection of the authors to be included, as well as the material which forms the biographical and critical notes introducing each author, is largely based upon "Letteratura dell'Italia unita, 1861-1968," by Gianfranco Contini, and "Poesia italiana del Novecento," by Edoardo Sanguineti. These two anthologists represent different viewpoints, perhaps even different generations, both of which were helpful to the translator.

Certain well-known authors have not been included because their verse is considered to represent a less important part of their literary activities than do their prose works. Palazzeschi, Pavese and Marinetti are examples of such omissions.

On the other hand, some of the poems have been included less for the appeal to an international audience which they might have, than because they represent a trend or a group which was important in the evolution of modern Italian poetry.

Another determining factor was the obvious one of translatability. Not every good poem can be translated to advantage. Rigidly rhymed verse forms are, of course, very difficult to carry over into another

language, particularly when the two languages in question are not related by a common origin, and the more important elements of character and thought are likely to suffer if the pursuit of the rhyming word is too demanding. A more plastic as well as sensitive use of rhyme and meter, such as is found in the earlier Montale, lends itself well to translation. The arbitrariness of the metronome being absent, assonance, alliteration and rhyme can be used somewhat as the poet might have used them if he had written in English.

For these reasons, this volume does not pretend to be a complete listing, or a perfect one.

The bi-lingual presentation has many advantages. In my opinion, it also has one disadvantage, which is that the reader may be tempted to compare the two versions word by word, rather than image by image or even poem by poem. While adhering as closely as possible to the form of the original, the prime purpose has been the re-creation in English poetry of concepts which were formed according to another idiom.

I acknowledge with thanks and with pleasure the patient helpfulness of Antonio Pizzuto and Nila De Rigo in preparing both the translations and the accompanying notes.

Antella, March 31, 1973

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Gabriele D'Annunzio was born in Pescara, in 1863, so gifted that he lost only sixteen years in publishing his first book of verse, a little volume called Primo Vere, which attracted the astounded attention of the literary world and earned the reviews of well-known critics. The likely model for this phenomenal schoolboy in the fin de siècle was Carducci, and in fact the influence of that dominant figure in Italian literature is clear. Also notable in this juvenile work, besides the evidences of extraordinary talent and precocious culture, is the ebullience of temperament which characterized the seventy-five years of his sensational life.

By the time he was twenty, D'Annunzio had published several more volumes of poems in which he performed in various traditional verse forms. His first prose work, Terra Vergine, also stems from this early period. Abandoning formal study, he left the university and began a mundane life as a brilliant young writer and dilettante in Roman society.

Perhaps it was ebullience again which released him from one model and attached him to another; in any case, Carducci gave way to Verga and to such of the French realists as Maupassant and Zola, and the narrative writings underwent expansion and a shift of focus, while the poetic works allied themselves clearly with the Pre-Raphaelites of England and, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne, D'Annunzio developed his linguistic and poetic resources to a high point of perfection in that special vein of

decadence which we all associate with the "Pre-Raphaelite School." Among the novels, Il Piacere came out during this time, along with Intermezzo and Isaotta Guttadauro in verse.

The dissolution and the chinoiserie of Rome having come to pall upon him, D'Annunzio turned his chameleon-like virtuosity toward Dostojevski, whose death occurred in 1881 and whose novels were at that time being translated into French. The result of this new influence was, in its final form, Trionfo della Morte which was published in Naples where D'Annunzio lived for several years. At this time, also, the controversies and splendours of Wagner were appreciated and in a measure adopted, soon to be joined by the Nietzschean superman which must have carried a strong appeal for D'Annunzio. Presumably tempering somewhat these Teutonic influences, the subdued voluptuousness of Paul Verlaine contributed its provocative melancholy. The reflections of these elements are to be seen in the Poema Paradisiaca and in the novel, L'Innocente, which latter work was translated into French and gave its author international fame.

In 1897 D'Annunzio's love of leadership found a political outlet in a term of three years as a Representative in the Chamber of Deputies. By understandable analogy, this shift from private to public activity was reflected in the writing of his first plays. Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera was first produced in Paris in 1897, with the collaboration of Eleanora Duse, and in the following year, also in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt played in La Città Morta, first given

in French. These two pieces were soon followed by Sogno d'un Tramonto d'Autunno, La Gioconda, La Gloria, Francesca da Rimini, Figlia di Iorio and Fiaccola sotto il Moggio, the latter three being in verse. Not to be forgotten among the works for the theatre are the libretti Fedra, Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien, and Parisina, written for Pizzetti, Debussy and Mascagni respectively.

The appearance of Eleanora Duse in the spring Sogno led to the meeting of D'Annunzio with that great actress and to the love affair which had its course and setting in Settignano, outside of Florence, where D'Annunzio spent the years from 1898 to 1909.

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D'Annunzio

Ferrara

Oh deserted beauty of Ferrara,
I shall praise thee as one would the face
of her who gently o'er our heart inclines,
to gain peace from her lost delights;
and I shall praise the limpid sphere
of air and waters
which combines
your divine melancholy
into music.

And I shall praise the one who pleased me most
of all, among thy dead and dear,
and the tenuous laugh by which I was deceived
and the lofty image with which I am consoled
within my mind.
I shall praise your cloisters where I did not hear
the sorrow wrapped in placid wools
of those who grieved,
and where the mad nightingale sang.

I shall praise your level streets,
as broad as mighty streams
leading toward the infinite that one

who walks alone in ardent thought,
and their silence where all doors
are listening late
if the unseen smith is beating on the forge,
the dream of pleasure buried
under the bare stones, with its fate.

D'Annunzio

Along the Affrico

Grace of the skies, how mildly now
you view your face in the saturated ground,
soul by its very tears made fair!
Oh in thousands upon a thousand mirrors
smiling grace which from the clouds was born,
as pleasure oftentimes is born of tears,
and now into my song you pour
a melody which will not die,
for me transformed in peace serene and high
to him who hears.

Renascent moon, attenuated in the sky
like the slender eyebrow of a maiden,
or like the pith of the newly-sprouted reed,
so that by the lightest twig you can be hidden,
and even my eye if it should lose you, blurred
with dreaming, hardly could recover you.
Moon, even the grassy stream
which wordless, flows down to the valley, sees you;
and by every blade of grass it seeks to please you,
you alone.

Oh swallows black and white, between the night
and dawn, the twilight and the night, oh black and white

sojourners along the nocturnal Affrico!
They fly so low that with their breasts
They seem to graze the tender grass, their flight
appears to turn to azure from delight.
Above, the tall tree breathes
no sigh although it quivers constantly.
Does not this flight about my temples weave
fresh wreathes

And does each uttered cry not prophesy
some good which possibly the heart ignores and may
divine if, harkening, it should beat fast?
They tarry, almost forgetful of the nest,
and on the margins over which they passed
a shivering of wings appears to linger.
All the earth seems potter's clay
offered for the works of love,
the cry a message, and the darkening sky above,
a certain dawn.

Included in this group:

Pascoli
- Dawn of a Holiday (Alba festiva)
- Night-flowering Jasmine (Il gelsomino notturno)
- November (Novembre)
- Flowering Ivy (Edera fiorita)
- Farewell! (Addio)
- The Horned Owl (L'Assiuolo)

D'Annunzio
- The Rain in the Pines (La pioggia nel pineto)
- Beside the Affrico (Lungo l'Affrico)
- Furit Aestus
- In the Fiesolean Evening (La sera fiesolana)
- Ferrara
- Felicity (Felicita')
- Another Message (Nuovo messaggio)

Saba
- The Goat (La capra)
- To my Wife (A mia moglie)
- Trieste
- The Older Quarter (La Vecchia citta')
- Dear Places (Caro luogo)
- Woman (Donna)

Campana
- Oh Poetry You Will Return No More (O poesia tu piu non tornerai)
- The Song of Dusk (Il canto della tenebra)
- The Glass Pane (L'invetriata)
- The Chimera (La Chimera)
- La petite Promenade du Poete
- Autumnal Garden (Giardino autunnale)
- Piazza S. Giorgio
- Let the Miserable Hours Consume (Il tempo miserabile consumi)
- Seashore, Seashore (Spiaggia, spiaggia)

Rebora
- On Empty Car on the Siding (O carro vuoto sul binario morto)
- Wasted Days Hung out to Bleach (Sciorinati giorni dispersi)
- The Infinite Finds Relief (L'infinito riposa)
- Summer Evening (Sera estiva)
- Serenade of Crickets (Serenata di grilli)

Cardarelli
- Journey (Viaggio)
- To Death (Alla morte)
- Love (Amore)

Sbarbaro
- From "Pianissimo", I, II, V, VI and VII.

FIFTEEN ITALIAN POETS

of the

Twentieth Century

Translation by Edith Farnsworth

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See "Provisional Conclusions," Henry Regnery, Chicago, 1970.

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Wavering is my Peace...
Interior
I've Found my Angoletto...
A Glass of Milk...
The Train Will Be at Least an Hour Late
Your Night Knows Nothing...

Translator's Note

This book is dedicated to those persons who, although having an interest in poetry, are not qualified to read Italian, and therefore have no access to Italian poetry. In a sense, then, it is a primer, a book for beginners. In a larger sense, however, it is for advanced people because only the rather highly developed are lovers of verse.

The selection of the authors to be included, as well as the material which forms the biographical and critical notes introducing each author, is largely based upon "Letteratura dell'Italia unita, 1861-1968," by Gianfranco Contini, and "Poesia italiana del Novecento," by Edoardo Sanguineti. These two anthologists represent different viewpoints, perhaps even different generations, both of which were helpful to the translator.

Certain well-known authors have not been included because their verse is considered to represent a less important part of their literary activities than do their prose works. Palazzeschi, Pavese and Marinetti are examples of such omissions.

On the other hand, some of the poems have been included less for the appeal to an international audience which they might have, than because they represent a trend or a group which was important in the evolution of modern Italian poetry.

Another determining factor was the obvious one of translatability. Not every good poem can be translated to advantage. Rigidly rhymed verse forms are, of course, very difficult to carry over into another

language, particularly when the two languages in question are not related by a common origin, and the more important elements of character and thought are likely to suffer if the pursuit of the rhyming word is too demanding. A more plastic as well as sensitive use of rhyme and meter, such as is found in the earlier Montale, lends itself well to translation. The arbitrariness of the metronome being absent, assonance, alliteration and rhyme can be used somewhat as the poet might have used them if he had written in English.

For these reasons, this volume does not pretend to be a complete listing, or a perfect one.

The bi-lingual presentation has many advantages. In my opinion, it also has one disadvantage, which is that the reader may be tempted to compare the two versions word by word, rather than image by image or even poem by poem. While adhering as closely as possible to the form of the original, the prime purpose has been the re-creation in English poetry of concepts which were formed according to another idiom.

I acknowledge with thanks and with pleasure the patient helpfulness of Antonio Pizzuto and Nila De Rigo in preparing both the translations and the accompanying notes.

Antella, March 31, 1973

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Gabriele D'Annunzio was born in Pescara, in 1863, so gifted that he lost only sixteen years in publishing his first book of verse, a little volume called Primo Vere, which attracted the astounded attention of the literary world and earned the reviews of well-known critics. The likely model for this phenomenal schoolboy in the fin de siècle was Carducci, and in fact the influence of that dominant figure in Italian literature is clear. Also notable in this juvenile work, besides the evidences of extraordinary talent and precocious culture, is the ebullience of temperament which characterized the seventy-five years of his sensational life.

By the time he was twenty, D'Annunzio had published several more volumes of poems in which he performed in various traditional verse forms. His first prose work, Terra Vergine, also stems from this early period. Abandoning formal study, he left the university and began a mundane life as a brilliant young writer and dilettante in Roman society.

Perhaps it was ebullience again which released him from one model and attached him to another; in any case, Carducci gave way to Verga and to such of the French realists as Maupassant and Zola, and the narrative writings underwent expansion and a shift of focus, while the poetic works allied themselves clearly with the Pre-Raphaelites of England and, with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne, D'Annunzio developed his linguistic and poetic resources to a high point of perfection in that special vein of

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The dissolution and the chinoiserie of Rome having come to pall upon him, D'Annunzio turned his chameleon-like virtuosity toward Dostojevski, whose death occurred in 1881 and whose novels were at that time being translated into French. The result of this new influence was, in its final form, Trionfo della Morte which was published in Naples where D'Annunzio lived for several years. At this time, also, the controversies and splendours of Wagner were appreciated and in a measure adopted, soon to be joined by the Nietzschean superman which must have carried a strong appeal for D'Annunzio. Presumably tempering somewhat these Teutonic influences, the subdued voluptuousness of Paul Verlaine contributed its provocative melancholy. The reflections of these elements are to be seen in the Poema Paradisiaco and in the novel, L'Innocente, which latter work was translated into French and gave its author international fame.

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The reader of the few poems here reproduced, if he is not familiar with the novels and the plays, will not be inclined to take sides for or against the genius of D'Annunzio, and this may be just as well. For him particularly it may be hoped that the verses have not suffered too disastrously in the ordeal of translation, and

that the qualification of Renato Serra, "cold, liquid and without form" may convey something of what the poetry of D'Annunzio conveyed to Italian readers when it was first printed.

D'Annunzio

Along the Affrico

Grace of the skies, how mildly now
you view your face in the saturated ground,
soul by its very tears made fair!
Oh in thousands upon a thousand mirrors
smiling grace which from the clouds was born,
as pleasure oftentimes is born of tears,
and now into my song you pour
a melody which will not die,
for me transformed in peace serene and high
to him who hears.

Renascent moon, attenuated in the sky
like the slender eyebrow of a maiden,
or like the pith of the newly-sprouted reed,
so that by the lightest twig you can be hidden,
and even my eye if it should lose you, blurred
with dreaming, hardly could recover you.
Moon, even the grassy stream
which wordless, flows down to the valley, sees you;
and by every blade of grass it seeks to please you,
you alone.

Oh swallows black and white, between the night
and dawn, the twilight and the night, oh black and white

sojourners along the nocturnal Affrico!
They fly so low that with their breasts
they seem to graze the tender grass, their flight
appears to turn to azure from delight.
Above, the tall tree breathes
no sigh although it quivers constantly.
Does not this flight about my temples weave
fresh wreathes

And does each uttered cry not prophesy
some good which possibly the heart ignores and may
divine if, harkening, it should beat fast?
They tarry, almost forgetful of the nest,
and on the margins over which they passed
a shivering of wings appears to linger.
All the earth seems potter's clay
offered for the works of love,
the cry a message, and the darkening sky above,
a certain dawn.

D'Annunzio

Ferrara

Oh deserted beauty of Ferrara,
I shall praise thee as one would the face
of her who gently o'er our heart inclines,
to gain peace from her lost delights;
and I shall praise the limpid sphere
of air and waters
which combines
your divine melancholy
into music.

And I shall praise the one who pleased me most
of all, among thy dead and dear,
and the tenuous laugh by which I was deceived
and the lofty image with which I am consoled
within my mind.
I shall praise your cloisters where I did not hear
the sorrow wrapped in placid wools
of those who grieved,
and where the mad nightingale sang.

I shall praise your level streets,
as broad as mighty streams
leading toward the infinite that one

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Gabriele D'Annunzio was born in Pescara, in 18[illegible], so gifted that he lost only sixteen years in publishing his first book of verse, a little volume called Primo Vere, which attracted the astounded attention of the literary world and earned the reviews of well-known critics. The likely model for this phenomenal schoolboy in the fin de siècle was Carducci, and in fact the influence of that dominant figure in Italian literature is clear. Also notable in this juvenile work, besides the evidences of extraordinary talent and precocious culture, is the ebullience of temperament which characterized the seventy-five years of his sensational life.

By the time he was twenty, D'Annunzio had published several more volumes of poems in which he performed in various traditional verse forms. His first prose work, Terra Vergine, also stems from this early period. Abandoning formal study, he left the university and began a mundane life as a brilliant young writer and dilettante in Roman society.

Pescara it was ebullience again which released him from one model and attached him to another; in any case, Carducci gave way to Verga and to one of the French realists as Maupassant and Zola, and the narrative writings underwent expansion and a shift of focus, while the poetic works aligned themselves closely with the Pre-Raphaelites of Parnasse and

with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne, D'Annunzio developed his linguistic and poetic resources to a high point of perfection in that special vein of decadence which we all associate with the "Pre-Raphaelite School." Among the novels, "Il Piacere" came out during this time, along with "Intermezzo" and "Isaotta Guttadauro" in verse.

The dissolution and the chinoiserie of Rome having come to pall upon him, D'Annunzio turned his chameleon-like virtuosity toward Dostojevski, whose death occurred in 1881 and whose novels were at that time being translated into French. The result of this new influence was, in its final form, "Trionfo della Morte" which was published in Naples where D'Annunzio lived for several years. At this time, also, the controversies and splendours of Wagner were appreciated and in a measure adopted, soon to be joined by the Nietzschean superman which must have carried a strong appeal for D'Annunzio. Presumably tempering somewhat these Teutonic influences, the subdued voluptuousness of Paul Verlaine contributed its provocative melancholy. The reflections of these elements are to be seen in the Poema Paradisiaco and in the novel, "L'Innocente," which latter work was translated into French and gave its author international fame.

In 1897 D'Annunzio's love of leadership found a political outlet in a term of three years as a representative in the Chamber of Deputies.
~~Parliament~~. By understandable analogy, this swift from private to public activity was reflected in the writing of his

U.C. first plays. "Sogno d'un mattino di primavera" was first produced in Paris in 1897, with the collaboration of Eleanora Duse, and in the following year, also in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt played in "La Citta morta", first given in French. These two pieces were soon followed by "Sogno d'un tramonto d'autunno", "La Gioconda", "La Gloria", "Francesa da Rimini", "Figlia di Iorio" and "Fiaccola sotto il moggio", the latter three being in verse. Not to be forgotten among the works for the theatre are the libretti Fedra, Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien, and Parisina, written for Pizzetti, Debussy and Mascagni respectively.

The appearance of Eleanora Duse in the spring "Sogno" led to the meeting of D'Annunzio with that great actress and to the love affair which had its course and setting in Settignano, outside of Florence, where D'Annunzio spent the years from 1898 to 1909.

The Settignano period gave rise to the novel, "Il Fuoco", and to the major poetic work, the Laudi del Cielo del Mare della Terra e degli Eroi, which latter project was conceived to celebrate the members of the Pleiades. In Settignano, too, D'Annunzio reached the acme of his expansiveness as well as his effectiveness. After leaving the banks of the Affrico* he spent some six years in France where he wrote the well-known novel, "Forse che sì forse che no", as well as the first of the "Contemplazione della Morte" and "La Leda senza Cigno."

Returning to Italy after the outbreak of the First

World War, D'Annunzio became an ardent and eloquent interventionist. The themes of heroism and the superman lived again for him, and he was able to attract sufficient popular support, by the time the war was over, to oppose the allied refusal to restore Fiume to Italy, by setting up the occupation of the city by his followers in a dramatic attempt to force its annexation by Italy. The autonomy of Fiume was provided for in the Treaty of Rapallo, of 1920, but the rule of D'Annunzio was brief and the heroic legend was soon dissolved, mundanely enough, by the government of Giolitti. Thus D'Annunzio, as hero or popular leader, found himself ~~among the unemployed~~ in retirement. He installed himself in the villa in Gardone which came to be called the Villa del Vittoriale. Thus began the final period of a sensational, prolific and prodigal life, a period which could hardly escape the loneliness, the impotence, the relative idleness and the desuetude which in fact seem to have engulfed him. Having lost the sight of one eye as the result of an accident, he remained in partial ~~obscurity~~ darkness. He wrote comparatively little during these last years before his death in 1938 (Notturno was published in 1921 and two volumes of the Faville del maglio, in 1924 and 1928 respectively, Libro segreto in 1935 and, posthumously, Solus ad solam, Lettere a Barbara Lwoni and Faccuini). Shedding light upon the sometimes shadowy relationship between D'Annunzio and Mussolini, the correspondence between the poet and the dictator

has been recently published. The letters of both men show a developing friendship but the meeting-ground between them appears to have been more lyrical than political, and the admiration of Mussolini is seen in his request, not for collaboration but for abstinence from opposition.

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omit

It is to be pointed out that the bibliography as presented, is incomplete. For full treatment of the life and works of D'Annunzio the reader is referred to Gatti's Biography, or to the recent work prepared by Philippe Jullian.

D'Annunzio

Ferrara

Oh deserted beauty of Ferrara,
I shall praise thee as one would the face
of her who gently o'er our heart inclines,
to gain peace from her lost delights;
and I shall praise the limpid sphere
of air and waters
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into music.

And I shall praise the one who pleased me most
of all, among thy dead and dear,
and the tenuous laugh by which I was deceived
and the lofty image with which I am consoled
within my mind.
I shall praise your cloisters where I did not hear
the sorrow wrapped in placid wools
of those who grieved,
and where the mad nightingale sang.

I shall praise your level streets,
as broad as mighty streams
leading toward the infinite that one

I make folk-dances without a folk

The longshoremen's strike was called for the twentieth, and on the eighteenth the port was filled with freighters. Flags of every device fluttered from the stems, and merchandise of many sort dangled from the straining blocks and pulleys as every ship tried to load or unload before the shut-down. Insurance fluttered; agents, foremen, ships' officers and dock authorities negotiated, argued, shouted. Railroad cars squeaked on the spur behind the warehouses and loading carts emptied their contents onto the warehouse piers. A tug whistled impatiently in the channel and the turning basin. Between the ships and their docks, the oily-legged and macerated filth of the great ports bobbed up and down and heaped against the massive hulls. Among the flags or higher up, the gulls screamed.

That is the way it looked at City Dock 2 when the doctor walked through the narrow corridor between piles of raw hides, crossed the open space by the railroad track and pushed open the door of the shack marked "Customs." The Inspector was sitting at his desk, examining the papers which cluttered it. The door behind him burned steadily and fiercely, and the Inspector had removed his coat and hung it on the back of the chair. He had an impassive face and his movements were quick and decisive as he looked up when he saw that an unexpected person had opened the door.

That is the way it looked that early morning at City Dock 2, and this was the background for a series of talks between the

Inspector and the Doctor: the crowded docks, the old world, the dangling merchandise, the pervading odor of sawdust, the guilt and the filth.

"I hope you'll forgive my intrusion, Inspector. It seems awfully cold this morning, and there is no heat on board. Your window is framed and I figured you were warm in here. I do hope you don't mind if I stop and warm up for a few minutes."

"I'd be delighted. You can pull that chair over close to the stove if you like. Just make yourself comfortable while I pour you a cup of coffee. What ship are you from?"

"The Vadia. She's lying at the wharf just beyond the Lykes Line-boat. She's a fine boat but she is an icebox this morning. I understand the temperature is 35° outdoors, and it must be 34° in my cabin."

"They have heat on board. I don't know why they don't turn it on? Do you take sugar, Doctor?"

"Just a little if you have it. Thanks. Life is beginning to close in on me already. You're sure this isn't distracting you too much?"

"It's always a feast or a famine here. Too much to do or too little. It's bread-and-water to-day — reduced rations. With all those ships in the port and all of them struggling to get full or get empty, no crews showed up last night and only four this morning."

"I can't understand that. When they walk out, day after to-morrow, there'll be hardships. I can't see how anybody would wish to anticipate the purge and go home empty-handed when they will get $10.00 an hour on overtime. And the garnet certainly helps nobody."

"They figure that absenteeism gives them a better position to bargain from. Now, Doctor, I want to take down your name and address please."

"Do you really, Inspector? Why?"

"I'm going to say something to you, Doctor, and I don't want you to think I'm doing it to say something bad. You're a prisoner

on the Italia, right? And you are aware that the Italia is going to stop in New Zealand to take on cargo?"

"Actually, I wasn't aware of it until last night when I heard it from the chief steward —"

"And I don't suppose you were aware that it is illegal to take passengers from one American port to another. That is for a ship flying a foreign flag. That is known as coasting and it's against the law. I happen to be a lawyer. That law has existed for one hundred and seventy years."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, Inspector, certainly the Italian line must know what it's doing. They often make several ports of call, like Atlanta or Charleston, before New York."

"They may do so on the return trip, but not when they're outward bound. You didn't know that, did you? They weren't going to draw you up and try to pass you off as a member of the crew or a steward or something like that, were they?"

"I haven't been approached with any such proposal, Lieutenant, Inspector, please let me make it clear that I am not questioning your competence or your degree in the law. I think you're terrific but I ~~don't~~ think you're pulling my leg. The Italia must have carried passengers from one American port to another thousands of times and you want me to believe that it suddenly devolves upon me to expose or be exposed in connection with this as a form of smuggling. I can hardly think they need me to tell them how to run their business. You do realize that I'm ... leaving the ship in New Zealand, don't you?"

"Yes. I know that, but the Customs officials will come on at New Zealand and the shipping list would be finalized and the passenger complement would be

And that is what I intend to take steps now to prevent because I don't want it to happen to you. Just help yourself to some more coffee while I make a call on the phone."

"Before you reach for the Pentagon, Inspector, do you mind telling me how you happened to call me Doctor when I first walked in your door, presumably a total stranger?"

The door opened again and two men entered.

"Morning, Inspector."

"Morning. What's that you've got there?"

"As a matter of fact, it's no good morning. It's too cold, and I smashed two fingers. It's a tape recorder."

"There's a doctor in the house. Give me the reels. Is there a serial number? You can log it on the desk while the doctor examines your hand. This little gadget."

"Thank you, Inspector. Got it? Thank you, sir." The man dives his hands together and saluted. The Inspector responded in kind.

"Excuse the interruption, Doctor. I still want from the 'Jane' She docked last night. Now let me take down your name and address. I'm going to check with the central office to make sure you're not disturbed in New Orleans. Let's see: Passengers, P & O. S.S.E.N.Y.E.R on the Italia. Hedonne Line, routed through to Naples. Alone. Give me the chief — hello — Kevin: Kevin. There's a doctor here who's travelling on the 'Italia to the Mediterranean.* Have we waived the law concerning boarding for ships under foreign colors? Or have we a waiver for this specific case? The doctor here is afraid I'm going to make trouble, but I'm assuring him that I'm only trying to make sure that the passengers are not subjected to any embarrassment when they get to New Orleans. Will you look into it and let me know how the thing stands? OK."

"Do you mind if I open the door a bit for just a minute?"

"Not at all, a good idea. That's a gas stove and

* The ship is planning to stop over in New Orleans to pick up some more cargo.

should have a chimney. A little fresh air wouldn't be a bad idea."

"I ran a group of men who seem to be leaving. And as I went by I noticed a long trailer truck drawn up across the street and the track leading to the warehouse."

"Pickets. To prevent unloading of cargo to be taken on your ship and the Dutch ore lying just beyond yours. It's the case on the wharves across the channel. The Hue should have been out of here and on her way three days ago, but they had no crews last night and none the night before. It's containerization that they're complaining about — the union, I mean. Everything is sent in containers, three days before the stuff comes through better and the containers eliminate a lot of handling. But the stevedores lose a lot of work that way. That's what they're striking about."

"Sounds a little like the farmers and laborers on the railroads."

"Same idea. Mostly these fellows have a certain skill at this and they're not qualified for anything else."

"Inspector, you didn't answer my question about how you happened to call me "Doctor" when I walked in your door."

"You develop certain perceptions in this line of work. A lot of people go by this window, and a lot of freight, stuff that people want and are willing to lie about false statements, forged declarations. People don't want to tell the truth if they're going to have to pay for it. And people don't like the laws which interfere with their interests, even when they can well afford to pay for the loss. Even for people whose names you'd know, the pleasure of outwitting the officers of the law is greater than the actual satisfaction of profiting by what they have directly or indirectly obtained. But my duty is to enforce the laws and detect violations. I have friends here on the docks that take special exception to me. I could be up there in the central office, in Washington, but I like it here and I don't care enough about the money to leave it. And I like to see the foreign ships come in and unload and the

foreign people who come off of them. Take the Chinese. Some of them are thieves and liars but I know some who are highly cultivated people. Doctor, there are a couple of questions I want to ask you, if you'll be kind enough to listen to what I want to tell you about. You're a medical doctor, aren't you? I thought so. Well, Doctor, I had a bad automobile accident in January of this year — rib fractured, multiple skull fractures — and I wasn't breathing when they brought me to the emergency room of one of the hospitals here in town. The doctor in charge came out and took a look at me and he said to the ambulance driver, "Take him to the morgue." He thought I couldn't hear. "Take him to the morgue" — just like that — "Nothing to do for him." The driver didn't want to do that, so he took me to another hospital where they had a team just for accidents. They took me in there and hold me up to drain the blood out of my lungs, and I was in that hospital for three months. Got pneumonia. Finally they said they couldn't do anything more for me. I could hear them talking — their room was just down the hall from where I was — and saying they didn't know anything more to do for me. And right then Miss Effie said that she'd take care of me. Miss Effie was an old colored nurse who'd been there for years and everybody thought a lot of her, and they all called her Miss Effie. And Miss Effie asked them to let her take care of me and they said she could do whatever she wanted. So it was Miss Effie who carried me through, and I got over the pneumonia and she helped me to get up and learn to stand and use my legs and arms again. So that's the way I finally got well enough to get back to work again. But that night darkness, when I was broken, never got properly set and I have diplopia when I look to the left. That's why I have the tape on the right-hand side of my glasses. The diplopia gets on my nerves, but the pain

down my arm bothers me. They want to operate on that clavicle with bone chips — here, I'll open my shirt so you can feel that bone slip back and forth. Feel it?"

"Yes, here are the two ends of the ununited clavicle. The position of your shoulder is amazingly good considering."

"Should I let them go in and work on that clavicle?"

"The clavicle doesn't do much except act as a strut to maintain the stability of the shoulder girdle, how the two fractured ends here are long since healed. I don't feel any crepitus as they slip over each other when you move, and you don't seem to have any pain with motion of the arm."

"No, but I have that nerve pain down my arm and into the hand. I have that all the time."

"I doubt that the clavicle has anything to do with that, or that an orthopedic surgeon would be prepared that a repair would do away with it. You perform all motions with your hand, have the three main nerves to the arm are intact. Sensation, also, is unaffected."

"You don't think they should operate?"

"Inspector, I am in Lutheran Medical Center, an Orthopedic Surgery, and your office is certainly warm and hospitable, but it isn't the ideal place for doing a detailed examination. You are putting this pressure to me somewhat as if you were consulting an agent at least a lawyer like and I appreciate your interest in that. You would be more likely to find an answer by a doctor whose qualifications you don't know. The most recent of exams I performed on the [illegible] to repair, than on the advice of your own physician. [illegible] it's an invitation, an invitation, to [illegible] me if the people who have stayed away [illegible]

beside your window, among whom you have spent so many years practicing your arts of detection. For you, that's where it should come from, not from a conventional medical office. Inspector, my failing that you are now fifty years of age, that your work is sedentary and that you might be well advised to let well enough alone. You have pulled out of a terrific ordeal and it might be wise to let those slipping fragments stay to risk another hospital bout. I would not worry about a general anaesthetic after the trauma, the blood in the airways and the infection in the lungs, if I were only your doctor and not the instrument of the destiny in which you believe. I think I would want to convince myself that the wounded clavicle is anything but a relatively minor nuisance. But we stay around here, Inspector, and we'll continue our conversation. It begins to look as if the port will be completely paralyzed before long, and none of us will be able to load and put ~~on~~ out ~~coal~~ wood." It's as if the sun of shipping were setting, and a sort of scruffy twilight were settling down on us. Last night I heard a trawler on the wharf below my porthole bawling, "What ah care 'bout you ole boat!"

"No, they don't care, and the twilight could last for a good many years. But time it will finally be settled and the loading and the unloading will begin again. It's true that pushes the world around. People think it's politics, but even the politicians are secondary to traders. The bankers count for much and they keep out of the headlines, but behind everything else they are the men who hold the purse strings. If time fall, you'll be waiting for the bell before the engine is really called. Doctor, I get the impression you're retired. Why did you retire?"

"I suppose it was because of a growing sense of failure. The world of medicine has undergone a revolution within

last few years. It would be too long a story for this morning. I was thinking of it as you were talking about your Miss Effie, how story is a very touching one and for me it carries a special eloquence. You mention that from your bed — and you must have endured many hours of suffering, loneliness and physical pain — you overheard the house staff in their hall, saying that they didn't know what to do for you. And then that the old colored nurse or aide, or whatever she was, came in and said to them, "Give this man to me and I'll carry him through," and they, whether from ignorance or indifference, were willing to acknowledge their limitations and appoint Miss Effie as your doctor. And from the moment she touched you, you could feel the magic of her perceptions. Your doubts must have melted away, or you wouldn't remember it all so vividly, and with her help you chose life and not death, and you began to get well. That seems to me an almost scriptural illustration of a true healing and of the basic principle of what I suppose could be called collective, or organizational medicine. And here is one of the terrible things that has happened in contemporary medicine: practice by a group, by a group, publicly justified and defended as being the modern mode. But I can't agree that this is desirable. The patient can be made to accept the precepts of a group, he can be intimidated by a group; a group is a wonderful solution when it is functioning, for example as a surgical team. There each member is highly trained to act in obedience to the leadership of the chief surgeon, and it is beautiful to see the absorption of the assistants and of the surgical nurses to the requirements of that chief surgeon. As an intern I used to be fascinated by the accuracy of [illegible] in the operating room, the skill and resourcefulness of the scrub nurse, even that little clap of the hemostat as she delivered the instrument into the gloved palm. But in [illegible] I came to learn that a group or an organization [illegible] can devour for inefficiency, for indifference or [illegible] mischievous officiousness. A group always diffuses [illegible]

somebody or other who is tactless or even cruel, and the patient is helpless to defend himself. The patient is in the horizontal, sort of sick, and the group is in the vertical and it has all the advantage. The patient can be bullied in one way or another by everyone from the attending staff down to the scrub women and the janitors. They all have some power over him, and I came to notice that every day brought a certain number of ugly incidents, major or minor."

"Sound that way to me, but I never knew who was to blame, or whether it was my fault. There were an awful lot of mistakes in medication. I was glad when I was well enough to have a good look at those pills before I took them. But isn't that inevitable?"

"To a certain extent, perhaps, but it occurring much too frequently. But the miracle of Miss Effie is on a much higher plane. There you have the practice himself, and the medication that she was handling with such respect and devotion was of a higher order and much more austere than they should be. All of this to say, Inspector, that the medical profession has developed a kind of collective delusion of grandeur which makes it claim a much more absolute authority than it is entitled to. And the public is so accustomed to worship science and technology that it's easily persuaded that medicine is scientific and should be taken as such. But of course that's very far from the truth. The so-called basic sciences are more large by descriptive than the exact and the practice is just experience acquired by individuals trained in the basic sciences. Take the devotion, the imagination and the love, of a Miss Effie, and cultivate it in the humanities and perhaps even lastly, in a knowledge of the various scientific disciplines — and you will have a wonderful doctor, an inspiration to students and colleagues alike. Without Miss Effie, you may have a dangerous or a stupid possessor of power and privilege. Without the training you have the practice

helpless for the most part because she stands outside the flow of writing - [illegible] and effective only when through disguise, perhaps, she is called in to do magic. All doctors with male patients, I suppose, are really in practice since every patient is without sexuality, but the one I am describing will make few, and the wise help and comfort many. And the teachings he will have will have very little about them that is dogmatic – rather, a respect for natural laws and an insight into human beings."

"I like what you're saying, Victor, and I think I understand what you're driving at. Perhaps I wouldn't have if I hadn't been through that smash-up. Tell me another thing. When I was a kid around fourteen or fifteen I used to write poems and give them to the teacher, and now since my accident it's all again come through I haven't got a teacher any more. Am I crazy? That's some people who'd like to think I always was, and perhaps it's true, but after I was sixteen I never wrote any more until just now in the last few weeks. What does that mean?"

"Perhaps Miss Effie could answer that better than I, but I'll try. Was it love or obscenity that you put in those verses when you were fifteen?"

"Neither. I was hating her."

"You were an unusual adolescent if you needed to set your revolt to music, so to speak. As for the present, I suppose you really do wonder if you are in your right mind, but I think that is because you had such a violent shock with death that your life seems suddenly plane – a flat fluent content. Nothing appears to you fantastic as it did before and you can't help but wonder if you are [illegible] man in another world or [illegible] another man's name," like a mystical evil creeping from one to the other in a dream.

"Is that it?" Doctor, your ship is not going to [illegible]

wharf to-day. Would you care to join me for a sandwich in town? There is no place to eat around here, as you may have noticed, and it isn't very safe to go around much on foot, especially if you are alone. My car is right out back."

The Inspector's automobile rolled slowly through the gate past the police sentry, leaving behind the busier bustling with innumerable taxis and cars, the tops bobbing and the fluttering flags. Two officers were lounging at the sentry's desk. Beyond the enclave of the docks, the roadway was bordered with occasional shacks and a few more trees on either side.

"Where you goin', Mavis? Got a smuggler there?"

"This is awfully nice of you, Inspector. I would have had a pretty dreary day on board."

* * *

"Do you like seafood, Doctor? This is a Greek joint where the food is good even though the decor is a little informal! They have music later on and the waiters come here to dance, but they usually serve a good meal at lunch-time. Fish is pretty much a staple in the Greek diet and they cook it very nicely. I don't think you can get a cocktail but you can have a glass of their Retsina with the meal. Shall we take that table over in the corner?"

"Fine. How much time can you have for lunch?"

"Oh I'm not going back this afternoon. So far as I'm concerned we can take all the time we want. Good morning! Καλημέρα! What kind of fish do you have? O.K. you, the same. How's it you can me that? I'm interested in making because of my experience in the hospital and because I want to check the observations I made while I was there. And maybe you noticed that I like people. My father had to travel a lot when I was a youngster, so we moved a home, just one hotel after another. That way, it was always new people, new schools, new teachers, new neighbors. So I'm

listen to them talk and try to figure them out. You know, why they said what they did, why they lied so much. You might say that while you were doing research on medical decline I was doing it direct in human beings. So I found out that everything depended on what I believed. Perhaps they were trying to deceive me, perhaps it was the other way around; at any rate for me at that time they needed to for everything depended on what I could believe. I didn't want to get fooled, at least not too much. I suppose perhaps that was what made me nettle the teacher — I thought she was deceiving me. And when I finished my formal education I went through law school and then for a while I kept being matching wits."

"That accounts for the impudence I got when I opened your door, that you were trying to worm something out of me, some fascinating conspiracy. And I began to get a little nervous wondering whether you would find me even when it wasn't there. Are you always so kind to suspects, Inspector?"

"I didn't suspect you. I was just interested in you. And I've learned that courtesy is often the surest way to get a few facts out, or at least banks them, so that you can go ahead with the business of the day."

"Thinking about what you just said about believing people brings to my mind an experience of my own in recent years. I was attending a meeting of one of the medical high power research societies, possibly five or six years ago, at which a paper was given by a well-known group which I happened to know personally rather well. It was a report having to do, as I remember, with a tumor of the adrenal gland which in nothing only the cells which secreted a substance known as aldosterone. The authors described the manifestations, clinical and laboratory, which they said to them were associated with this medical tumor and that was, as supporting evidence, amounts of aldosterone found in the patient's urine. They took pains to acknowledge the collaboration

of a group from the University of Michigan which had performed the quantitative determinations. Now it happened that I was working in a closely related field and was familiar with the techniques which were employed for such determinations. Briefly, it is called paper chromatography which is a technique by which an extract of steroids is dropped in a very small, measured amount on the end of a long strip of filter paper which has been treated with an appropriate solvent. Under standard conditions, the drop containing whatever steroids were present in the extract, is advanced or travel along the paper, which is hung in a special chamber for a given number of hours. The rate of travel serves to separate each hormone and by developing the strip it is possible to see the size of the ~~spot~~ spots made by the various hormones in a pure state, and the spots can later be quantitatively removed and measured. The whole thing is very ingenious, but it was terribly tedious and cumbersome, and far from reliable even when I used to run through the whole process alone. There are too many steps, and each step has its weak point. And when the technique was first used, it worked out fairly well for cortisone and for hydrocortisone, but aldosterone, present in much smaller amounts, failed to show up with the same pair of solvents. Some relationship to the others — particularly, cortisone and hydrocortisone — remained a little vague. So, on the occasion of the meeting that I was invited to, and the paper on the aldosterone working behind, the flush of my first admiration faded suddenly when it occurred to me to wonder if it was actually true. I remembered that the leaders of the research groups were good friends and that the purchase of the medical schools and from the source of federal grants was very great. It's private, of course, your grant. On the other hand, there are so many highly-specialized techniques that almost no group is able to assess the contributions of another, ... the ultimate analysis, to declare them "reproducible" or "not reproducible" — or, in simple English, true or false. Sometimes, months

of even the head of the group, whose power and position has come into play to get the paper on the program & published in the right journal — knows whether his data are true or false; He is usually dependent upon his technicians and assistants, since his time is so much taken up by going to meetings and making the necessary contacts with the various drug-using groups around Washington who are responsible for the distribution of the millions of dollars destined for the various research empires around the country. It's some young person at home who is dealing with the recalcitrant or fearful rat, successfully or not, honestly or dishonestly, who does and injects the data in the data."

"Do you really think the lab assistants would fake their results, Doctor?"

"Well, I have known a good many competent and conscientious laboratory workers, and I have admired them enormously. But in recent years it seems almost impossible to get well-trained help even for the relatively simple blood examinations that we depend upon for office practice. There are few training schools for technicians throughout the country, although there are endless courses offered by which some nineteen-year-old girl can get a certificate to run the paper-strips and chemistry kits put out by the pharmaceutical houses. But this is very far away from the skill and the basic understanding of scientific principle which we used to require. Beyond that, you have to remember that most of the people who peer down the microscope are alone as they focus and shift the field of vision. Nobody else sees what they are looking at, and nobody can look over their shoulder to say they are wrong. Perhaps the vision of convention and factual detail is true one or the first hundred times, but some hair-raising day she or he may, in a hurry to get home and at that moment they

modify some figure that doesn't agree, or they alter it entirely. From then on, the decline proceeds in easy stages. They are alone in their falsehood, since even a repeat will not invalidate them. You can see that it would really take a monumental character to turn to the line where challenge or detection ~~are~~ unlikely or impossible and the wishful thought is so pervasive. And then qualities are not very much in vogue these days.

For all these reasons, the idea struck me that day at the meeting of the Central Society for Clinical Research, that the conclusions reached about that adosterone-secreting tumor, might not be true, and I waited with considerable tension to hear the discussion following the close of the paper. In this I was disappointed, however, because the only comment was a modest word of measured praise from the Michigan man who had obliged by performing certain of the animal assays. I wondered if anybody else in the audience would admit to any doubt of the authenticity of the report or whether skepticism, not to say, criticism, was limited to myself. I wondered if I was jealous and unwilling to accept an interesting and commendable piece of work simply because it wasn't I who had done it. But I couldn't surprise the faint of envy in myself because I was acutely excited about my own field and didn't feel in the least threatened by an original work in an adjacent area. And I went on to recognize the fact that, whether my suspicions were well-founded or not, with relation to the aldosterone-secreting tumor, the possibility of a situation developing in which it would be important to distinguish the wheat from the chaff, research from [illegible] and fact — seemed not only likely but probably already present and inevitable. Every year at that time, the scientific sessions would be filled up with prominent research papers. Reports would be presented fleetingly by one of the junior members

of the team, at the conclusion of which the Moderator would say: "Paper is now open for discussion!" And there would be any discussion, partly because nobody would know enough about it to work up the nerve to get his neck out, partly for the fear of antagonizing some one of power and influence whose help might be a determinant when it came time to apply for renewal of the grant. And the newspaper journals would rise from the panel all over the country, and no member of the editorial boards would know whether the results were true or false. I would arrange any method from now on by which true and false could be separated.

I suppose that sounds to you like Orwell at his nihilist best but if you want to stop and look, Inspector, I think you'll agree that it is not only true but [illegible] such a backlash of literature has occurred in many other fields, why should the field of medical practice or medical research be immune? Its personnel stem from the same maternal civilization."

"It's a ghastly prospect, Doctor, but I believe you."

"As a matter of fact, I can cite as an example a man from one of the eastern universities who worked out a tremendously elaborate and detailed project which mushroomed into years of time and reams of papers. It had to do with certain vasodilators and certain vasoconstrictors which he demonstrated in the cerebral cortex by means of a special little array which he invented. He contrived to display a certain tiny section of the vibro-abdominal tissues which [illegible] carried demonstrable blood vessels. So he would inject his vasopressor principle into the experimental animal and then watch the contraction of the arteries or arterioles in the tissue under the scope. Then he'd give the vasodilator and observe the vessels expanding. With this [illegible] he could be then particularly [illegible] system of physiology, so to speak, including opposing principles for each of the demonstrated substances: a vasodilator to oppose each of the demonstrated vasoconstrictors."

the vacuum and a power for the dictator. In that way he was able to explain whatever happened. I was quite inexperienced in the world of research at that time and I was vastly impressed by this circular mirror-cum-wand-cum-by the inventor's wand. The only thing was I couldn't decide whether I should believe it or not. Finally I asked somebody from U. of S. whether all of this had been confirmed in some other laboratory, to which he responded after what I took to be a certain hesitation, "He's carried it all so far that it would take someone else half a lifetime to repeat it and nobody is sufficiently interested to give the time to it." I gathered that most groups took a dim view of the whole story, although the journals published the papers, probably because they couldn't deny it any more than they could confirm it. So far as I know, the whole theory was lost sight of and to this day I don't know whether the author was an intellectual, a prophet or an impostor. But that was a picturesque phenomenon of that period, a curious escapism in a history which, not so long before, had discovered and colonized, ruled and conquered, or at least controlled pernicious anemia."

"You don't think it's still that way, Doctor? That is, that creative discovery is going on all right, but that sometimes is biggest, so the flaws in the system are more conspicuous?"

"I wish I could think so, Inspector, but the evidence seems to me pretty convincing that the same elements which are disrupting our schools and universities, our [illegible] character and standards of morality — have penetrated that most sensitive of fields, namely, the profession of medicine. Of course there were flaws before, no question about that, but they were the ordinary human [illegible] and, as such, were understandable [illegible]. Good doctors and bad men, evil ones and altruistic ones, there were candidates for the [illegible] and

those who were deeply and truly committed to the ideal of humanity and the service of science. But don't you think that the general public recognition of good and evil has failed to such an extent that there is no longer a moral frame of reference. The concept of self-commitment as something to inspire admiration seems to have vanished; so it's hardly to be wondered at that the young people who are completing their medical education at home & abroad, & in our hospitals, have come to consider the patients as illustrations in text books, placed in their hands purely for their edification.'

"I wondered sometimes if they ever cared to study me as a text-book!"

"How often were you seen by a mature, competent doctor?"

"Not very often. They didn't seem to be much interested."

"In effect, then, you didn't have your choice. But you choose your lawyer, or your minister, or your plumber. You choose your friends. And yet you don't have your choice in that extremely important relationship between you, injured, helpless and bewildered as you were, and the person qualified to save and sustain you. It was lucky that Miss Effie contrived to retain a choice!"

"It surely was. I owe my recovery to her. But now, Doctor, if I understand you correctly, the medical world has simply evolved from the horse and buggy but somehow in the course of that evolution, it has changed its character and shifted its ideals — or has it lost them? Do changes in methods necessarily imply changes in purpose?"

"I think I'd rather give you a literary answer, at least for the moment. You've probably read some of the books of that curious writer, Kafka? Perhaps you remember a passage which runs something like this — I can't give it to you exactly: 'Leopards broke in and drank the sacrificial chalice dry. This happened repeatedly, until it became a part of the ceremony.'"

"The acolytes didn't turn into leopards, you mean."

"But they not only failed to defend the sanctuary against

the leopards, they accepted them and allowed them to prepare the rites, and this so regularly that the rites became different rites and the people learned different divinities. Thus, in common parlance, it happens at nothing with the pennies."

"Exactly."

"Doctor, you didn't answer me when I asked you who you visited, and perhaps my question was indiscreet. Do you mind telling me how you happened to go into it?"

"No, I don't mind at all. It's rather a special story and if you think it would interest you, I'd be happy to tell it."

"It would give me the greatest pleasure. Let me have your glass — if you like the Pilsitka."

"Thank you. That's fine. All right, then, the time of studying medicine. I don't suppose I was aware of it the time, but as I looked back on it all later I saw that a sort of vast despair must have been guiding the writing hand. I had been in Austria and Germany, and as a young and inexperienced person I had been struck by a sound which I seemed to detect in every German town — the sound of marching feet bands of men and boys drilling. I thought of our small towns and our great cities, hamlets everywhere, and I wondered if any feet marched there, certainly not — possibly for some Fourth of July celebration. But it was around 1930 and it seemed that every town and village in Germany pulsated with feet marching to command. This impression startled and shocked me terribly as I sensed what they were preparing for. About this time, also, the slogan "Untergang der Abendlander" was to be found in every bookstore window, and in the United States the depression was becoming broader and deeper. Not long after this I took passage on a North German Lloyd ship sailing from Bremen to the United States, and it was on the upper deck of that boat that I came to know the man who provided just at this critical moment

the example I was unconsciously seeking. He was an incongruous man, slight in build and somehow old-fashioned in appearance, as if he had stepped out of a ~~somewhat~~ rather faded photograph. He spoke very little English, and with an accent which I didn't recognize at first, and it wasn't until we were a day or two out at sea from Bremen that I found out that the occupant of the steamer chair next to mine was a Swedish neurologist, chief physician of the Radiumhemmet in Stockholm. He spent much of the time in his cabin, but we had many long talks during the passage. ~~His~~ My own training had been in the arts, and the world seemed very far removed from mine, and yet the life which we were living in common came to seem amazingly deep, and I got to be very fond of him. I even told him about the experience of the marching feet, wondering whether I had exaggerated the whole thing. "Did you notice that when you were last in Germany, or Siam I enquiring up streets where they don't exist?" "You are not mistaken. They don't exist. And they march in the streets — you were quite right." "How about Sweden? Nobody marches there, do they?" I asked him. "In Sweden," he answered, "we make a universal life work of peace. We prefer it and we practice it. We are a small country, and we can't afford to do anything else."

One day he gave me an informal lecture on pathology, a curiously impressive description of a tubercle. I most always felt a certain impatience, even disdain, for anecdotal facts, because I thought that there were infinite numbers of them and that they were of no account unless you could detect some underlying truth from them. For this reason I had no notion of the grandeur of the biological career and was amazed to find myself in the presence of a great monument, when Dr. Ebbe Bravo first described to me the reaction of the host to an invasion by Koch's bacillus. I didn't know at the time who Koch was or for that matter what a

bacillus was. But I felt that something had been shown to me that made the world of the arts seem suddenly capricious and frivolous and I thought I saw in Dr. Brown a man who was highly qualified in a profession which could serve mankind according to the talents of the student. If the world could be saved, it would most likely be through the agency of such men, who would step from faded photographs and act with wisdom and humanity in the interests of stricken man.

"You have brilliant careers available in the United States," he said one day. "Your Dr. Ewing and the many others. They work hard and they write fine papers. Only I never can quite believe their statistics." I felt a little offended at this and I asked him what reason he had for doubting Dr. Ewing and his colleagues.

"It is not Dr. Ewing whom I distrust," he explained. "I know him very well and I trusted him implicitly. But in America you do not tell your patients if they have cancer, that for which the first doctor is unable to cure them, they leave him and go to another. Having entrusted, they do not tell the second one that they were treated by the first one. In this way, it has been found that certain cases of cancer appear in the statistics of two or more doctors or hospitals. In that way, cases of irradiation, for example, are not accurate and the statistics of their patients are valueless."

"But that true in Sweden?"

"It is not true in Sweden, because Sweden is small and her population is homogeneous. I would not [illegible] very much if I were to say that very few cases of cancer pass through my laboratories of the Radiumhemmet. And I am able to keep very careful records of each case.

"And do you tell those patients that they have cancer

and that they have only a short time to live?'

"I tell them as accurately as I can. And I know quite well what I have to expect from the various kinds of cancer as they become implanted at various sites and in different tissues, so I know where radium can be used to advantage, and where it will have no purpose. Irradiation is highly destructive and it should be reserved for those types of tumor which are truly sensitive to the ray—much more sensitive than the host tissue in which the tumor cells are growing. But I have studied so many many cases that I can predict quite certainly the chances and the prognosis of each patient."

I asked him how the patients accepted their judgment.

"The Swedish people are perhaps a little tougher and more phlegmatic than the Americans. Or perhaps the American people would be a little tougher if the cancer specialists would not treat them like children. At any rate, our patients accept the truth even when it is hard. They know that everything possible is done for them; so they thank me and they go home and put their affairs in order and live the rest of their lives with their families, quietly, and die when they must. Death does not seem so strange to them as it seems to your American people."

The inspector cut a slice from his veal and ate it slowly.

"Swedes are cold-blooded. I always noticed that."

"It didn't strike me as cold-blooded. He was really a man of unusual charm and I felt that he did me great honor in talking to me, not as a young person and a lay one, but almost as a close friend, a colleague or a peer. And what he was saying as we lay in our deck chairs, wrapped in rugs, with the sunlight flashing in black spokes on our hands and on the book [illegible] from the water holding—all this made a deep impression upon me. I thought that nobody could be greater than this unpretentious man, and that medicine could be better directed than toward the field of medicine. I suppose it was, at that moment, a youthful fancy,

with a Mephistophelian sneer,
only the world that he showed me spread out below us was not one to be courted, but a grave, human world to be studied, to be understood and to be healed insofar as healing might be possible. It was not in the least cold-blooded, Inspector. It was an image, an ideal, uniquely present where all had been panic and disillusionment."

"Did you ever see him again?"

"We went on talking, all the way across, about everything we could think of, and then finally we parted at the boat-train up at the dock in New York. I don't remember what we could have said on leave-taking but I do remember feeling that it had been the briefest and the greatest friendship of my life. Less than a year later I was again in New York, this time to find out the prerequisites for entrance into medical school. By that time I had forgotten just how the whole thing had come about, and the memory of that voyage home did not reappear in its full meaning until many years had passed, in the course of which I managed to complete the requirements for medical school and get started. But after I had finished all my training and was launched both in practice and in research I picked up the morning paper on my way home one night, and came upon a little agate-type news item that a cancer specialist had been called from Sweden to attend one of the Russian princesses — presumably Stahl — and that the consultant was Dr. Elis Bergen. This threw the last fifteen or twenty years of my life into a sudden vivid perspective, and showed me how decisive had been that friendship formed during the crossing from Burma to New York on the S.S. Berlin. That night I sat down after dinner and wrote a note which I can even remember quite clearly. It was, of course, to say that the notes in Hippocrates had recalled the meeting in 1930, and that it was suddenly clear to me that the decision to study medicine had been entirely ~~influenced~~ due to [illegible] many years ago that Dr. Bergen had [illegible] my full portion of medicine and that the latter should have [illegible] my affectionate thanks. This I dispatched to my old friend at his headquarters in Stockholm. The reply came in very few days,

It was just as warm in tone as if we ~~had~~ will meeting again in the dining room for breakfast, some long-past morning on the North Sea. "I can well do I remember that morning," he wrote, "and how you helped me with my English so that I was able to make my tour of lectures in the United States." He added that he was leaving Stockholm the following day, again for the United States, this time to attend the semi-centennial celebration of the discovery of radium, and hoped that we would meet in Chicago. You can imagine how happy I was as I opened the door of the hotel ballroom in which the American Radiological was meeting, a few weeks later. As it happened, Dr. Barnes himself was on the platform that moment, apparently just finishing the paper he was giving. Following the discussion period, which was given by the moderator and I was able to make my way to the front of the room. To the amazement of the radiologists, we threw our arms around each other — no, there was nothing cold-blooded about him."

"I can see why you like that story."

"Can't you, though? A long-span narrative with a really noble theme, namely the initiation of a student by a great teacher. And I'm sure you will understand, Inspector, that I don't mean great in terms of prominence or recognition, but of professional accomplishment and human warmth, simplicity and dedication. And when I went to the banquet the following evening and saw the delegates from all over the world and from the midst of them, out of that same old faded photograph, the same unrecognizable figure rose to welcome them and propose his "toast" to progress in the medical sciences in the relief of human suffering, I was filled with the same admiration as in 1930."

"Is he still living?"

"No. By sheer chance, I saw the notice of his death, only six or seven years ago, well into the twenties, I believe. I was really grieved to realize that as just a doctor was no longer living.

"Do you think he realized what an important part he

had played in your life?"

"Oh, I think it all seemed very natural to him. But for me the experience took place at a moment of great detachment and disillusion, and I've always felt grateful to fate for offering me an ideal or model just when I needed it most, and a more suitable ideal than any I could have had before, since these others had seemingly collapsed under the burden of experience."

"Have you ever regretted going into medicine?"

"No I don't think I have. A lot of it I didn't enjoy and I was often doubtful that I had any talent in that direction — certain of the other students struck me as having a natural specific aptitude for the biological sciences which I couldn't detect in myself. This used to worry me during the pre-medical years. Some of them seemed to be awfully adept, even with scalpel and forceps in the comparative anatomy laboratory, and they seemed to know their way around by instinct and to understand just how they should go about a dissection, for example, while I had it all to learn. Sometimes the idea frightened me that I had chosen a field for literary reasons, only to discover that I wasn't very good at it and would never be better than mediocre in it. There was a boy in my class at the University of Chicago who intimidated me, quite unintentionally, by what I took to be his fantastic skill in dealing with the dissection of the dogfish. The semi-circular canals which for me were a ~~tangle~~ maze on a fussy scale, reeking of formaldehyde, for him were like some exotic, precious nut which he was able to crack with a kind of fascinated skill which I admired and envied. I can see him now, seated across from me at the ~~[illegible]~~ laboratory benches, with his mature [illegible] rumpled blonde hair and calm blue eyes, using [illegible] the cartilage to come up with a perfect dissection while I [illegible] fairingly rummaged ~~[illegible]~~ blindly through my [illegible]

scattered chips and debris all over the table. I couldn't see that my superior maturity and sophistication helped me at all, there in that dreary laboratory where child was mechanical and facts were simply to be committed to memory, whether they spelled out life or just the dogfish. "Oh, Abby, come over here for just a minute and show me how to do this." I remember imploring him one day. "I don't do it any better than you do," he replied. "You're just scared of it, but you don't need to be. I think yours look fine."

At the end of the course, as I said good-bye to him, I asked him if he intended to go into medicine. "No, I'm not going to study medicine," he answered. "Aren't you really? I took it rather for granted that you were. As a matter of fact, I'm very sorry to hear you say that you're not because I think you'd make a wonderful doctor."

"I don't know about that," he said. "But there's very special and fundamental reasoning I should not study medicine. Although sometimes I think that human life is very precious, that nothing could be as valuable as human life, still there are other times when it seems to me to have almost no value at all. Nobody who is capable of feeling that way should go into medical practice."

Many years have passed since that spring afternoon when Abby and I took leave of each other, and I have thought very often of those school boy words.

"Still, it was a good point, wasn't it, Doctor?"

"At the time, I took it to be a simple disclosure of a period of normal introspection, although it seemed a little morbid, and I had cheerful, conventional doubts that it was actually true. Surely, I thought, such a good boy as Abby—such a pure, youthful—is going in for self-flagellation when he attributes such a thought to himself. But I didn't quite put it like that, challenging

him, and I left his disclosure pass without comment. In later years I was often astounded at the diversity of evaluations placed upon him—and again I am not referring to public recognition or at least to public recognition alone. Not only the diversity of evaluations but the diversity of bases for evaluation. And this among doctors, too, in spite of my previous notion that all patients should claim equal care and attention from the profession. For this reason I often marveled at him and felt that he would have been prepared to resist the moral disruptions which certainly seemed to threaten the souls of the doctors and of which the doctors were evidently unconscious. Some of the disruptions operated not negatively but affirmatively, and some poor God-forsaken creature was exalted by something about the disease or condition, to the number one patient in the hospital. One of the most picturesque of these was Mrs. X, who came to the clinic because of chronic vision. It turned out that she was dimly because she was suffering from such a catastrophic anemia that her life itself was dim. And the cause of the anemia was not long in making its appearance—in fact, the admitting nurse could have established the diagnosis. Mrs. X had, in fact, one of the largest fibroid tumors ever seen in our hospital, and still she accepted her symptoms as a kind of boon compared with what great pumpkin and came for medical attention only when she thought she might get a free chapter through the clinic! Still, the gynecology service was galvanized into the most passionate participation. Blood donors were called for and typed; the two most famous surgeons worked together to remove the tumor; any complication was foreseen and forestalled. At the intern's level I struggled night and day for the life of Mrs. X, who evaluated [illegible] knows the difference and without whom the world would [illegible] much the poorer. Finally, around the end of the first post-[illegible] I was working in the intern's laboratory one evening when I [illegible] that someone was standing in the doorway. [illegible] X, the unworthy husband of our First Lady. [illegible] our assurance as to how his wife was recovering, [illegible]

reminiscence and with shining predictions for her future until finally Mr. X manufactured a heavy sigh, I thought, stupid virtuoso and I couldn't seem to induce from him the slightest recognition for the heroic attention ~~interest~~ with which his wife had been honored. Finally I fell silent out of bewilderment and fatigue and Mr. X got his word in edgewise: "I wanted to know," he said with considerable effort, "when could I use my wife again." "As if she were a car or a horse," the attending surgeon said when I passed the story on to him the following day."

"About the bottom of the human pool," observed the Impresario.

"It's rather a nasty little anecdote but it impressed me not as much for its nonchalance as for the disproportionate enthusiasm displayed by the hospital staff and for the wrong reasons. Nothing could be commoner in the practice of gynecology than a large fibromyomata, so there was no question of knowledge which could add to medical knowledge. It was simply a matter of on the basis of which Mr. X became our celebrated guest for a day."

"The prize steer in the cattle show of the pathological."

"Exactly!"

"But, Doctor, I don't see anything bad about that. I think she was a lucky sow to fall into such attentive hands."

"I'm not criticizing the passionate care that we lavished on her. I'm only pointing out to you now what I called then, as I was groping for some real philosophical basis for the guidance of the healer and the protection of the patient, true behavior produced excellent results, but it did lack some real sobriety. If Mr. X's fibroid had been a little more modest in size and mass, a little less grandiose and unwieldy, we would have taken her chances on the normal ebb and [illegible] perhaps I should say this by way of explanation for what otherwise seems to you philosophical hair-splitting: they were quite right in his soul-searching concern for the ability of the patient

doctor to preserve respect and if possible love, for human beings, even when there is little evidence of respectability and can mean nothing to attract love, and the sharpening effect of close and long contact has always to be resisted. There is always something violent about medicine, as you can see very easily from its history and from the stories and legends of miraculous cures and mutations, and with it all goes a colossal opportunity for prestige and power. A rewarding field for the truly compassionate who are well trained in true science, but it holds uncanny opportunities for misdoing where the gifts and character of the practitioner are either ~~inept~~ fiendish or bad, and the moral frame of social acceptance and traditions has deteriorated."

"That sounds kind of frightening, Doctor. Even from the city docks where I spend my days, the deterioration looks pretty clear. And I wasn't very much impressed by compassion or science in those young folks who wrote the orders for me when I was lying there in that hospital bed. A lot of them were foreign, mostly oriental. Could be that I couldn't always understand them."

"I don't think you should have had to: it's not enough to take X-ray pictures to diagnose fractured ribs, scalds and cleavages and call in a neurologist to decipher nerve injuries, and then order low-salt diets and physiotherapy. A doctor should know more than what is considered good to do for whatever is wrong. You were in the situation of one active and busy man converted in one blinding moment into a human wreck, with all the attendant shattering emotions. In my opinion you should have had your own doctor in charge. Someone you trusted, who would have sat down every day beside your bed and adjusted every detail of your days. He should have been your devoted friend and listened to whatever thoughts were boiling in you, and sustained you with every human insight."

"How are you going to back all that up with [illegible] and beside they're always too busy."

"A lot of that stuff is nonsense. It's said so often that everybody comes to believe it, and then one day you wake up there's

a group of nurses standing around a water cooler in a utilities room and the patients' lights are on all the way up and down the corridors. They're not busy, they're simply indifferent. Or a group of visitors are chatting at one of the nursing stations and a nurse comes out of a room and reports that the patient in 571 has pain in his chest and needs to see a doctor. "Give him two APC tablets. My wife's waiting for me downstairs." It's common enough and it's not really atrocious. But it's dangerous. The nurse laughs, perhaps, and says, "Are you going out to eat tonight?" as she drops the tablets in the medication cup and formulates the order for the patient. The tradition sags a little more and the esprit de corps of the hospital personnel has moved a little further toward camaraderie and away from a common commitment. And behind that lies resident is that question of the value of human life. And as we drift away from private practice toward organizational practice, this becomes even more important. It is a curious thing that the public is daily impressed by collective medicine: the hospital, the clinic, the 'medical center.'"

"I suppose they are. At any rate, as I look back on the three months of hell that I went through, I think I was attacked by a little herd of leopards."

"In my opinion, herds are dangerous even if they are called teams and even if they are not composed of leopards. Esprit de corps is not a good replacement for individual responsibility. It's too readily swayed and furthermore, it is vulnerable. It is a kind of miniature mass movement and, as such, is susceptible to manipulation by any able leader, good or bad. The [illegible] of an organized medical group have always been available through the well-known clinics and anyone who preferred to be treated by such a group because he believed that it delivered limitations or weaknesses of the private physician or hospital while extending both his virtues and his resources ... such a patient today goes to Johns Hopkins or Lahey or Billings. The clinics have always fulfilled unified

purpose but for reasons which the public probably does not understand. Many procedures could never have been developed if the surgeon had not enjoyed, not only the clinical facilities – which is to say, access to larger numbers of patients – but the immunity conferred by the clinic system. By that I mean that the surgeon is on a salary from the clinic and is not directly paid by the patient. This means that the senior surgeon can offer necessary training to his resident or his fellow by allowing him to perform the surgery, whether the patient likes it or not. This is important because the resident or the surgical fellow has to have the opportunity to do surgery, not just scrub up and stand at the table holding a retractor while the chief removes the gall bladder or resects the stomach. It is also important for the development of surgery, that just as the patient pays the clinic and not the doctor, they the same is true of the corporate group and not the surgeon that he would sue if he were to decide that he had been maltreated. Potential malpractice suits are a powerful restraint and many operations would never have been worked out if the surgeon had not had the protective umbrella of the clinic to support the innovation. This is of course not the reason why some people prefer a clinic to a private surgeon. They simply think that a well-known clinic will have only the most highly trained surgeons on its staff, and perhaps they are wagering over the medium the notion that you can't cheat [illegible] but not by a respectable bank. In any case, a good surgeon will be skilful and use his judgment, whether he operates in a [illegible] hospital or in a clinic or, and the important thing is that the patient was free to make his choice according to [illegible] terms.

"Isn't he free to do that any more? You have to remember – that my choice was made for me by the ambulance driver. And he never

between any hospital that would concede that I wasn't dead and the morgue. But if I had been more on the ball, at the moment, could I have gotten myself into the hands of some doctor of my choice?"

"Yes, of course you could have. But the situation in medical practice has been shifting rapidly during the last years and even though you would have been dealing with an individual doctor who would have assumed the responsibility of your care, still that doctor would not have been in a position to assume the leadership which you needed. He would have been present and probably alert and concerned, but he would have been hampered in many ways which you would not have realized. Inspector, let me intercept for a minute. Is that another ship coming up the channel? Can you see with math just over that roof over there?"

"Probably the Agamemnon. She has been trying to finish loading but they haven't had enough crew. That heavy cargo behind the sheds was for her. She was scheduled to leave this afternoon but they were trying to get hold of a crew before the strike is called. Yes, that's the Agamemnon. May I give you a little more of the Retsina?"

"Thank you. How about your own glass?"

"Yes, I'll join you. But I want to go back to your morning. As you may have gathered, Doctor, I like people. Not many of them, for one nobody could like many of them. But still, I like people and I like to understand them. I suppose I started wanting to understand them when I was old enough to realize that it wasn't them, it was myself for me. It was a question of which ones to believe and what ones, how much to believe; so I began to study them — not what they were hiding and from whom, as we were saying, but all the time I liked them enough to keep looking and studying. I didn't want to be their slave but I went on liking them. And now, Doctor, I don't think you're looking me and I have an idea as to what you have been experiencing, but I'm so amazed

if you would fill me in on the story, beginning with medical school itself. How clear were those [illegible] there, and how easy?"

"When I first met you this morning, Inspector, I thought you were trying to worm something out of me, and I felt like part of an imposter. As if I were posing as one interesting villain when in reality I was nothing but a disillusioned doctor, unworthy of the attention of a real, professional Subject of Falsification. You made me feel quite uncomfortable as you ransacked my innocent pockets for scraps of crime or conspiracy. In fact I was beginning to feel as desperate as a real villain, hiding only the tiniest signs of my non-involvement and getting more terrified by the moment as I realized that you would unquestionably expose me more, as all the ghastly falseness of my position. Innocent, who you [illegible] me cast for some fascinating role! It was quite a relief when the subject turned to that poor clavicle of yours. And since then, I hope you have forgiven me for being such a ham smuggler."

"I'm very grateful to you. Your advice and counsel was very generous and I'm going to think it over very carefully and abide by it. But now tell me about the experiences of a sensitive student in medical school. What did you think about it all, working on pickled human beings and practicing vivisection on live animals?"

"As far as the gross anatomy laboratory was concerned, that didn't disturb me in the least. It seemed to me proper, even obvious, that the human body should be preserved and that we students should dissect it. I only regretted that all our talk of nerves and blood vessels, our obscure memory aids and hazing, didn't seem to give us the feeling with the aim of it all that a shattering of gross anatomy did for the [illegible] students. I thought we should move very much slipping below the level of mere dissection, the jumps from the spring board, and all I could remember was the list of some of their origins and insertions as they were given with [illegible]. The histology and embryology which are usually given in the same year are both fascinating. Both of them, of course, depend on the [illegible] microscope, and the students spend a good many hours peering down in

mysterious barrels at the tiny circular theatre lying below. That then is the technical part to be learned, the cutting and staining of cells of tissue and the mounting of slides.

It was about at this time that I had one of the great experiences of my medical education, although I recently talked with my embryology professor and discovered that the experience must have been in part hallucinatory. It had to do with the origin of pulsation in the developing cardio-vascular system. You may know, Inspector, that the foetal blood vessels form on the yolk of the fertilized ovum and that they branch and grow until, at the site of the future heart, the primitive vessels coil together, clasp and fuse, to form the right and left sides of the heart. There in time modify and break through to become the four-chambered heart of man, two auricles and two ventricles. Then the blood is sent into the lungs by the right ventricle and is returned, oxygenated, to the left auricle from which it passes into the left ventricle and out to the periphery through the aorta. Returning to the right auricle it goes back to the right ventricle to repeat the oxygenation process. But note that all of this stems from the activity of a few cells which function as the "pace-maker", the instigator of the cardiac contraction. And thus multiplication and differentiation of embryonal cells, all this dark, tingling of developing life has gone on, up to a certain point, like vegetative growth, complicated but mundane, so to speak, a mute stirring formed within the chrononomos. And then, at that magic, that mysterious moment, those intertwining embryonal blood vessels must twitch, tremble in their strange, gelatinous developing. You, Inspector, they must flicker feebly as they are caught up in that great future. And then it must be like the first chiming of a great bell, but intense, divine. And the twitching becomes regular, rhythmic, and over the whole new organism that becomes circulated, pulsating with the gift of pulsation, and a new human has come into being.

I don't remember how this was demonstrated to us, but however it was presented, the diagrams, slides, words — it kindled my imagination with the same pulsation, and I have never forgotten it. It was worth all the tedium of memorizing which characterized the first five years of medical school." Have I made this the least bit clear to you, and is the

can you see that the chiming of this great, new bell, mounted and vibrant for the first time, could always evoke an act of devotion, so that we would not be at a loss when we look for a reason for respect for humanity and for life. Perhaps the legend or the dogma is not the best way — certainly ~~they~~ there are not the only ways — to make sure that a sense of awe in the face of life is maintained, because if it is not maintained, if a revolution fermenting in our social order and in our inner, should disrupt our myths and take our our dogmas by extraordinary, then finally there could remain nothing but leopards. And if we come back to Alby once again, the question as to the value of human life has a ready answer: No, certainly there is no market price for its lives. A life acquires value much as a work of art: somebody imparts value to it and somebody else finds that it has any value at all, and the scales and standards vary from those of great art all the way to the one claimed by Ille. X for his sons. That could be regarded as more or less self-evident and you might well brush me off with a "I was never there"; but stop and think of the ghastly consequences that we can see now and in the rather recent past. Think of Braska — and of Nazi Germany — and both of those millions occurred after Alby's words of warning."

"Doctor, I don't want to check your eloquence because you've shown me something really wonderful. But I'm curious on one point. What happens if, for any reason at all, the pace-maker is knocked out, the beat rings and then, much later on, say, something happens to it and it rings no more. Supposing, for example, with all those chest injuries I had, my pace-maker has been knocked out. Would that have meant that my heart would have stopped contracting because nothing was there to say when? Or would the heart have continued to contract, only out of rhythm. Slower or faster, or all mixed up?"

"If just the origin of pulsation had been deleted, it is probable

that some lower portion of the heart would have picked up some kind of beat, even though not very suitably. The gift of pulsation dribbles down the conduction system, losing its way as it goes, so that sparks may come from the auricles or the ventricles and a useful regular beat can be dictated through the main line, although by the time such a rhythm gets down to the ventricles as a place of origin, it's too slow to be serviceable. The artificial pace-maker assumes an arbitrary control over such sporadic efforts at pace setting."

"I see. Well now, to get back to ~~that~~ the telling bell, how many of those medical students, in that laboratory or that lecture hall, how many of them heard it as a divine tone?"

"I suppose your question is rhetorical, Inspector, since I have no idea of how to answer it. And of course I don't mean to draw an implication of divinity in terms of a specific intervention by a Methodist or a Catholic god. I meant, of course, that the liberality, the marvelous works of nature, could well exact from human students a worshipful respect which might preserve them from personal despair and deterioration as well as from futility and crime. Stop and think that were art is lost when we no longer have the vision of the marvelousness and vastness of life. There's nothing left but triviality, petulance and a kind of scruffy anarchy."

"There's plenty of that around to-day."

"And now another flash-back occurs to me, that served as a kind of counterpart vision. That came in bacteriology. We had to study slides received from the Public health agencies in order to become familiar with the appearance and staining properties of the different pathogenic organisms. One day I took the slide which was passed to me, applied a drop of oil and began twisting the adjustors to bring the film of stained material into view. I opened the diaphragm to admit more light and, that day, I saw a most impressive sight. Out of the luminous, microscopic vastness of space, a great blue cloud took form with,

inside the cobalt pool of its cytoplasm, the thunder blue of the nucleus. And close beside the nucleus lay the crooked crimson rod of the tubercle bacillus, that same Koch's bacillus that Dr. Barnes had described. Remembering the armies of the human beings who were destroyed by that organism, all the tragedies and the wrecked lives, I stared down that microscope with the impression that it was the very principle of evil itself that I was observing, embodied in that murmurpool beside the thunder of the nucleus. I appreciate also was the ingenuity of the bacteriologists who devised the differential staining which leaves the bacillus crimson against the blue background of the cell."

"Sounds like another parable, Doctor."

"I suppose it does. I didn't see it as such at the time, however. I saw it as some ancient work of art, like the wall paintings of ancient caves. But I am relating the incident to you now because I don't think you will take it for sentimental philosophizing. I hope you may see in it glimpses of what a medical training could impart."

"Good and evil as viewed by science."

"At least a foundation which would maintain a high tradition and would tend to protect its disciples against serious mischief-making. And in connection with mischief, I might mention that the really fine teachers in medicine twenty or more years ago were evidently keenly aware of that possibility, since an injunction I heard many times from at least one surgeon of international reputation was: "Nihil nocere"—"damage nothing." Even though I went into medicine and not surgery, I found that there were many opportunities for doing damage which did not require the scalpel and forceps and that all I had to do to create a little damage was to drift a bit with what seem to be the demands of the moment. Say what the patient wants to hear. Put some cream on flatter someone. Falsification again, Inspector. It's really surprising how hard it is for a young doctor beginning practice to form a reasonably honest method of practice and to avoid the doing of damage."

"Maybe I don't understand you here, Doctor. You don't mean damage like prescribing the wrong medicine, do you?" "You were all

too well-informed to do that."

"No, I wasn't thinking of that sort of thing. Every doctor has references available and he can always come up with something which is at least officially recommended for the situation he is dealing with. No, I was thinking of the thousand trivial instances where a patient comes to an internist, not with a simple disturbance which calls for a simple and objective measure — there visits are really surprisingly rare. Usually the problem is oblique, to say the least; the symptom is more or less symbolic and the answer wanted is, therefore, mythic. Partly this arises because the patient is not willing to be factual, partly because he is activated by superstitions and does not recognize it because he feels that he is above "ignorant superstitions." With reference to the category of the symbolic symptoms I can remember one of the first patients I ever had, a woman who came in complaining of undue fatigue. I took a careful history, did a complete examination and ordered the blood counts and urine analysis, but found nothing to account for the complaints. "I don't really come for all of this," she said. "I just wanted you to give me a tonic." This left me nonplussed and while she was dressing I slipped down the hall to another internist who was in the same office. "Fred," I said, "what in the world do you do if a patient comes in demanding a tonic? What do they mean?" "They mean they want their husbands to get a new washing machine or leave the car for them." "What in the world should I do about that?" "Give them what they ask for. Anything you want, just as it's dark and bitter and smells very bad. I'll write down some of them, if you like, just to get started with."

I took the notations and went back to my patient. As I looked over my notes I had a quick vision of myself plodding home from my office every afternoon thinking of the placebos I had spent the afternoon prescribing, the substance black ever blacker and more malodorous and myself more compromised. So I explained to the stupefied Mrs. B that there was really no such thing as a tonic, that is, a medicine

which would have the empirical effect of enhancing the patient's effectiveness, energy, joie de vivre or what not. I told her that if careful study had shown that she was anemic or hypo-thyroid or that she was suffering from leukemia or tuberculosis or even that further studies were indicated to rule out some disease, I would proceed gladly to prescribe the medications or the required tests. But I had not found any such evidence. "Well, why don't I feel like I want to feel," the ~~doctored~~ patient asked, her hackles rising. Seeing that she thought I had detected the falseness of the invoice — this, of course, is a tribute to your profession, Inspector — I warmed up and assured her that I had every sympathy with her, that the work we do with a sense of defeat, of lack of appreciation or success, leaves us with great fatigue, whereas we can dance all night if we like the partner and the music. I inquired courteously into the washing machine situation and finally accompanied her to the door. "Well, I'd say this," she proclaimed, "I never met such an honest doctor in my life." And that was the last time I ever saw her."

The Inspector laughed. "Do you really think it would have been wrong to give her the stuff? Don't you have to do that sort of thing sometimes with that kind of person? Isn't a prescription a kind of saying one of hands, and she would have felt better every time she took a spoonful. You know, you get quite weak-minded if you're sick or injured and plenty are weak-minded if they're well. It's not for me to be telling you how you have to practice medicine, but I remember some evenings back in the hospital, when I thought I couldn't face the night ahead, but if Miss Effie would come in before she went home, with some little old pill or ~~and~~ a cup of chicken broth, I could sleep. But if she was too busy, I felt hot and I heard all over and couldn't settle down."

"Yes, I know. One of the older nurses taught me that lesson some time later in connection with a man in his upper sixties who was dying of generalized vascular, as well as coronary artery, disease. He had suffered from such severe angina that he used to have several attacks even as he walked down the little interior corridor to my consulting room. Finally he got his last coronary occlusion

and I had to bring him into the hospital, where he slipped into chronic cardiac decompensation. There was very little to do for him and it was frustrating and embarrassing to me to come around each day and go over his chest and heart, knowing as I did that he was a vascular wreck and that the best will in the world was helpless before such an extreme condition. But one day I happened to meet his then-to-be-own nurse as she was getting off the bus to go to work. I asked her whether she could think of anything that I could to help her keep him comfortable. "Yes, doctor," she answered. "There is one thing more that I want to ask you to do for my patient, and that is that you stop by to see him in the late afternoon when you leave your office."

"But you know I always make rounds in the morning and I go over him very carefully then."

"Yes, of course I know that. But I have noticed that if you see him late in the day, if you stop around six even if you just sit in the chair beside the bed for a few minutes and chat with him, or maybe take his blood pressure, he feels better and then I am able to make him comfortable and he goes to sleep before the night nurse comes on at eleven. Try to do it for him, doctor, if you're not too busy. He knows he's slipping and that there isn't much to be done. He's a good patient and he's really very brave, but he gets depressed as it begins to get dark, and it reassures him to have you come to see him."

So I used to go back to the hospital in the late afternoon or the early evening, with some minor professional pretext, and then we would chat for a few minutes until I could see the apprehensiveness wear down a bit."

"How long did you do that?"

"Oh, two or three weeks, I suppose. But we built up something between us that was warm and compassionate, and it helped to sustain him where science failed. And then the night nurse called me one night to report that he had slipped out. But to get back to your question about the woman who wanted the tonic: no, I wouldn't say that there was anything really

wrong in prescribing something black and bitter. I don't think I resented it at the time on any moral basis. I knew that Fred had a large practice and I wouldn't have challenged him on his methods. But I should have felt puerile if I had attempted to do it the same way. Every doctor has to establish his characteristic methods in medicine just as much as in general social living. Fred did it convincingly, tongue in cheek, but I couldn't see myself doing it the same way. You know the argument always runs: if you don't do what they want, they'll go to the doctor who will. I think I hoped to convert the patient to my way, which I considered better, at least, than her way. Later, however, I ~~got to~~ became a little more strenuous about it and viewed that type of medical palavering as definitely second rate, a kind of greasy insult to the patient."

"I know what you mean. But you probably had something else in mind when you were talking, some time back, about doing no damage, didn't you?"

"Yes, although again it was only with a good bit of experience that I saw it as damage. I'm referring not to the things that doctors say, not the placebos they may prescribe. They feel that they are required to make some kind of a pronouncement and they have the urge to make it sound very professional or scientific. And actually that is what the patient came for, and is prepared to be fascinated by, and it is just that which makes the trouble. I think that you, Inspector, would be just the one to understand from your own personal experience that the way we feel toward ourselves as sound, whole and healthy is very different from what we feel toward a sick or impaired self. Sickness arouses some of our deepest apprehensions and superstitions. It seems to us to come from the outside, hence it represents an attack or an invasion: something we eat, drink or breathe, even something we touch. And behind that something, you can see traces of the earliest war gods of all, those that earliest man recognized and set himself to placate. It is logical, then, that we should keep looking around for those darkest of mysteries for one thing, to perform the rites of worship, that is, to genuflect repeatedly so that they won't think we are presuming to deny them. That is why simple reassurance is so useful in the anxiety states: the sufferer feels that his only means of loosening the grip of the war god is constant

lip service and placation by worry; so if somebody voted with authority tells him there is no ~~good~~ need to worry, the effect is simply to disarm the victim. This naturally induces fractious resistance. Might just as well tell the mouse not to worry about the cat, when not to worry is likely to insult and offend the cat even more. And if the cat was conceived in thunder and lightning and spawned in prehistoric storm cold and deluge — in fact, antedates the spurious mouse — then you can see that the two opponents are very unevenly matched and that even when the cat is not in evidence you would have to be cautious and not awaken its anger or otherwise attract its attention.

All this just to show that it is very important to all of us to know that we are healthy, because in that case perhaps there is no vengeful dark mysteries at all, or else the practices have not focussed their attention on us. But gestures of prudence and foresight are in order, so that we should not be punished for over-confidence.

And the revengeful power often approaches very subtly, so that it is advisable to watch carefully for signs. You are a thoughtful man, Inspector, and I'm sure you would have made the same observations if you had been trained in medicine instead of in the detection of falsification. You only have to lay aside a little human false pride and flamboyance and penetrate more sympathetically and humbly into your own depths as well as those of the patient, to see how deep and ineradicable is our mystical nature and hence our superstition. It's in the very protoplasm, latent or active."

"I believe you, Doctor. And as for the signs, I suppose I can feel this sliding clavicle as something beyond a mere medical problem, a nuisance. I presume I'm the mouse, figuring that that paw missed me the first time and the clavicle knows that ~~the pa~~ it will reach out again, on some crowded freeway or in some dark alley, and that I'd better not forget it because the next time will be it. If Six months ago, I would have thought you were nuts. And now I think I'm nuts!"

"I think you're human. And since we are not very likely

to eliminate our twilight bargainings, I think we should exercise dispassionate penetration and make appropriate allowances for what we discover."

"Judas priest! I don't know what to do with my discoveries to date! If you attach any more tails to that kite I won't be able to get off the ground. But I'm just kidding, and I guess I follow you perfectly."

"And the signs aren't confined to such macabre omens and tokens as you had. The gaining or losing of weight seems to be a common one. It isn't necessary for a voice to say, 'Take him to the morgue!' All it has to do is to whisper, 'Mouse, you've lost five pounds. One of the signs of cancer is weight loss. You smoked too many cigarettes. And don't forget that night you spent with that blonde babe in Los Angeles.' So that patient goes to his doctor complaining of burning in his left shoulder. Sometimes the character of the complaint suggests that the evil power has not only instigated the disorder but actually entered the body; some people even have a good half and a bad, or suspect, one — their side and the possessed one — and they pass their obituary lives in mystic conjugation."

"Hard for the doctor to diagnose."

"Yes, and hard to see that that's very different from the conventional paranoid who thinks that the airplane passing overhead is waiting to shadow them home when they leave the doctor's office. At any rate, in my experience two questions put to a doctor in a consultation are trivial, regardless of how elaborate may be the triviality of the form and the approach, and the reply may do endless harm of which the consultant is completely unaware. A simple example is the person who is complaining of diarrhea and, after an office call to his doctor and possibly an X-ray study, goes home with the diagnosis of 'spastic colitis.' With these two impressive words the person has lost forever the basic feeling that he is well, intact. From then on, even though he may hear little more about colitis, he is likely to feel that he should "be careful" because of 'my colitis.' He will

enjoy his meals quite as much because now he has a mystic impairment, and it's up to him to heed the warning. And all because the doctor could not refrain from defining his position vis-à-vis the patient with a medical-sounding term, emphasized by a prescription for an anti-spasmodic and a tranquilizer."

"But if the patient had colitis, what else could the doctor say?"

"He could explain that the symptom did not indicate a disease at all but simply a variation of normal, a minor functional disruption, and that the constriction of the gut seen on the X-ray films was only a normal peristaltic wave. He could have reminded the patient that the symptom lay well within the range of normal behavior, that the human being is pretty tough and can take in his stride all sorts of functional variations. That would have been much more truthful and the patient would not have been deprived of the confidence he had had, that he was well and strong. Without that conviction he becomes a weaker person with a concealed concern, one which may well provide a context for many future symptom ~~which~~ that would otherwise escape his attention. Don't you see that he has thus been rendered a disservice?"

"I see what you mean."

"This is a minor example, but the thing goes much further. Much more devastating is the case of emphysema — do you know what that is, Inspector?"

"Only the word and a vague idea. Doesn't it have something to do with your lungs?"

"Yes, it's a kind of aging, wear and tear process by which some of the alveoli break down to form larger ones, with the result that the total capillary field of gaseous exchange — carbon dioxide given up and oxygen taken in — is reduced. Like a bunch of one hundred tiny grapes which somehow breaks down and fuses into fifty larger grapes. It's common enough, to a greater or lesser extent, to be compared with the wrinkling of our skin as we get older. If you have a sensitive ear, you can detect it easily with the stethoscope by the breath sounds. In a normal chest the breath sounds over the periphery are like wind rustling in leaves, whereas the varied

Vigerani
Via del Lastruco 34
Poggio alle Scaglie
Pozzolatico

NOME

SCUOLA

MATERIA

	LUNEDI	MARTEDI	MERCOL.	GIOVEDI	VENERDI	SABATO

with rather friendly-looking cannon balls flying around them, and all the water-lotus of the area.

taken off
Removed from its shelf sometimes and laid open
on the floor for the children to look at. On each
page appeared the picture of a famous vessel,
complete with sails and rigging, with boating
standing on the deck or climbing the masts,
flags and pennants fluttering in a smart
breeze. Each stupendous hull glided onward
over immeasurable depths veiled in eternal night, or clove the wild waves with her lofty
prow, plunging into dark, sickening
chasms under raging storms. You turned
the page and there was a different one riding
the ocean in some impressive kind of weather,
her long bowsprit pointing toward danger,
victory or shipwreck in the distance. If it
was all too vast and terrible, you could turn
the page again. So passed the Monitor & Merrimac.

But there was one page which was
so shocking that it had to be forestalled
by learning the pages which went before &
after, so that I could never confuse its terror

[Montage and the Cinema?]

Perhaps this could be seen as part of a "cognitive disinhibiting" process formed and unduly strained. For there, however, the

The transversing limb of which is described by Montage in "The Seven Years"!

when you weren't expecting it. That was the one which showed a sinking vessel in flames. You could see how it had heeled over and the struggles of the drowning crew as they escaped from the ganch flames into the dark eternal depths. Only once since that last year as many years ago, on duty before we moved out to the new house on the North Shore, had a purely visual impression of some comparable to the shock inflicted by that sinking vessel. That was at the moment of emerging from one of the tunnels along the Cintoiseaux to Rome, when the slopes and entablements beyond the dilating aperture were blazing with the pure yellow of the broom which seemed to cover them completely. Then, again, I felt my eyes cringe as the banality of the moment seemed to explode and disintegrate and I found myself deeply, unaccountably shaken.

Last winter in the Breakfast & dress
Marion: Monkeyville & skating park
Lullaby's dreams & poems.

The North Shore

Part 2 Chapter 1

During that last winter Marion was in the third grade of the Latin School, just around the corner from us, on Division Street. She was considered old enough to go back and forth by herself while I as a beginner still in kindergarten, had to be brought & called for by the nurse. This arrangement permitted my sister to qualify for the racy life of the shops around the corner where you could get candy, chewing gum and dill pickles, and for the alleys of our area where you went in the company of your peers, to ~~ed~~ enjoy them. I used to sit on the window-seat in the bay window with Mother, waiting for Marion to turn the corner on her way home to luncheon, trailing the glories of her double life behind her.

One day she brought home a statuette she had modelled in school. It represented Montezuma who ~~I was~~ was the last Inca of Peru, and he was standing up and his cloak was flying in the wind, an effort

very hard to represent in clay. Everybody was very much excited about Marion's statue and especially that clay cloak flying in the wind. It was generally felt that Montezuma was remarkable for a third-grade child and that it should be taken down to the Art Institute to see if it could be cast. As I remember, this was done, but somehow the cloak came back thicker, less waving, and Montezuma looked more like a rat than an Aztec. It was too bad.

As a beginner, my life was quieter and more commonplace. It began a little later in the morning, with poppy-seed rolls, still hot from the neighboring bakery, eaten at the round table in the dining-room. Above the oval of that polished red mahogany table hung a green shade, casting a comfortable Victorian light in a wide circle below. I lost track of that milky green lampshade when we moved away from the State Street house and it was not until a long time afterwards, about 20 years later, that I saw

and two spiteful women were sewing beside
a table which seemed to have been finished in
~~and the title role was played by Moses~~ shellac
but the green shade was just the same.
But during the time I was growing up
and going to school and college that
planet which used to hold so much light
behind all of those little glass panels
had somehow lost its liveliness
temporarily, and by the opening
of the second act when the
voice of Moses rose*

alter ego

No doubt casting just such a ring of light on the curtain ~~there~~ on the final act of Puccini's "Resurrection". ~~opera~~ It was in Munich and ~~the~~ featuring ~~the wonderful voice of Moissi.~~ I knew it immediately as I heard it rise, in the second act, from the shadows beyond the campfires and I was at least half prepared ~~at last~~ that ~~it~~ I was from the green glow lamplight that it had cast, to go to join the gypsies, might have had much to do with the flight of that angelic voice from the shellacked oak table and the sewing woman, to join the gypsies.

My inner life, on the other hand, whether asleep or awake, was largely a question of my mother's lullabyes. After the Garden of Verses hour with Robert Louis Stevenson and Eden Field, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, I was sent to bed and Mother came to hear prayers & sing songs. She was quite a reverent stickler for prayers, and held me close as I murmured

nursed my ~~xx~~ recitation, fascinated by the exotic scent of olives on her breath; afterward she unleashed her criticisms about the nature in musical arts such as "The Bonnie Dundee" and finally turned out the light, leaving me tucked in and limp with excitement. Some nights she sang the song about the trooper which ended with the line: "He'll catch you if he can," which scared me to death; other times it was the one which ran: "It fell out Rhody / the old gray goose is dead" which seemed to me very, very sad.

When spring came all the furniture was moved out onto the front sidewalk. There was Mother's rocking chair; there was Father's Morris chair. And there was the settee from the front hall, ~~with~~ the back imbossed with the chewing gum which Marion stuck on it as she came home from her afternoons in the alleys. They were all piled onto the moving van and brought

The North Shore

Whittier + Grandfather

Kahma

i) Forces of the prairie + of the lakes
"over the shores grandeur"
Chasing the Northeasters

Revisited

out to the country where there were apple blooms and violets and millions of white trilliums. Everything were to be different.

Chapter Two

The North Shore now an extended series of rather opulent suburbs, where comfortable houses half buried in flowering shrubs, line the streets, hang over the wooded ravines and look from the bluffs at the level reaches of Lake Michigan below them, was hardly settled at all when we left the city to go out and live in the new house in Hubbard Woods. The ravines were deep and winding, made we were told, by the rain water draining off toward the lake at the foot of Hubbard Hill. They were full of hepaticas and violets, also of Indian, where campfires and arrowheads could be found by those white men who had come to see. Pocahontas lived there with her mother,

Brownie who was, of course, the daughter of the Moon. And down below, the big red curtains stretched ~~obliquely~~ away, as far as ~~eye could see~~ the horizon.

Last night when those black ships with their smoking funnels were lost in darkness, the long bass notes of their whistles reached us over the water. "She's saluting the light," my father explained. "Ships always salute a lighthouse no matter what country they come from. And they signal each other if they are passing. Those are the rules of the sea." There was something great and lovely about those giant voices in the night speaking to one another and saluting the lighthouse, and something noble about the observance of the rules of the sea. You would hope that all ships would come safely into port and drop their anchors or tie up to the docks.

My father knew a great deal about all

three things because in the business of growing up in the North Woods of Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan they still shipped lumber by water and he had a reconditioned lugboat and had qualified as a ship's master on the Great Lakes. It might have been he who was commanding the ore-barge with the long wisp of smoke away off on the horizon, or ordering the crew to salute the light on the breakwater at the entrance to the harbor, this in obedience to the rules of the sea. That deepened my relationship with my father, and made it seem to me a thrilling moment when I could go to meet his train at the same hour from his work at the end of the day. "I hate to think that you go into the dirty city every day just for us." "Why, darling, if it weren't for you I wouldn't have any motive for working, or even for living." We walked home hand in hand ~~as it began~~ to dusk, in a sweet-smelling dusk.

Fig. 21 - Reggia

There was that deep nocturnal voice that reached us from the long freight trains travelling that branch of the Northwestern Railroad which followed the windings of the Skokie Marsh lying to the west of us. You could imagine the big steam locomotive steadily pulling their chains of freight cars across the dark, empty land and blowing for the crossings, those intersections with dirt roads guarded only by the tinkle of the automatic bells. The figures of the train crews must stand near their caboose windows and their railway velocipedes stood in their dooryards, so that the men could set them on the rails and roll away to examine every inch of the right-of-way for some defect which might cause a derailment. In that way, what with those families living their solitary lives close beside the tracks ready to find and mend every flaw, the great railroads had replaced the covered wagon as they ran their glistening steel ribbons over the dusty and the

(Eighteen miles an hour, it appeared as anyone in his right mind needs to go)

mountains all the way to the Pacific Ocean.
Sometimes, on early summer evenings, my mother would arrange to have dinner early so that we could go out for a ride in the automobile. With the help of the gardener my father would put the top down and after long efforts with the crank the motor was started and the car could be brought around to the porte cochere. Wearing a long Ponjee coat my mother would come out and take her place on the back seat and we would move cautiously out into Sheridan Road, sounding the horn in case a bicycle or belated delivery cart might be coming. Once headed west we were soon at the edge of the Skokie; the oaks and elms of the North Shore were behind us and the prairie stretched out before us on either side of the little dirt road, under all the silent glory of the sunset.

The everyday matters of life went pleasantly in the country, now that I was no longer a beginner. School was two miles away and we got there on our bicycles or roller skates. In the primary grades we were promptly taught to read and write, add and subtract, and multiply through the 4's. We also learned by heart a variety of little German songs + dances. Marion already knew Die Loreli and Der Erlkönig which she recited to me most inspiringly after the lights were out at night, and I used to repeat them after her. Unfortunately, they both had tragic endings and strange meanings. We also had Nature Study, in the course of which we heard about The Animal Kingdom and The Vegetable Kingdom and watched larvae turn into butterflies. Each of us was given a seed to plant in a box which had a glass side, and every morning we observed the developing leaves and roots. My seed happened to be a squash seed for which a brilliant future had

been removed, and having revealed behind glass the chief aspects of growth and development in the Vegetable Kingdom, it was taken home and planted in the garden where it overlooked everything and finally matured six huge, hairy squashes. Everybody admired them very much and Bertha, our cook, made one of them into squash pie.

Another one was sent to Grandfather, in town, where he sat all day long in his rocking chair by the window. He was the grandfather who was in the South when the war broke out, and had left the supper on the stove and the cat asleep on the hearth and managed to get through both the Confederate and the Union lines and get back safely. Later, he too went into the lumber business. All the workmen remembered Grandfather Brooks when they used to go deer hunting, walking through the woods in his flannel shirt and coat although he never shot at anything. I remember him only in the rocking chair, but Mother used to

Tell us how quarrel and how clashing he used to be and what amusing ways he found for saying things. I gave him everything I made in school and one day something happened which made a deep impression upon me. We were driving home to the country in the automobile late one afternoon and as we came to the city house with the long stone steps where Grandfather and Grandmother lived, with Betka and Augusta to cook the meals and answer the door, Mother decided that I should run up and say good night to Grandfather to whom I had just given the book about Whittier which I had made in school. He was in his usual place by the window in the room. The lamps had not been lighted and his beard and hair were white against the wall in shadow. I stopped in the doorway for fear of startling him. "Grandfather, we just stopped a moment on our way home, so that I could say good night to you." He did not motion to me to climb up on his knee, as he usually did; instead, he rose slowly to his feet and thanked

me as if I had been a grown-up person. When I got back to my mother in the car I told her about the great honor that Grandfather had done me; she replied simply that he had evidently been moved and that anyway it was customary for gentlemen to rise when ladies came into the room. During the rest of the ride home, I thought about the cat abandoned on the hearth and the supper on the stove, and about my great friend, that young and handsome boy who is trying to skip through the Confederate lines without being shot. And about the bronze statue of Lee in front of which he had helped to greet, at the foot of which I had used to play while the nurses sat on the circular stone bench and gossiped with one another. Some years later I came across a book on the shelves of the library, written by Louis Cazamian and entitled, "Old People and the Things that Pass." My mother warned me that I was too young for it, but I read it nonetheless, in homage to my first

friend and in terror for his parsing.

Relations with our other grandfather were more difficult: he was even a little older than Grandfather Brooks and he for ever was always found sitting in his rocking chair. But he was very hard of hearing and, in addition to his ivory-headed cane, he ~~also~~ kept an ear-trumpet within reach. Being told to go and say how-do-you-do to Grandfather, I would approach slowly, murmur the formula, foreseeing the outburst, "Eh?" and the black throat of the trumpet almost turned me, but unable to do anything about it.

Bewildering also were Grandmother and her two sisters, a series of little old ladies no taller than I who wore black dresses and false fronts of fuzzy blonde hair. One after the other, three would come slowly down the long flight of creaking heavily carpeted stairs, "Grandmother in the lead

I stood at the bottom and watched to see ~~as~~ as she got to the last step.

Holidays ~~dinners~~ were often celebrated on Exeter Street, at Grandfather Farnsworth's. The great oval table was covered with damask and American Beauty roses and Grandfather presided over it all as we struggled through the heavy courses. "Eh? What's the saying, Jorge?" When it was finally over, Marion and I were encouraged to go downstairs to the kitchen to thank Carrie and Lilly for such a beautiful dinner and wish them a Merry Christmas.

Many years later, I had occasion to consult the family records in connection with the lumbering of lumbering operations in Wisconsin and Michigan and the liquidation of assets owned by the companies which the grandfathers had founded. Then I found that the generous old man with the ear trumpet & the "mutton chop whiskers" who used to sit at the head of that tremendous table and shake the trumpet angrily at anybody whose tips

were moving ("George, what's that Anna's just been saying that made you all laugh? Well I don't see anything so funny about that."), had left St. Albans, Vermont, at fifteen and earned his way to Chicago as a deck hand on an Erie Canal boat. When he was offered a team by a man who thought he was a lucky working boy who deserved help, he turned it down, saying that as a minor, his signature would have no value

Two generations later the axe and saws were still felling the virgin timberlands, every morning the logging train left for the woods on the narrow-gauge Company railroad; every spring, logs were driven down the river and, all year 'round the mill rock the jam below the mill and sent the logs up the jack-ladder to the log deck where they waited for their turn on the carriage as it started for the band saw. The lumber was piled in the yards and on the docks and the produce came down from

The morning began at dawn with the slap-slap of bare feet on the planks of the sidewalk as the children went to fill their pails with fresh water from the village well. But even then the mill whistle blew.

the woods or from the Indian village to load the boats waiting at the docks. In the evening the fires were banked, and the saloon filled up. In the dormitories, in the summer evenings, men in shirt-sleeves smoked their pipes and discussed the day's cut which the children played on the board walk and the firelight through the dark curtains. By eleven the last lantern was out, and only the bells could be heard as the cows cropped the dewy grass in the dooryards.

Life in that small and isolated lumbering village seemed very homelike and yet full of interest and adventure. It was wonderful to go up in the woods on the logging train, standing on the cab of the engine beside the engineer or sitting up in the look-out of the caboose or even dangling your legs from the flatcars. Wonderful to visit one of the camps at the lunch hour and see the loggers eating tremendous hunks of pork and bread, and tin plates of baked beans and eggs

of strong brewed tea.

Once in a while my father had some piece of business to do which had to be done by water. The Sunbeam was kept tied up at one of the docks and when the steam was up he would have the male blow the whistle to call my mother who collected us and hurried down the tan-bark road past the machine shops and the shingle mill to the last slip where the Sunbeam was waiting for us, her white paint clean and her brass shining. Then the lines were cast and the water began to boil over the propellers as we glided away from the docks, out into open water, my father up in the wheel-house behind us, turning the great wheel which kept us on our course.

Although nobody thought much about such things in those years before the First World War when there was first Theodore Roosevelt and then William Taft holding the reins of government, life in the North Woods offered a detailed model of paternalistic management. The company

st with labor as it could be spared from other work.

Nations & hierarchies

Churches

Recreation

Alcoholism

round the land on which the mill and the town were built. The offices, the post office, general store, hotel, church and residences were built as they were required. The doctor was engaged by the company and his home and offices were supplied; it was his duty to take care of everybody who needed him and his work included everything from the delivering of babies to traumatic surgery. I believe I remember that in cases of emergency volunteers were called up from the more talented members of the community to administer chloroform or ether, hold retractors or sterilize instruments. At the end of the day the doctor used apt to drop in at our house to report on the sick list and take a hand at bridge. In that way, the sick and the injured were the concern of every body, and visits with offerings were part of the social obligation.

The Old World was very represented on the streets of the village although the responsible posts were occupied by men with English names.

Below these in the hierarchy were Scandinavians, French Canadians, Balkans and Poles, many of them illiterate. The woodsmen were signed up for the winter in the woods much as members of a crew are registered for a cruise, and were boarded and fed in the camps until the spring drive was over. Since they had no use for money the Company kept account for each man and paid them all when they got down out of the woods. Many of the lumberjacks went to Chicago with their winter's pay to spend it all in among the red lights of the big city; however, the paternal, did not. slip from their brawny shoulders and the paternal were instructed them to prevent themselves each morning in the Chicago offices of their Company to receive that part of their wages which was considered safe to lose in twenty-four hours of drinking and whoring.

The violence and brutalness of these annual recreations led to the building of a

clubhouse in the village, equipped with a movie theatre, bowling alleys, in the hope that innocuous diversions would mitigate ~~or prevent~~ the isolation of the long winter.

On Sundays two bells rang — Catholic ones and Protestant ones — and children were polished up and sent off to the appropriate Sunday School. Priest and pastor arrived to celebrate the rites of Christendom according to their lights, leaving our village sinless and blessed.

This was the way it was in the northern timberlands in those old days when I was taking to squaw the summers there. Nobody suffered from want and nobody seemed to be unhappy. Everybody worked at what he knew how to do and everybody was kind and friendly.

* * *

One (Sun) day a young man from my father's office came out to have dinner with us in tribal trade. He looked pale and excited and as we rose to leave the table he turned abruptly

to my father and said, "They're planning to strike at the Hahma mill." "What do they want?" "Higher wages, longer vacation on pay, better pension system. An agitator got in there and stirred them all up. They've tried to keep those fellows out but they come in on the Soo line and drop off at the junction and walk it in somehow. I told Fred to keep a shotgun loaded for the next one that comes in and if there's trouble to let him have it."

Not long after this, the clubhouse burned to the ground and there were ugly rumors concerning the origin of the fire. An improved version, of the building erected on the same site during the following year. But the human attachments at the same time primitive methods of the early lumbering days were giving way to the national and international brotherhoods, the doctrines and decrees of labor bosses in the distance and the models of barricades in the future. One evening my father put down his newspaper and got up from his Morris

chair.

"There is something I want to tell you about," he said as he sat down beside me on the sofa before the fire. "And I want you to listen carefully and then tell me what you think about it. I'm not forgetting that you're only a little girl, but you've had a certain experience with the things I have on my mind to-night, and I want you to feel free to tell me just what you think." He went on to remind me of the way we lived ~~when we were~~ in Harbmac, of how the grandfathers had come from the East and founded the two companies. Men were still coming from the old countries of Europe, looking for freedom and opportunity in the great natural resources of America; and even if they didn't speak good English and couldn't read and write, like many of the lumberjacks, there was a place for them in the community and a life that we could all have in common. But now there were men

who came, not to find work they could do and to raise families, but to stir up unrest and discontent.

I was deeply agitated and grieved by all that I heard that evening as I sat with my father before the oak logs burning on the hearth. In order not to fail him, I struggled against a sense of foreboding which may never have entirely left me as I listened to what it was these agitators said as they harangued our people. Arise, proletariat of America! Arm, exploited workers of the world! Demand your share of the profits of industry. Combine and fight your oppressors. Solidarity ties your power — join the union!

"Do they believe that? Do they all believe it?"

"Not all of them, but a lot of the more ignorant ones do. Unions are forming all over the north and even those men who don't want to, find it hard to stay out of them."

"And if they join, what power do they gain?"

"The power to strike. It's as simple as that,

Was it just uninspired school-
teaching, or could . . .

darling. The power to close down the mill, so that the logs don't go up the jack ladder and all the machinery stands idle. The power to bring individual initiative and enterprise to a standstill.

* * *

We never referred to that envious and memorable evening, and ordinary things tended to obscure for me the rise of the American labor movement and the advent of Marxism, as it affected the lumber industry. Back on the North Shore, as school children we passed from one mediocre grade to another without discussions or, in fact, problems of any sort. We soon forgot about The Animal Kingdom and the Vegetable Kingdom and their metamorphoses, and acquired no further insights into anything that I can remember, until our parents decided that it would be well to send us away to school to receive the benefits of stimulation.

Could it have been the soundness of moral values on the North Shore which accounted for

X and anyway we had both learned to say our prayers when we were babies and had been baptized & confirmed at the correct time. What had Miss McPherson to do with it?

A and later the declaration of war by the United States which set

our mental apathy? The parents of all our friends remained married and nobody misbehaved except the minister's wife who was found, at a party, sitting in the punch on the lap of somebody who wasn't the minister. Several of the mothers were active in getting laws through the legislature regulating child labor or providing for homeless girls. Religion swept through our suburbs one year in the wake of Amy Semple McPherson and several times revivals were offered for revival meetings; my mother, however, disapproved of what she considered unwholesome emotionalism and recommended the congregational Sunday services as sufficient, by way of religious observance, & to all intents and purposes.

Even the outbreak of the First World War, although it lent a new solemnity to some of the hymns we sang in church, found us still safe behind the Monroe Doctrine*. The women of the church guilds ~~met several times a week~~ to roll bandages and stitching hospital garments seemed not to provoke much reflection. Everyone

or for that matter his neighbor's or his nation's

* which continues ~~has ceased~~ to cause inflation and perplexity in Europe and

Chapter Three

Miss Hall's

Manliness - the engineer & the adolescent

Shakespeare

The teaching

had been taught to tell right from wrong, the same right from the same wrong, and nobody seemed to doubt the propriety of his own initiative, an attitude which the French take for granted as the American disease of chronic exaltation.

Chapter Three

The new world which I entered just before my fifteenth birthday was designated as an excellent boarding school for girls, situated in the Berkshire Hills. It only accepted sixty-five girls and it was very strict. We wore uniforms, blue serge "Peter Thompsons" in the daytime and white crêpe de chine shirtwaists and skirts for dinner. After dinner we assembled once again in the schoolroom for evening study hour which ended with a passage from the Bible recited in unison. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. Or: Who can find a virtuous

woman for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

That chaste reference was as near as we ever came to matters of sex, and we never saw a man on the school grounds with exception of the night watchman who was eighty-three and whose duty it was to totter around the corridors all night, and the doctor who came out from Pittsfield once a year and, flanked with discreet female assistance, plunged his stethoscope over our hearts and listened, absorbed. On Sundays we went to church in Pittsfield where we gazed with lackluster eyes at our minister in their pulpit (ten cents more in the duplex envelope will heat the church and cover the deficit).

But we had one male friend who made up for everything and that was the engineer on the Albany train which passed under our bridge soon after two on its way to Boston. The bridge was at the end of the

school property and if we hurried after lunch-
eon were out we got there in time to see the
locomotive come puffing around the bend
with the engineer leaning out and smiling
and waving. Once he tossed a note out to us
as he went by and we broke bounds to find
it. It was addressed "To my little friends
in the Berkshires," and it told us how he
loved to come around their bend and see us
at the railing of the bridge waving. We kept
the letter carefully and took turns sleeping
with it under the pillow.

Aside from this one romantic adventure
we lived exclusively among spinsters, but what
spinsters! Some of ours were in residence in the
fine old mansion which housed the school and
most arrived from town each morning on the
lurching little streetcar which provided regular
transportation between the school and Pittsfield.
All of them were devotees of their subjects: they
were initiates whose consecrated hands led us

This implied to us that ...

And Even this June evening as I sit on the little Terrace overlooking the gorge and the gentle Tuscan slopes beyond, I wonder whether that vision seems to me less inspired than it did then. If so, the fault is mine, not Miss Strong's -

of which they were capable
toward the special fervent revelations. The dead
languages breathed again and the live ones became
more varied and suggestive. Miss Hawkins, our
teacher of English, was said to be a friend of
Amy Lowell about whom we knew little except
that she smoked cigars and wrote modern poetry.
We took it from that that Miss Hawkins was in touch with
the world of authors and critics and sent
to her discerning comments on our compositions.
Miss Fedding was a graduate of Bryn Mawr who
treated us like intellectuals and abolished
forever the dislike of mathematics enjoyed by
most school children. I hope she felt rewarded
by the number of original solutions to Euclidian
theorems brought to class by her fascinated
pupils. As for Miss Strong, who gave the most
popular course in the curriculum, namely, an
elective for seniors only, she spread out before
us a vision of the Italian Renaissance
(Italian painting) transposed
and for a time we could think of nothing else.

Since then I have heard from friends about

of old races in a new land;

during the next several decades

other teachers, in cities or in country schools, who provided for them in their defenseless, enthusiastic years of their adolescence, and enabled them to [illegible] their careers, and I wonder whether that quality of preceptorship could have been characteristic of that period in our modern history. That taste and devotion of such women must have diminished as their spirits were converted into political power and their [illegible] were destroyed by the bulldozer of modern progress. "Our betters are our maiters," some of them may have thought, as they opened their daily papers and saw pictures of shady characters wrecked by student demonstrations, ancient trees felled and college deans and presidents creeping barefoot across the academic roofs like cats.

* * *

But in the early 20's when I was admitted to the University of Chicago as a part-time student specializing in English literature and composition, the time of the

Italy as a music student
Barbara
Joscanin
Castine & Paris
Katherine Butler
Mrs Frank Mrs Stone

Munich & Lent

Journey 2nd class
Discrimination
Intimacy
The possibility of change

maps were still in their places, and so were the desks & the president. There were a good many celebrated persons in the various faculties, and among the ~~rank and file of~~ students there seemed to be a good bit of ~~real~~ talent and ability ~~more than enough to~~ I had no assurance and was aware of no talents; moreover, I was ashamed of my sheltered life and I rapidly developed an exaggerated respect for the classmates whom I fancied to be less privileged than I, and longed to have been born in the gothic which I thought of as the cradle of all that was real and authentic. Fortunately, the professors who gave the courses in ~~advanced~~ novel writing ~~English composition~~ at that time did not think of localizing validity in one quarter of the city rather than another, or of associating literary vitality with ~~lack of~~ either ~~education~~ or lovely throats or tailor fumigating gutters. They simply read the students' contributions aloud to the class, asked for comment and offered ~~encouraging~~ tough and useful criticism. It all turned out to be great fun and I learned a

melodic tradition

I had been complaining about Beethoven and the endless reiterations of the motives he seemed to require to ring down the curtain on a symphony.

good bit
great deal about the character and the use of English, although I was still convinced that I knew nothing about life and therefore had nothing to write about.

Concurrently I had taken up again, and rather more seriously, my earlier study of the violin, along with harmony & counterpoint at the Conservatory. There were wonderful hours spent in the company of Prof. Reidig, who had all the qualities attributed to Germans by graduates in Lower Wacker Bleed before the Wars. Major and minor triads, part-writing, voice-leading, ~~[illegible]~~ and then came modulation and the analysis of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord". "If you bring it to me with each chord correctly numbered, I can play it without reading the notes at all. And that is the way much of it was written to be played."

One afternoon we were discussing cadences. "Leadtones" are used by the composer to prepare the ear of the listener for the return to the original key — the conclusion. Since the preparation

from the dominant to the tonic is the strongest, the conventional cadence is essentially that fall of dominant to tonic. But the conclusiveness is only relative because that tonic can be heard as the dominant to another tonic to which it tends to fall, and even though we may use other related chords to strengthen the cadence and heighten the finality of the tonic, still there is no absolute satisfaction. If you and I were theologists or philosophers we might think of that ultimate satisfaction, which we are never quite able to reach, as God or some fixed principle in the nature of man, or nirvana or even as death."

Several years later I enrolled in a summer course in violin, to be given in Tivoli. The restoration of the Villa d'Este was in progress and use was to be made of some or five rooms for classes in piano, violin and voice. I figured my allowance carefully and took passage in second class on the Giulio Cesare.

> "I'll Maria to take the newspapers off the stove before she lights the gas."

This was before the big liners had remodelled to include a Tourist or Student Third, and the people who were grouped on the after deck of the Giulio Cesare that sunny June morning in 1925 were mostly fair generalisations Italian emigrants of upper middle age who were going back to visit the old people and their native villages. Many of them wore shawls over their heads; teen-age boys and girls held up babies to be hugged once more by the departing: tears flowed, along with leave-takings and last instructions.

I signori visitatori sono gentilmente pregati di scendere a terra. La nave è in partenza.

At last the gangways were rolled away. The strip of oily water widened and the dock receded into the city behind it. The crowds waved, smiled, cried and began to thin out. At the ship's rail, the tears rolled down aging cheeks.

Lusty returned with the serving of luncheon. Many of the steerage passengers turned out

* she covered her face with her handkerchief and offered no concrete suggestions.

to be boys from the home province; the table arrangements were attractive and the big dishes of smoking polenta comforted the sad little hearts.

By the next day it was time to think about letter-writing. I was stupified to discover that nobody in second class was able to write except four priests and myself. The priests consorted among themselves and bowed their heads simultaneously over their black books, and I found myself settled at one of the large round tables in the dining-room, with friends as far as the eye could see.

Some of them were definite as to what they wanted to say; others were uncertain and shy. One hovered on the outskirts for days before she found the courage to ask for her letter, explaining that it was to go to her daughter, Maria Pia, who was young and beautiful and as yet unmarried. Maria Pia, it seemed, had had an accident which had spoiled her beauty, and

*

Lui su l'arida schiena
Del formidabil monte
Sterminator Vesevo
La qual null'altro allegra arbor né fior
Tuoi colpi sotterrati intorno spargi
Odorata ginestra,
Contenta dei deserti,

pastorello fran family album

this was the subject of the letter which I was to compose. I brought everything I had to bear upon that letter and when I was through I found the table full. "Read", they said breathlessly. I complied with a rendition, ~~forgive~~ with deep and noble sentiments which brought commendation from all the women at the table and even caused my own eyes to mist over. I have often wondered what the reaction of Maria Pia might have been to her mother's letter, written in the dining room of the Giulio Cesare.

Finally the celestial blue of the summer ocean ~~could be~~ was bordered by the cobalt of foreign shores, and from the veiled distance emerged Venezia, ~~familiar to all the world~~

I recognized those ancient outlines from their souvenirs, scattered over America: amateur aquarelles on the walls of bedrooms and parlors in the closed parlor of New England farmhouses, tokens of journeys back to old

Perhaps it was not so much the guide, as the long past which learned with human genius.

// from dimensions that I was used to think long of as mine. In wide, so long, so thick, with certain trails thrown in, but always through the refractions of other people's eyes. But now that description was no longer binding and there was nothing to limit one's transcending

inspiration magnitude & suggestiveness
source in an older world. The ~~grandeur~~ of that
wide, this perspective of enduring contours gave
me a sudden (recognition) thrust of release from personality
restrictions which could well represent maturer
standings, misconceptions of life. Ah, beautiful, se-
ductive ~~Terminater~~ Vesevo

The majority of the American students assembled
in the summer school in Tivoli had come for
voice training and for coaching (opera) in the hope of
an eventual debut with one of the smaller opera
companies of which there were many in the
Italy of the 20's. Madame Cavallini, Ufalde, Mesa
and others moved them all along the road to
stardom, well equipped with all the inflections
of the bel canto; in her spare time she drove off
in a carozzella, her husband beside her, to
take the baths at the warm sulfur springs not
far from Tivoli, leaving Mimi warbling
from every garret in Montmartre.

But, unlike the few prudes and virginity,

The voice students were not permitted to practice much for fear of damaging their vocal chords, with the result that, in the absence of the customary American feminine sports, they found themselves with time on their hands and the novelty of Tivoli life wearing thin. Cliques and factions formed and an evil was not long in surfacing.

"We have a problem," Prof. Corti said one day, "and I must ask your help, my dear pupil, in solving it. None of us speaks very much English, as you know and, furthermore, we do not always understand your American way of thinking. The trouble is this: a students' recital has been planned, to be held in the newly restored hall at the west end of the Villa d'Este. It is intended as a gala affair: the Mayor of Tivoli is to be present and the American Ambassador is coming out from Rome; there will be speeches and champagne at the conclusion of the students' program and the fountains in the gardens are to be turned on. But now comes the problem. One of the

vocal students happens to be a colored girl and most of the others who come from southern states refuse to participate in a recital with a negro. Here in Italy we have no experience with these things. Now we want you and Lepore to play one of the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano — as the next number — do you ~~this way, too~~? have any objection?"

This embarrassing incident ended brilliantly, however, and cultural relations between Italy and the United States remained undisturbed. Lepore and I put on a quavering performance of the sonata, after which the South took over, each son and daughter receiving ~~a~~ a moderate, a very moderate, share of applause. Until I saw the turn of our one colored number, whose gorgeous mezzo and fiery temperament elicited an ovation from the Livorese audience who applauded like mad and shouted tirelessly, "Brava! Brava! Bis!" tumultuous
And she repeated, with even more ~~longing~~ acclaim, after which she gave the encore which she had evidently prepared. It was tremendous, and dramatic;

the champagne flowed, the fountains played, and speeches and toasts were made to Italo-American friendship and cultural exchange.

During the next few days the rest of the facts leaked out to clothe and embellish the success story dramatized that afternoon in the newly-restored hall of the Villa d'Este. It seemed that M.S., our rejected member, had avoided the inns where the maidservants and the white students were quartered, and stuck out for lunch in lodgings. In the landlord's she let drop enquiries that she was an Indian princess, and she made rapid and impressive strides in German, Italian so that while the others were still struggling over a few words, she was making herself easily understood in both. understood in both. By the time the social took place, the numbers of her friends and admirers were so great that the hall easily filled the ball.

Soon after this festive event, a request by a correspondent for stories to send home provided the opportunity to give this cautionary tale the

~~—~~ omitted
during it deserved.

As in most summers there was almost no rain that year and, day by day, the dust grew thicker ~~upon~~ on the Campagna Romana and it crept like white lace, over the cobbled streets of Livoli and the rotting Rum. The odor of dust clung like the incense from long-relinquished censers, and the falling of waters in the depths of the Grotto of the Sybil sounded like ~~an reverberation~~ grotesque inhuman tympanum Tantalean subterranean limbo.

Finally September came and many of the students went back to the States. A few stayed on to continue their studies in Rome for the winter. Corti took a furnished room for me in the apartment above the one occupied by himself, and I was expected to dine with him daily at tea-time; on these occasions, my upbringing in accordance with Italian customs, "You should be more orderly," Corti would say. "See how badly you have folded your umbrella — a girl who is untidy in the little things of life is likely to be so

also in the big ones. Especially in the studies. I listened to your scales and arpeggios this morning and it was clear to me that you do not understand how to practise. I want you to make rapid progress, so you must improve your studying. Furthermore, you began too late and soon after eleven you put down your violin and went out for a walk with Liaccomina. You will not make progress that way.

It was also brought to my attention that it was inappropriate for a young person, in particular, a foreigner, to express, or even to have, decided views on, say Raphael. That young person might be considered presumptuous.

One day a hypothetical case came up for consideration: supposing I were to find myself one day in the cottage of a peasant where, of course, I would be offered a glass of wine. What then?"

"Perhaps I haven't understood the problem. Wouldn't I just thank him and perhaps propose a little toast?"

"But when he is pouring and is reaching

"You must make a gesture to cover the glass with your hand, and say, 'Sin carità?'"

Such quaint pontificating filled the tea house with the folk-lore of a passing civilization

the brim of the glass?"

"Well, couldn't I depend upon him to stop at that point when there isn't room for any more?" (the glass is about to overflow)

"No, that's just the point!" said the Signora, sharply. "He has to keep on pouring and you should know the rules of hospitality."

"It makes me think of the Socrates Apprentice. What do the rules say? What do I do if the terrible thing should happen?"

"You must say, 'Per carità!'"

But one evening as I was coming home I found Carla at the entrance to the building. "I have been waiting for you. I want to say something to you; I love you with all my heart. Do you know what that means, to love with all one's heart?"

Chapter 3

However quaint and pretty the "rules of hospitality" seemed to an inexperienced visitor, to many intellectual Italians they formed a detail in the palmistry of a country which, for all

as great artists and thinkers had been inept at fatally
political unification and the collection arms
of government. At the end of the first quarter-century
unified Italy, although almost sixty years
old, was harassed by flies, poverty and corruption; little if any attempt had been made toward
the control of malaria or the stimulation of industry; the government acted chiefly to extort
taxes, and Christ had not even reached Eboli to
stop there.

Aside from the tragic trend toward emigration,
evident now, as it was then, there were ferments
working in 1925 which were destined finally to give Italy
a respected place in a modern, industrialized Europe.
The great films were on the way, and "Open City"
"The Bicycle Thief" "Shoeshine" and the others
were preparing to defeat the grandiose of Hollywood,
while commercial design in clothes, shoes, pottery,
furniture, etc. were to capture a number of
foreign markets.

More important in the Rome of 1925 was

not entirely to be condemned,

of course, the tightening grip of fascism. The "March on Rome" of October, 1922, had made little impression upon those foreigners who filled the bars and the restaurants three years later, and the carabinieri, everywhere to be seen ~~strutting~~ pacing in pairs in their napoleonic capes and hats added only a touch of ~~opera~~ theatre to the splendors of the Eternal City which was. Unmarking to the crowds of foreigners who unskilled in dictatorships, "If you persist in war-mongering we'll all end up in the Quattro" an irritated Italian ~~broke out~~ exclaimed one evening.

But the shutters were beginning to bang more regularly, the fleas were being exterminated and a train schedule was taking on a certain meaning; and when I heard ~~a speech given by~~ Mussolini addressing the multitude in the Roman Stadium I saw him as a symbol of virile government, crude and obvious but still perhaps the logical issue of such long-lasting senescence. And in fact the crowd in the Stadium that afternoon applauded frantically and little old ladies sobbed "Come

ti voglio bene!" //

By the second winter in Rome I had evolved into an implacable anti-fascist. The more so, perhaps, because I had come to know Umberto Barbaro and with him, something of the young intellectuals in the orbit of Marinetti and his Diario degli Indipendenti. "Come with me to the spot where we all meet for a glass of wine after the performance. Anyone can ask for the floor and hold a talk. I'd be so pleased if you should feel like doing so."

With me, Barbaro used to spend an hour or two several days a week, and we read and discussed the major Italian poets and prose writers of the nineteenth century. It was with Barbaro that I first read the poems of Leopardi and it was in the frame of his thoughtful scholarship that I came to appreciate the significance of D'Annunzio and Verga in the inspiration of a modern literary movement in Italy and the importance of such personalities as Aldo Sorso and Lorenzo

to
Borne in the realization.

I see now as I look back upon my associa-
tion with Barbara that I knew almost nothing
about him and had seemingly no curiosity with
regard to him. I suspect now that he must have
been of Sicilian extraction from the fine dark
hair and the olive-pale coloring. His appearance
was clean, shabby and invariable, no matter
what the weather might have been ~~doing~~, like the
coat of an animal or the shell of a snail. One day
it was raining when he arrived. "Why didn't you
take your umbrella? I'll lend you mine when
it's time for you to leave." "Ci vuole!" he replied
"It always seems absurd to me to go around holding
a little thing over one's head."

How old could Barbara have been? Did he
have a family and how did he earn a living?
It never occurred to me to wonder about anything
of the sort until many years later when I went
back to Rome and found that Barbara was no
longer living and that the charm of that immaterial
alive

Requirements

and ideal friendship could never again be evoked.

Of his published works I know only two: a novel entitled "Luce Fredda," and a later book entitled, "Grandezza e Servitù del cinema."

Italy in those times was full of music. Spirals arias floated up from streets and walled lanes, fields and shops, along with Neapolitan songs, and a musical education as it was offered at the Conservatory of Santa Cecilia was thorough and comprehensive. Children entered at six years of age and spent the first two years on solfeggio and the fundamentals of music, so that when they were allowed to take up their intended instruments they were already accustomed to the language of music and were free to develop the technical of the instrument. Here also a great seriousness obtained and no compositions were permitted other than exercises, until each student had found his own characteristic art and was equipped with technical means far beyond the demands of the

introduction: Respighi: The 3d
The musical evening of the New Yorker

*

Eminent in the musical life of Rome and Director of Santa Cecilia, was Ottorino Respighi. whose opera in Russia gave him, for me, a special attraction as a person. This is not to say that he was either understood or appreciated in Italy for he was neither. I do not remember just when The Pines was first played but in 1926 it took a trip of contagalang, the composer for his use of a recording of the nightingale's song. Respighi was good at a master of orchestral color, and the results were often garish noise, people said, but it wasn't really music; and he had to take his themes from Gregorian chants because he couldn't think up any of his own. And the gallery booed and whistled vigorously when music by Respighi was played.

He died a number of years ago and now his nightingale songs from all the concert platforms of the occident! even in Rome, without

piece. By the time they were twelve, the violin students were able to give mature performances of the simple concerti, and a student recital at Santa Cecilia was an event of notable interest.

~~It~~ does must be changed by now and if I were to play the Vitali Chaconne as I once did one cold evening in an inn near the Portuguese of Brussels, I doubt that I would be applauded by the passers-by as I was then when music was as native to Italy. Or for the violin makers, of which there used to be a number of distinguished ones in Rome and in Florence, I was with difficulty that I recently located, the aged Cassini, sitting alone and idle in his dusty workroom.

In June of 1927 I left Rome to join my family in Maine for the summer. I left the scalding afternoon light on dusty walls the sun which went down in ashes of coral behind the Roman domes and the heavy melancholy of nocturnal ~~sounds~~ sounds and the rich of Etruscan urns in

popular objections. But music is no longer a
part of life

dark
~~black~~, tickling corners,

"You will never forget Italian, cara bambina", Carli said, "It has entered into your blood."

Chapter Four

I reached Castine wearing what everybody considered to be the funniest Italian shoes. Of the little trunk which held my books — Croce, De Sanctis, Manzoni, Leopardi, Svevo and the rest — my mother said, "Why, it's the funniest little thing I ever saw! It's like a little immigrant trunk!" And to her friends as she met them in the village, "Ruth's back and we're so glad to have her home again. You should see the little trunk she brought back with her — just like a little immigrant's trunk!"

Perhaps, in very small but significant measure ~~I~~ had become an immigrant to my native country, a graft on my own root. At any rate the shoes and the trunk, visible traces of my ineptitude, were tactfully stowed

A examination paper to correct or legal redress
to nurse

soon after his arrival in June,

away, and golf clubs and tennis rackets were dusted off and placed made for use in the hall closet. The cool Maine summer was already well under way. The summer cottages had been opened and cleaned, the boats ~~had been~~ scraped, repainted and put in the water; lilacs bloomed in the dooryards and shadblow by the roadside. From the ~~ri~~ bay below the light-house the bell-buoy rolled and wallowed in the rushing tide, clanging its warnings to the occasional freighter making heading for Bangor ~~or Belfast~~ or the yacht cruising the Bay, and filling the ~~sentimental~~ nostalgic hearts of the Castine summer colony with memories younger of past summers.

In those days the summer colony was small and ~~jolly~~ congenial. Most people owned their homes and many were ministers or university professors, who had work to do in the holidays, limited wages social customs had remained simple. It used to be said that old Mrs. Ames used to have Robert take up Bonnie to the cart and spread the manure which, in her black days

with leg-o-mutton sleeves, she mounted for the annual calk on the neighbors. It was also said that Mrs. Ames read such as light summer reading, and that she had brought up her two sons, Robert and Richard, very strictly.

But in 1927, old Mrs. Ames died lived only as a powerful tradition of Bostonian eccentricity and her sons and grandchildren lived on in the old yellow farmhouse by the pond, their respective destinies closed within them.

Another tradition had to do with Polly Porter whose parents came to Canton when their daughter and son were children, to build and occupy a house in Monacera. The big gray house overlooking the Penobscot river and the Camden Hills beyond. There was said to be bad blood somewhere in the family, but everybody remembered Polly as a beautiful girl in a white riding habit astride of a black horse, galloping over the roads and fields. "Nobody could understand why Miss Porter never married, what with all the young men who came to visit at Monacera. But she didn't and

1) Billy - Red Radical
Friends - radicals - BJ + her group
Vladimir
Molly's New Dealers
2) New York, row of people each evening.
Health food, psychoanalysis
Mrs Butler - Jothiko

* grim
apartment with reinforced concrete

finally the old people died and Polly went overseas in the First World War and when she came back again Mac Dermot was with her, and since then they've always been together. There's folks that don't like Mac Dermot but then there's no accounting for people and perhaps Miss Porter's better off this way. But you should have seen her all in white, galloping on that black horse!"

"Was it a white habit and a black horse, Polly, or a black habit and a white horse? And were you always galloping so romantically?"

"It was my horse I really remember was a lead one, and I cried because I was jealous of the lead rider, until my mother told me that I was suffering from jealousy, that human beings commonly suffered from jealousy and that all they could do was to bear it and try to control it."

During the winter, Polly and Molly lived in New York on the fringes of the Village, where Polly ordered the [illegible] maid, walked the dogs and cultivated a few fiercely defended friendships among the female radicals of the

Anzia is a real author

mit at her lunch club, and Molly kept the accounts and, social grapplin with, lunching with Polly one day at that famous rendez-vous for the impecunious revolutionaries of the 1910s, we were joined by Anzia Yezierska. "Anzia has had two books published," Polly explained "She wrote 'Salome of the Tenements' and 'Hungry Hearts' and we're hoping that the publishers are going to sell the movie rights to Salome. The two of you must have a lot in common." I did not think so, but several days later Polly said that Anzia wanted me to coach her in English composition and offered to pay me a dollar or two an hour for these services. The lessons were irregular and unscheduled. Foaming a little at the corners of her mouth, Anzia would pound on my door when least I felt like earning a living. "Dere on the top! The devil's in me, let's go out for a walk." And as we walked she would pick out some phrase of what I was saying and, clutching a wad of yellow paper against a nearby

breathlessly
breathing she would translate it quick with a big blue marking pencil. "Stop!" she would shout "'in her im-im-it-able— what's that? — im-im-it-able way, in her im-im-it-able way. Jesus! That's wonderful — in her im-im —!"

One day we took a very long walk, stopping on our way home to call on friends of Anzia's in a house which smelled like Harlem. Something seemed to have gone wrong there and Anzia explained that her cousin had been served with a summons to explain his non-support of one of the children who was in a public institution. "He can't support the baby in that sanitarium because he hasn't any money, but he don't speak English and he needs somebody to go with him to court that can talk good English." She then stopped suddenly and they all seemed to be staring at me. My heart swelling with desire for social justice, I accepted the implied challenge and agreed to meet the little Jewish tailor on 57th Street, outside the Courthouse, at eight-fifteen in the morning, to see that it was done.

Inside all was as sordid as I expected it to be and we sat for hours on a bench waiting for someone to take notice of us. I tried to exchange some bit of politeness with my client but he couldn't, or didn't, speak enough English even for that, and I had to give up. ~~Finally~~ People came and went, and loud, coarse voices filtered out from behind grooved glass doors. Finally a man came up to us, evidently with a proposal for some sort of a settlement out of court. "I believe he has a right to be heard and to defend himself against the charges brought against him," I said stiffly, and the man disappeared instantly, which I considered proper and encouraging. At last we were admitted to a court room where we sat on hard benches while the judge wrangled with a boy who appeared to have stolen a bicycle. Suddenly the judge gesticulated angrily, handed some papers to an attendant and banged on the desk. The boy vanished; another case was pre-

claimed and Angie's cousin jumped up and scuttled to the front of the room. I followed and placed myself beside him. The judge looked at me not impolitely and turned to one of the bailiffs. "Whose that?" "Don't know, your honor." Somebody rattled off a page or two of charges and the judge said "Guilty or not guilty?" Angie's cousin beat the air and shouted it with quite their protests of innocence. I asked permission to correct the defendant's response. "I think he doesn't understand that he's not denying his non-support but explaining it. There are several other children and he simply doesn't make enough money to go around." The judge signed several papers and said a few words to the bailiffs who brought them. Then he turned back to us. "Can you get blood from a stone?" he demanded. "This man has no money. Case dismissed!"

The sudden dissolving of resistance stunned me for a moment, after which I turned to interpret the judge's allusion to

blood and stones in some gentler metaphor. But Angia's cousin had disappeared without saying good-by and I never saw him again. By the time I joined Polly and Miss Dawson, two or three days later, for one of Henrietta's splendid dinners it had not occurred to me that Angia might not have told me the truth about her relatives. That fact might have been a straw in her clutching paws. "You don't suppose that I have been the dupe of Angia?" "That is certainly possible," Miss Dawson responded, "But if you, in turn, duped the City of New York, it was through inexperience."

Social and political issues often came up for discussion during the summer, at supper picnics down on the shore at Monacans, and after a time we began to hear a great deal about Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. It became apparent that Molly Dawson had become a power in the Democratic Party. Just a few and the two of them picnics later I became just as apparent that power had already corrupted her, according to our lofty standards.

* Miss Dawson surveyed critically the darn just completed, cut the cotton neatly and dropped the thimble in her pocket.

"They talk like avenging angels," Polly commented as she dished out salmon salad onto paper plates, "but I can't see that they are any different from any other politicians — same personal ambitions to be served, same apple-polishing, same collusion and all the rest of the armamentarium of power politics."

"Oh no, Polly, it isn't as bad as all that. It's just that if we weren't a little shrewd about the way we say, we wouldn't stay in power and therefore couldn't do any good."

"Well, you don't fool me, B. J., here's your coffee — I'll put it here beside the log where you can reach it." Later, B. J. sang ~~songs~~ to us, old French or Iowan songs, as the sun went down behind Haddonfield and the Camden Hills.

Whenever I have come across books on some neglected shelf I have looked through them hoping to find again the songs which were so beautiful in B. J.'s contralto, as the glow faded from the sky and the cold waters of Provident Bay

* * *

Chapter 5

Most summers, something new turned up in Eastin and whether it was a health fad, a new poison, or Psychoanalysis, a row, a scandal, a tragedy, some of these innovations were durable and finally took their places among the established traditions. One year it was announced that the old white house which overlooked the long meadow sloping down to Eskum Bay and the mouth of the Bogachuck River had been sold to Miss Katharine Butler of Salem. Miss Butler was said to be some kind of a cripple who had spent most of her childhood lying on a board, poor thing. People wondered what she wanted of such a big house but the story was that she drove down from Salem with members of the family, saw the old white house and bought it within a fortnight, sight unseen. She was even planning to build on a big porch upstairs.

In fact, the front door stood open most of the day and Asa Clement went in and out with his saws and planes and very soon the new

Mike shall we pick the roses?

Miss Butler

1) Joshiko comes to Countries
And moves in
And stays
And leaves
apartment

2) Kitty comes to be helped to visit her horses
The fog, the fire and the cat

3) Mrs Fox + Mrs Stone in Paris
Joshiko again and the Haute Savoie

4) Ice-cream in Pembrecot and the beginnings
of the Little Brekkmith.

porch upstairs was just about finished. Hawk did a good job, and with a couple of couches and a few rugs and a big drawing table, it made a fine studio. By the middle of the summer there were lights in the windows and in the fan of the door; the brass knocker was polished and on misty nights when the fog rolled in from the bay, ~~...~~ rose from the chimney of the front parlor. Miss Butler had evidently moved in and had people staying with her, and Silva said his new room was all mixed up with papers and books and paint boxes.

I was not among the first Laetian people who became a friend of Katharine's. We talked about that later and tried to remember why it was that we had not recognized one another at once. "I suppose I was a little afraid of you," she said, "because you were tall and strong and I was so small and reticent. I was afraid that you would hardly see such a small and inexperienced person as I was. Perhaps I was even a little jealous of you."

"And I was ~~a little~~ afraid of you for other reasons so that being tall and strong almost seemed like being aggressive."

In any case I remember having supped one evening with Katharine and her mother. After the meal Mrs. Butler handed to her daughter a package of letters. "I've been cleaning out the desk in the yellow room, and I came on these letters. Will you look them over, please, so that I can destroy them if there's nothing there of importance?" Among them was a small pink letter, ~~written~~ matching paper in a child's handwriting: "Dear Karen,

When shall we pick the roses?

Your loving sister,

Katharine"

Perhaps a year later a Japanese painter came to spend the summer in a dilapidated farmhouse several miles from town and hardly had people in Castine become accustomed to the idea of a Japanese citizen encamped on our eastern seaboard, when Tashiko left the farm-

house and went to stay with Katharine Butler.
"Let us hope there is no voice in Carlin unkind
enough to ~~be heard~~ run in this emergency," said.

Soon the walls of the new studio were cover-
ed with canvases showing houses and barns,
wharves and willows, painted with precision and
with a clear, lacquer-like finish. Miss Butler's
house came to be regarded as a nucleus of "in-
teresting people." And then it was Labor Day and
the summer people began to leave, and nobody
thought much more about the Japanese painter
quartered in Katharine Butler's house, or whe-
ther that unusual couple was intending to
spend the winter in Carlin.

Early in the following summer, Katharine
drove up to our door in a car which had been
modified so that it could be driven by a very
small person. I thought she looked tired, even
haggard, and she came up the steps very slowly.
"I came to ask you for a favor. I want to go and
open my house — it's been closed most of the winter.

But I felt a little frightened to go into it alone. "Would you mind coming with me?" So we walked slowly up the brick walk and I turned the key in the lock. The mist was blowing in and the swollen door yielded with difficulty, gaping finally like a great wound in the white clapboard flank. We stepped over the threshold and entered the room on the right.

It was like the scene of a flight, perhaps even a disaster, the scene of a death. Paintings of horses, barns, wharves or willows stood about the floor, propped against the legs of furniture; tubes of paint and pine-handled brushes lay where they had been left and near the hearth was a sofa pillow still bearing the imprint of a resting head. I managed to kindle a few sticks of wood and opened the door on the water side, to dilute the desolation, and then turned back to Katharine where she was sitting on the little bench before the fireplace. Presently we were startled by the sound of scratching on the screen door and the silhouette of a cat against the blowing

aunt. I opened the door, not knowing exactly and admitting a little gray cat which flew around the room in a state of the wildest excitement leaping over the furniture and finally subsiding on Katharine's lap. "Why, it's one kitty! She must have seen us come in, and recognized me. Kitty dear, are you out of your mind with excitement? I wish we had some milk to give her."

When the fire-sticks had burned down on the hearth, we made our way back to the front door somehow shaken and and irresolute. "Run back to Lorna and Libba, kitty darling — I gave her to Lorna when I left." Katharine took the house keys and put them in her purse, and the little gray cat frisked fastidiously at our feet. "Joshiko wasn't always kind to the cat. That was one of the things I couldn't understand."

The winter we were both in Paris, and as it turned out, Joshiko was there too. We all had more or less equated studio rooms on the Left Bank

water and a rusty little stove in which we burned briquettes. I did not see Jackie often; I thought he was cold-blooded and selfish, and disliked him as a companion for Katharine whose health seemed to me terribly frail. I did not expect to live in the Latin Quarter and was the impositions of Jackie seemed to her interesting. We used to drink hot chocolate with brioches at the Coupole in the late afternoons, while the rain streamed down outside, and talk about life, and all our thoughts and experiences — "like Miss Farr and Miss Skene who went to Paris to be gay," Katharine would say, and we would laugh and laugh.

I do not remember now, and probably did not then, how gay Gertrude Stein's character was in Paris. Gertrude was out of fashion for some years and perhaps already then there were few readers who recognized the privations which drove Miss Farr and Miss Skene to Paris to be gay. Hemingway was then celebrated as a profound, if the shrill, disciple of Paris but published and was upon a life of singular celibacy and seclusion. After a few months, I too

down to the Basque Country to spend the Spring in the Pyrenees, while Katharine went to the Haute Savoie with people whom I did not know. We saw little of each other until several years later. "Some thing happened in the Haute Savoie which was so terrible that I can never tell you about it, I can only say to what I owe my life."

And then finally I heard that Katherine had married somebody by the name of Daniel Hathaway and gone to live in Blue Hill. She owned a broad house overlooking the mouth of the Bagaduce had been sold to Hands from Salem, the new newcomers to Castine.

The Blue Hill house was of red brick and looked over the upper end of Blue Hill Bay. The high cedar hedge was trimmed, the lawn was mowed and the house seemed furnished and sunny. "Now here I all" Katharine said. "He does everything. I seem to be too tired to do anything at all except to write. But I am clear in mind. When we have luncheon you'll see what a good cook he is — he makes the loveliest muffins

with soft urgency.

Dan blushed deprecatingly as he placed a bowl of flowers in the center of the table. "Would you like me to set the table here, Miss Whitfield, or would you prefer to have luncheon in the pergola?" he inquired.

Dan's manner was unrestrainedly effeminate and Katharine was ill at ease. Dan went back and forth with plates and silverware as he served an exceedingly good luncheon, and Katharine and I fumbled for conversation in this new situation.

Late in the afternoon we walked slowly along the dark high cedar hedge. I broke my vow. It had turned suddenly cold as it does on late summer afternoons in eastern Maine, and with the chill came the powerful, inexorable desire. Dan had disappeared on some errand, and the house—white, unlighted, at the end of the cedar avenue

"What are you writing, darling?"

"The story of my transformation. Perhaps I could show it to you, some day."

We met frequently at Pinehurst, which was about mid-way between Eastern Lake and Blue Hill. Katharine managed to drive over in the old wagon

with the blocks on the pedals and the reconstructed driver's seat. Gray's Store was famous for its ice cream, frozen from domestic cream and seasonal fruits according to a recipe said to have been left by a French nobleman who was said to have travelled through Maine sometime in the nineteenth century. Well stocked with cones and paper dishes of Gray's incomparable peach ice cream, we made ourselves comfortable in one of the two cars, with sheets of manuscript spread out between us.

A number of such meetings took place before Katharine was willing to give me a chapter of that curious and beautiful book which came out in installments in The Atlantic Monthly under the title of "The Little Shepherd", to make room for more. "But now open it now," she said. "I want you to read it but not now because I'm so terribly afraid you might not like it and I would see that on your face and that would weaken me. Take it home and go over it by yourself."

I took a different, less fanciful view of

So she chose to see it, the life Love had ~~parted~~ split
and left in her hand an island of existence
which she had always shared, forbidden be-
cause of her deformity — and then re-united, leaving
it in the past, with all the fairy transformation
of the manuscript which I read at home and
alone, comprising as it did the first few chapters
were full of bright, anticipatory detail, and I
think that only in a collection of letters published
a number of years later, did the unhinged
island capsize in all its decay, willess
exactly of a real encounter with life.

years of Vague Expansions
Munich, Munich, Jena and the Dachstein
Suspicion, Denmark

The sound of marching feet
The U.S. Berlin + in the Bar...

what Katharine saw as a duty of transformation. If transformations they were, it was only in the play of her exquisite intelligence and the service of her love for tragically misguided, of life. But perhaps the seeming mutilations, the misplacements of confidence and the ultimate betrayals were right ~~of a less real than the transmutations~~ worked ~~by the victim.~~ *

Katharine lived long enough to finish "The Little Locksmith" and read the fan letters written by readers of The Atlantic Monthly although the book ~~was published~~ appeared only in publication and ~~after~~ her death in 1942 in Salem. *

Chapter Five

The defeated countries of Europe were full of the signs of widespread, grim poverty by the end of the twenties with which the comings and goings of the profiteers of disaster contrasted unpleasantly. The words which were heard continually in ordinary conversation were "thrifty" or "economical" and no greater recommendation was thinkable than "... and it's very cheap." Famous

who went into a restaurant, ordered one dish, of which they ate a part, put it in a hamper and took the rest home in a paper sack, were not at all uncommon. Neither were chilling stories about barons who spent their last few marks or shillings at the hair-dresser's and then blew their brains out or jumped off a mountain if they were unable to find a suitable employer. We were laughing. You came from a happier hemisphere

But the people to be seen dining in first-class hotels were of a new race, often undersized, boorish, violent. A group of them thronged into the Hotel Continental one evening and were deferentially shown to a large round table which had evidently been reserved. The men were silent and heavy, with cropped hair and deep creases in the backs of their necks, and the women were voluptuously merry and coy. Soon a procession of waiters appeared, carrying immense covered platters. Uncovering his platter, revealing a formidable pile of what might have been fried chicken, the leader bent with mock-ceremony to serve the first of the Rhine Maidens. A playful scream of protest resounded through

the room; "Oh not that piece! Not that great piece, but that one away down underneath! No, no, that one still further down! Yes, yes, that's quite sufficient.—I eat so very little!" The men prated that the portion finally installed on the gilt edged plate was too small to keep anyone alive until morning; the other Rhine maidens murmured their admiration of so much daintiness, and the uproar finally died down.

With the help of a girl from the travel agency I placed an advertisement in the paper, and after a few days I moved out to Schwabing to live with Fräulein Groth in a small nice apartment at the end of the streetcar line. From that retreat I weathered the late cold Bavarian spring, working hard at the German language and listening to the listless monologues of Fräulein Groth, through which I thought I could see certain traits of German character, reaching even further. The father of Fräulein Groth had been a physician who had been knighted for some discovery about erysipelas, and through his august memory I could

In general, a man never carried a bundle on the street, or pushed a baby-buggy. If the wife daily carried ~~to~~ ~~by~~ were twenty bundles

that the right sort of person kept a volume of Goethe on his bedside table and made for the High Mountains every chance he got. His women folk gathered up every word he dropped and always had his slippers waiting beside his armchair when he got home at night.

As the weather became a little pleasanter I went with Agnes and Walther Teutsch and their two children on Sunday outings in the country. Agnes was the younger sister of Fräulein Roth and her husband, Walther, was a painter, and the friends who joined us at the long rustic table under the giant linden were largely artists and students who told funny stories and had personal charm. The Sunday outings tended to offset the ponderous traditions of Herr Professor Roth as well as the forebodings aroused by the new race of the war profiteers. Not many years later, however, these early spots would give way to the concentration camps with all the ghastly paraphernalia for mass genocide of nazi Germany.

By the end of May I felt up to a walking trip, so Willem Sr. lent me a rucksack and showed me how to pack and adjust it, and Olga and Walther developed a whole itinerary which would wind up in Seehausen, on the Staffelsee, where they had spent vacations and knew Frau Lege. "It's a charming little place, and you could spend a few days there with Frau Lege, where we always stay."

After a few days of walking the country roads of the Bavarian Alps I reached Seehausen and found Frau Lege's house, a typical which turned out to be a typical white plastered farmhouse typical of upper Bavaria, with living quarters and cow-stalls under the same roof. My bedroom was reached by passing through Rosel's and since she usually went to bed earlier than I did she was apt to be already found under her big feather puff as I groped my way by on tip-toe. Rosel was the second daughter in the family and her courtship by a most distressingly crude whom village boy

Entrasti come il fuoco

Even though ~~left~~ spring, like the cuckoo left
upon a snowy grave to mourn the dead
and not to see the moon,
~~from~~ tearing the wind ~~fluttering~~ which flutters
all around me,
in this hollow hour of thaw,
to me returning
in the light of spring
which flooded the winter, and in an instant
threw the windows wide.

~~You entered~~
Like fire into ~~ice~~ you came in
a frozen grotto ~~you entered~~,
bringing back the sun ~~into~~
into my little room
which sighs ~~of~~ for death
had shrunk and darkened

were grinding along toward union of the body if not of the spirit - since of the latter there could hardly have been any question under the supervision of Frau Lage. Visits took place in the kitchen after supper and Lotti received gay and frolicsome as she peered the bar for her nightly suitor; tugged impatiently at the door for the good-night kiss as he took his leave, but the confidence that of the dark bedroom and the feather puff was tearful, "I wouldn't mind getting married — I know I have to marry — if only I didn't have to have a child right off," she wailed.

Anna, the older daughter, was delicate in health as well as in looks, and nobody in Sackarau could imagine how she would find a husband of suitable temperament. But one day from way off near the Polish frontier came Willy, and he and Anna were married in due course. Willy was, in fact, neat and pleasant. He rode off every morning on his motor bike to his job in Murnau and sometimes, on the morning

Come in un ritiello
In an Orchard, Content

No single day goes by
that I do not see or hear you,
like the murmuring waters of a brook
sparkling in the sunlight
~~under the foraging wind~~ and the howling of the wind.

Still and evermore I think
of when you spoke to me
with the voice of a Town
with the voice of a little town village
you spoke to me.

— Without ever going out I'd stay with you —
having you
you said —
my whole life through inside a house,
like a cherry tree which in an orchard
stays, content.

But now it is cold, the trees are dry
and rain is falling;
The thunderbirds have lost their breath
and even the lightning is silent.
In the air you can catch the scent
of snow and a wind has come up that
cuts as it hollows out your aching heart.

sweet love
beloved

Since my love has been far away
I feel like one drowned.
Beaten and torn I lie, all night
and have no sedative at hand;
and then I view the fluttering poppies
in the churchyard, village churchyard full of poppies.

– We are well off below the ground –
I seem to hear it once again:
here once and for all we put away
the claws
of the world that tear your hair
and make your eyes pop out like those of the owls
brought to the slaughter —.

It must have been the dead who spoke,
as lovers softly speak,
To him who wept the nights away.
They couldn't bear to hear those cries,
to extend the hand, all hands, to you
in vain, to console and comfort you
they had made a hole through the dark of night
to become flowers on the wall.

perhaps they know that
as the torrents follow in the wake
of fire and heat the mad
if they document too ~~quickly~~ ,
get put away forever where no
would ever dare to enter.

I do not know now where ~~they~~ are,
the lovers are
or whether they're alive or dead;
I don't know if they're walking hand in
hand
or whether by the devil's will they're separated.
God grant
They are not turned to clay upon the mead.

stretched there on the grass to look
at the sky and at the glory
which passed above their heads.

They had reached the right point.
They could hear hold each other tight
they could hear moan
they could hear bleed
they could hear blaze like flames
in the fire and madly
they could hear sigh, weep, laugh;
but nothing did they do
except wait, absorbed & still like snow
upon the mountain flushed by the sun
which, telling tears from every thing
a cry of pain.

The Nuns!
Doubtless they were afraid that, touching each other
with their breath, they'd vanish:
each was for the other
colored bubble of soap; a rainbow-colored bubble;

upon the hearth

Always, if they paired
the shadows they appeared
by witchcraft made to lengthen;
and if some sound they heard saw each other;
they cocked their ears and looked at one another;
sparkling in the light, face to face
they waited in the flash of the mornings.

One day
– but I could not tell you whether
it was cold or raining in the world –
suddenly there dawned
the light of noon.

By
unknowing, the lovers
without thinking what they did
the lovers held each other by the hand,
and began together in the brightness
cast by the village bells.
There were no more cares
and lighter they felt than any saint.
They
dreaming their youthful dreams

a sesame chi — avida [illegible]

"Gl'innamorati
Silently, without ~~drawing~~ breath,
~~the lovers~~
gazed at one another.
Their eyes were fixed
and shining;
but empty time in passing
dimmed within them darkness
and the quiverings of tears

And now one time, like the tuft of grass
which sprouts from a crevice in the wall,
a word emerged,
then another, then many more,
except that, each time,
the voice trembled
~~the~~ something dreamed
that you heard at night
and that came back more faintly in the daylight.

IL MONDO IN CIFRE

Età stimata della terra:	4.500 milioni d'anni
Superficie totale della terra:	Kmq. 509.950.715
Superficie delle terre emerse:	Kmq. 148.822.000
Superficie delle acque:	Kmq. 361.128.000
Diametro equatoriale:	Km. 12.754.794
Popolazione totale della terra:	2.700.000.000 circa

I CONTINENTI

	Superficie in Kmq.	Altitudine massima in m.	Temperatura mass. in gradi centigradi	Temperatura min. in gradi centigradi
AFRICA	*29.880.000*	Kilimanjaro (Tanganica) *m. 5894*	El Azizia (Libia) *58,00*	Semrir (Marocco) *— 24.11*
AMERICA meridionale	*18.000.000*	Aconcagua (Argentina) *m. 7021*	Rivadavia (Argentina) *48,89*	Colonia Sarmiento (Argentina) *— 32,78*
AMERICA settentrionale	*23.000.000*	Mc Kinley (Alasca) *m. 6.194*	Valle della morte (California) *56,81*	Snag *(Yukon)* *— 62,8*
ANTARTIDE	*13.500.000*	Markham *m. 4.572*	Hope-Bay Terra di Graham *13,89*	Vostok *— 87,5*
ASIA	*43.300.000*	Everest (Nepal-Tibet) *m. 8.848*	Jacobabad (Pakistan) *52,22*	Verkhoyansk *(U. R. S. S.)* *— 67,7*
EUROPA	*9.740.000*	Monte Bianco (Italia-Francia *m. 4.810*	Siviglia (Spagna) *51,11*	Ust' Shchugor *(U. R. S. S.)* *— 55,00*
OCEANIA	*8.970.000*	Kosciusko (Australia) *m. 2.230*	Cloncurry (Australia) *53,00*	Kiandra *(Australia)* *— 15,00*

FIUMI PRINCIPALI

Nilo *(Africa)*	Km. 6.700
Mississipì *(America settentrionale)*	» 6.420
Amazzoni *(America meridionale)*	» 6.280
Jang-tze-Kiang *(Asia)*	» 5.500
Ob-Irtis *(Asia)*	» 5.300
Rio de la Plata *(America meridionale*	» 4.700
Congo *(Africa)*	» 4.200
S. Lorenzo *(America settentrionale)*	» 3.800
Volga *(Europa)*	» 3.700

LAGHI PRINCIPALI

Lago Superiore *(America settentr.)*	Kmq. 83.000
» Victoria *(Africa)*	» 68.000
» d'Aral *(Asia)*	» 64.000
» Huron *(America settentrionale)*	» 59.800
» Michigan *(America settentrion.)*	» 58.200
» Tanganica *(Africa)*	» 31.900
» Baical *(Asia)*	» 31.500
Grande Lago degli Orsi *(Am. sett.)*	» 31.100

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QUADERNO

è un quaderno Pigna!

The forum for the exposition and airing of the experiences of the day was the interns' dining room. There the attending men often joined us for lunch and there, late in the evening, we congregated for a supper of our own choosing and the stories of the day's adventures. These last included not only tales on our patients' progress but comments on the attending men, the "pearls" they had dropped, the mistakes we thought they had made, and the way they took care of their patients. But even though we mimicked them and penetrated their human frailties, still we never entirely forgot that they had had years of experience and that we had had none. And we began to understand that medical practice cannot be scientific because there never was another patient identical to the one we are now treating; it will consist of guesses made by highly educated minds, supported by tradition, whether sound or false and findings, whether accurate or inaccurate. Still more fundamental among the perceptions displayed at that late supper table was the solidarity of house staff and attending staff in the common

afflicted

desire to cure the sick relieve the afflicted and restore the helpless, and make the period of hospitalization as effective and as comfortable as possible. Every day people with physical or mental trouble ~~enter~~ crossed the threshold of our hospital with dread, hope, resentment or resignedness, while others left restored, improved or cured, and it was a rare privilege to have helped in the transformation.

In those days of the late thirties both interns and nurses maintained a much closer contact with the patients than they do in these days of nurses aids who bathe, take temperatures and blood pressures and laboratory technicians who draw the blood for examination. ~~We then were~~ ~~compelled before breakfast and therefore learnt all~~ ~~that had happened during the night.~~ Once in a while our duties and functions became critical. This happened to me soon after I started my internship when one of the attending physicians phoned in the early morning to say that he was hospitalizing Mr. C. with lobar pneumonia. "It the sputum typed and

give him the serum," he said. "Yes, sir" I answered without much of an idea of how that was going to be done at that hour. "Do you want me to call you after we've seen him?" "Won't be necessary. Just go ahead as fast as you can, and I'll see him in the morning." Only a few minutes later I was called by the supervisor of nurses on the Ninth Floor and told that a patient had just been admitted with a presumptive diagnosis of lobar pneumonia and a temperature of 103°.

Lobar pneumonia was destined to be soon struck off the list of the quick killers but on that evening when, as a green intern, I went up to write the admitting note on Mr. C. it headed the list. The Public Health laboratories were open all night and geared to supply serum on request. The physical findings were drilled into all members of the hospital house staffs and the unpardonable sin consisted in failure to recognize and treat promptly. An elaborate system existed for typing the pneumococcus which, if followed out accurately, gave results much more dramatic than the sulfas

and the antibiotics which came three or four years later. But it was a maze of types, groups, sub-groups and sub-sub-groups, through which the patient's organisms had to be passed until the phenomenon of "capsule-swelling" should reveal the specific type and group which held the key to the patient's life. So I ordered isolation precautions and the immediate delivery of a specimen of sputum to the interns' laboratory on Third and put in a call for my Resident to meet me there. Art will know what to do, I reflected, but will know all about it. "Set up the main types," he said with a carelessness which sounded a little forced, "and I'll drop back and have a look."

When he got back he examined the slides at length and finally turned to me. "The truth is I've never seen the capsule swelling phenomenon and I don't know one bit more about it than you do. The Main Lab does them usually. I hate to have to let you down and I'll try to locate somebody in the house who can help. But I'd advise you to try another sputum specimen, and just keep on looking. I think you'll find it unless it's a streptococcal

acid with a sense of real wrong;

a some other form of pneumonia — and in that case serum wouldn't help."

The Pneumonia Fellow was at length located and his services solicited, but he was sorry that he was on his way out of the hospital. That sounded to me like a bluff. "Well, Mr. C., it looks as if you were going to have to put up with my unskilled bacteriology. You need better." Stung with exasperation, however, I dived up the testing area, searching the slides and comparing the organisms until I came across a pair of coccal forms which, by pausing up and down and adjusting the light, appeared to be surrounded by capsules. I didn't doubt that I was observing the capsule swelling phenomenon but I could not understand why I should find it only once, and I was afraid that it did not actually represent the causative organism. But soon had elapsed by again and we decided not to risk further delay. He put in an emergency request at the Public Health for the first dose of the corresponding serum, which arrived in the early morning

in thirty-five minutes.

The room was dimly lighted when we slipped in, and the patient was flushed and restless. Capped, masked and gowned, the special duty nurse got close enough to help us into our gowns and give us the last temperature, pulse and respiration readings. Mr. C. had worsened notably and the powerful demands of the disease upon the unexpended resources of the host were plainly evident. Art opened the sterile vials of rabbit serum and applied the tourniquet to the left arm.

"Bear with me for a few minutes, Mr. C. I want to give you a shot of this stuff [illegible] It's going to help you a lot. And then I want you to get some sleep."

We wrote a progress note on the chart, washed our hands, slipped off our gowns and masks and left.

"You go and get some sleep. I'll stay around a little longer and have another look at Mr. C. before I turn in. I'll have our typing checked in Bacteriology first thing in the morning and I'll call you in the meantime if I need you."

In the morning Mr. C.'s condition was strikingly improved. His respiration was much easier and the pulse and temperature curves had fallen to points barely above normal. The Main Laboratory was able to confirm our typing and we sent for a second dose of serum which we administered promptly. The attending physician met us in the doctor's lounge and listened to our report.

"You did well," he said briefly.

In Room 914

We found the sun pouring in the south windows and the patient sitting up in bed. He looked almost as if he didn't have lobar pneumonia. "I realize that you were in the driver's seat, Doctor," he said, "But I want you to know that these young people worked very hard last night, carrying out your orders. I think they may have saved my life, and I shall never forget it."

The chart lay open on the table at the foot of the bed, and Burt and I ran our eyes down the double column of those pre-

But in 1940 we liked our attending men and valued their achievements and their teaching; and we felt defrauded only when the telephone operator failed to let us know when they entered the hospital to make rounds.

and temperature curves, and exchanged a glance of comradeship understanding and satisfaction. It was like the dominant falling to the tonic in the great cadence of a closely-controlled curve. For the short period of our visit, a strong tie bound all four of us together, the nurses and the saved alike, perhaps also a common recognition of all the faithful work which had made available to us those vials of rabbit serum when we needed them.

Nowadays the interns are paid. Most of them are already married, and the responsibilities of their wives and children are as important to them as demanding as those of their professional lives. Also their point-of-view is different and where we had endured the temperaments of experience which was indispensable and for mother protection and of the good will of our older brothers in a high calling, they have been shown that they are the underpaid, exploited victims of an attending staff which would not get on very well if their interns did not tell them what to do (and their footsteps).

Another phase of our activity which was considered to be of prime importance in the standing of the hospital and the level of medical care was the obtaining of autopsy permits. Inspired by Fabian, a pathologist who was dedicated to scientific truth and gifted with qualities of leadership, we managed to maintain a very high autopsy rate. The morgue was our purgatory and we were accustomed to expect upon it the marble slab even from such predestined failures. It was hard to overcome come up with arguments potent enough to overcome the natural shrinking of close relatives from what they were apt to regard as further insult to a body already battered by illness and death, and I abhorred the prescribed intrusion into the privacy of the ward of him to obtain the necessary signature. Once, as I was struggling through the squalid little list of arguments with the wife of a man who had finally succumbed to an unusual form of endocarditis, she stopped me wearily and said, "I'll sign your autopsy permit, but not because of your arguments. I don't care about

... the management of the hospitalized patient

truth or reverence and all I'm interested in is that my husband is dead. But I'll sign your permit because of the your devoted attention to him. I can't blame you for not being able to save him."

Aside from the definite examples and instructions offered during the internship year, there were many happenings which never passed over the order book and were perhaps never recorded on the patients' charts: nostalgia near at the end of the day when cheesecloth boards were being put away by the ambulatory, backs were being rubbed with alcohol and surgical dressings changed; wakefulness, pneumonia and the noisy breathing from the neighboring beds. Solitary peril encounters with death in the darkness of the night. I was wakened one night by the nurse on Third West:

"I'm sorry to call you, Doctor, but something seems to have happened to Bed Three in the men's ward and I'll have to ask you to come down."

Perhaps I was dreaming...

Norman?

"What do you mean by 'something's happened'?"

"I can't make out exactly. But it's serious and I'm afraid you'll have to see him."

Norman was in the advanced stages of chronic nephritis, an attractive boy of nineteen with the characteristic sallow pallor of uraemia. "I had to call you," he said. "I'm sorry to be a nuisance. But it was a bad dream, and I hardly made it back."

I had his bed moved out into the adjoining utility room where I could turn on the light without disturbing the other patients, and drew up a chair beside him. He accepted the cigarette I offered him and drew on it with trembling lips. His poor arm on which the "uraemic frost" could be detected, lay close to me at the edge of the mattress, perhaps by mute intention. The nurse came in, carrying the order book.

"Do you want a sedative, Norman, or would you rather just rest and talk a little until you've forgotten the nightmare? Are you beginning to feel a little more like yourself?"

on Travel errands

"Some. But I don't want a sedative. If I were to go to sleep, the nightmare might come back and perhaps I mightn't make it a second time."

So we stayed in the utility room until the sky above the parking lot, onto which our forum looked, unfolded the first intimations of dawn. During that hour or two we said almost nothing; Norman lay quietly and I stirred about from time to time, to lend naturalness to our night, guessing that the resumption of all faculties by commonplace concrete actions would help him most. The morning newspaper was lying on the kitchen counter beside the stereo, and I spread it out on my lap in order to avoid constraint. Once in a while the door opened quietly and a nurse entered, her sweater over her shoulders, to get something out of the cupboard or the storage. The dressing forceps clinked against the bottle as a tablet dropped back into the alcohol. The hour came when even the night is tired.

At first I sat there dully on the chair beside the bed, occupied only with pity for

You look at

write a non-committal note on the chart,

so young a moribund and with wonder at the hero the adversary had made himself known at the moment of the adversary encounter.

Like a bat fluttering in ~~one of~~ a mythical past came the words of Kalkhik Lent, spoken with so much bitter passivity from the bed in ~~Asia~~ Agualva [illegible] and long since forgotten: "The world [illegible] a kind of zoo in which I am nothing but an animal." I could see again the fine profile, the darkened teeth, the harlequin pyjama in dingy blue and a crude blue; the words I heard were dull unfeeling and still painful.

Norman stirred, opened his eyes and asked for a glass of orange juice. When it came he took it with the bent straw steadied by the nurse's accustomed fingers, and dropped back on the pillow. I wanted to leave, to leave a few hundred instructions with the supervisor and go back to bed. The frustration of attending a patient for whom there was nothing to be done was bitter and tedious. I looked through the past history, the abstracts of previous hospital ad-

even
or the character of the agent.

missions and the deteriorating blood chemistries as they revealed the phase of inspiration and the unremitting progressive destruction of the kidneys. It was striking and depressing to note the big bundle of pink, blue, yellow and white sheets of the Autopsy record, covered with data illustrating describing the total lack of insight on the part of medical science toward a disease which at that time was listed among the three greatest killers. Described by Richard Bright early in the 19th century, the pathology of the kidneys had been elaborated as have staining techniques became more refined, so that we were all familiar with the changes which converted the complicated architecture of the normal organ into a lump of fibrous tissue; but no knowledge existed concerning the pathogenesis, the agent which was causing the damage. Hence, there was no rational treatment for the disease not even an effective remedy for some aspects of the disease.

Those dim hours spent beside the bed of poor Norman opened for me a series of meditations, not only on hospital life and death,

the obligations and the privileges of the attending and the house staffs, but on concepts of diseases, particularly ~~the~~ pathogenesis of nephritis.

On early rounds one day when I was on a surgical service, I entered the room of a man who was in for observation. He came from Lake Forest and I knew him slightly outside the hospital. He was having ~~his~~ breakfast that morning when I knocked, and he greeted me enthusiastically and waved ~~to~~ a spoon toward the armchair near the bed. "Have you got time to sit down for a minute? I've been doing some thinking this morning and now I feel like talking. Do you mind? Will you have a piece of candy? No? Well do sit down — I won't detain you long. The thing is this: I've had the queerest feeling ever since I've been in here and I haven't been able to make out what the trouble was, but this morning I couldn't get to sleep again after that damned crack-of-dawn

temperature reading and all of a sudden I realized what it was. I'm being bullied! And I didn't recognize the sensation because I've never been bullied before."

We looked at each other blankly for a few moments as I tried to imagine how anybody could get bullied in a hospital.

"I wonder what on earth I could do about that. Do an order on the order book, 'Please refrain from bullying the patient' might cause quite a scandal."

"No, there's nothing you can do about it. I was so pleased and relieved to locate the source of my pain that I couldn't resist telling you about it. And I don't really think I should have to put up with bullying, do you?"

"No, of course not. And I'm afraid I'm beginning to see just what you mean. It may be that to a certain extent it's a legacy from Europe in the last century with its Herr Professors and its public hospitals where brow-beating was practiced and admired."

"Well, maybe. But I don't admire it now

*

I'm not a victim but I would begin to feel like one if I were to stay around here any longer.

that's got the picture, and I'm getting out of here today. I had decided that before you came in, but I wanted to pass on to you my line of thought so that you would know and not perhaps be hurt.

So passed on, the line of thought loomed into a multitude of observations and impressions, all having to do with the entirely extraordinary prestige, authority, power of the medical profession vis a vis the lay individual; and because that relationship has undergone profound alterations without, however, losing its power, either psychic or overt, it might well be viewed at least as vicariously as other repositories of power. I began my observations on an elementary level:

A person, Mr. L. from Lake Forest, for example, goes into a hospital because there is something wrong with him and his local medic tells him that's the thing to do. "Chances are there's nothing, but it's better to make sure. Get an electrocardiogram and a few X-rays. I'll put you down for Tuesday and they'll call you when they have a room for you."

Upon the signal, Mr. L. presents himself at the admitting office, tells the young lady there who to inform in case he should die while in the hospital, and is sent to his room. The admitting nurse greets him and tells him to take off his clothes and go to bed. Feeling somehow uneasy and deflated he complies, beginning thereby the long series of his submissions.

Well, what else would you do but submit? Your doctor's orders. What's the use in coming to the hospital if you don't intend to co-operate? They're all trying to solve your problem and you'd be sort of a fool if you didn't help them to do it.

So Mr. L. answers the endless questions read by the intern out of his pocket manual. He answered them cheerfully and courteously even though he found many of them pretty silly. If they really made any sense I should think that kid would have to pore them in mind rather than having to pour his way through his manual, he

reflected with irritation. Finally the physical examination was over, rubber gloves and all, and the patient had breathed deep - through his mouth, had whispered "One two three" and uttered "Ninety-nine, ninety-nine, ninety-nine" — all with proper deference for the starched white delegate from the medical world who was calling the plays. "I'll be around to see you in the morning," promised the latter as he gathered up the tools of his profession and prepared to depart, having concluded his "work-up" with the ominous expression "Diagnosis deferred." Mr. L. could think of nothing more exuberant to reply than "Very well," which seemed about midway between the servile "Thank you" and the pettish "Have it your own way."

The next few days passed in the repetitious routine of "tests." To the friends who called or communicated by phone, he said jovially, "Oh I'm all right! I just came in for tests. I don't know what they've found, if anything. They don't divulge." The first night he was

awakened by a student nurse with a flashlight and what Mr. T. had already come to know as the blood tray. "I have to stick your finger for a blood sugar." "O.K. Stick away, although I can't imagine why," he answered good humouredly. And on the third afternoon he was startled by the stormy arrival of two orderlies with a cart. "Just scoot over here," one said confidently. Mr. T. was aware of no engagements for the afternoon and had hoped to rest and look over the paper. "What for?" he asked. "Where am I going?" "We're taking you up to surgery. Just scoot onto the cart please." "I'm not scooting anywhere that I'm aware of." And I'd like to ask you gentlemen to show me an order signed by my doctor which has anything to do with scooting somewhere!" The incident ended peaceably and the cart went up to surgery occupied by the patient across the corridor.

Nobody should ever be unconscious in a hospital, was Mr. T's conclusion — but this would make a good story at any rate. He

Perhaps there's enough cave man left in us to associate the surprise with death or defeat — the lion standing around has either killed or captured us.

* A lot of great words have worked to bring that about.

unreal
sense of malaise increased rapidly, however, and by the time supper was over he found the hospital bed unbearable. He put on his bathrobe and decided to stretch his legs in the corridor. The upright position gave him intense relief, surprisingly intense. Is it possible that I or he unhappy just because of the horizontal position— I always in the horizontal and they towering around me in their verticals? Who would have suspected that just plain verticality could make such a difference? It's really an remarkable art of faith that we perform in lying down and accepting a general anaesthetic, faith not only in the surgeon's skill, judgment but in the quality of the civilization that writes and surrounds both you and him. You're betting everything on the sanity of our society and its unwillingness to allow anyone to suffer unnecessarily, and I suppose that bet is justified considering how much easier and less laborious and painful life is than it used to be. And yet you can pick up certain sour overtones, certain inflections of

arrogance, perhaps even potential cruelty, that make you wonder what could happen if the quality of society should change for the worse. Feeling stirred and shaken up, Mr. L.'s thoughts led on to the confidence which one can feel in an individual as against a collective body.

Am I upset because I think I have detected something brutal about the surgeon ~~my doctor~~ that prepares me to and something lowering about his assistant? Would I feel better if I were in some big clinic like Mayo's where you "go through the clinic"?

"Have you seen the solarium, Mr. L.?" A nurse was addressing him from a desk in the nursing station. "It's very pleasant up there now at this hour, when there isn't any sun. You might enjoy a change of scene."

"Perhaps so. Thank you, Miss Furleigh." Up in the solarium he came across an acquaintance, slumped in

a wicker armchair among the split-leaf philodendrons and the mother-in-law's tongues, a fel[low] he sometimes met on the station platform.

"Well, of all things! Here, try this one—I don't recommend that one over there. Have a cigarette? My wife has just left and I came up here for a little change of scene."

"Thanks. I left mine in my room. The floral arrangement isn't exactly luxuriant, is it?"

"Not exactly. Those shaky But it looks greenish yellow blades—tongues I guess they're called—never were my favorite houseplant. Oh well. They treating you alright?"

"I suppose so. At any rate, they're treating me. I must say, I'm getting sort of fed up. Tests, tests, tests. And then the Chief comes in followed by his little Indian retinue—sort of a cheeky, arrogant fellow. I didn't take to him from the very beginning. Struck me as just a common bully. Perhaps I'm over-reacting but if so, I'd say it's my privilege. Maybe I'd have done better to go to Mayo's or some

place like that. Big organization, you know."

"Oh I don't think there's anything about the anonymity line to inhibit abuse of power or even bad manners. I'd say the reverse. And don't forget that in the extreme case you can always sue your private doctor if you really have a grievance whereas in the situation of the big clinic the doctors are employees and all you can do is to sue the clinic. That's why new operations usually come out of clinics and not out of private practice. Vulnerability to suit is a strong deterrent and any doctor is going to think twice before he makes himself hard to defend in court. And as for a collective body being more reliable than an individual that would be hard to demonstrate, and a first-class hospital like this one has a good bit of the collective about it anyway: anything that goes wrong gets to the pathologist, and the rest of the staff hear about it. There isn't much that gets by."

"You sound like an old hand at hospitals."

"Well, in a way I am. I've had ulcers,

and I dont intend to get operated upon

and you probably know what that means."

"Sorry to hear that. I hope you're on the mend. I never knew what it was to be sick until just a while ago, and the chances are I'm not sick now. It just seemed like a good idea to have a check-up — be on the safe side, you know. Being a complete green horn, I suppose I'm taking the whole experience a lot too seriously. Probably that's why I was never cut out to be a good patient. I don't like to be treated like a decorate by a fellow who strikes me as more interested in power than in responsible work."

Whatever this snapshot, now dim and discolored, from the album of Mr. L may suggest now, at the time it conveyed to me only that the doctor-patient relationship could be abused and that a patient should not have to sacrifice anything in ordinary personal dignity and status while he is getting diagnosed or treated.

On the other hand, there were instances in which the professional side needed some kind

against the draw-sheet of the firm hospital
mattress

of special support, in order to preserve the weight required for reassurance. This was explained to me by an eminent neurologist who sometimes functioned, as a "neuropsychiatrist" and in that capacity, brought into the hospital a category of cases known as "agitated depressions". These wretched persons said nothing that I can remember, and did nothing but lie on their beds and thrash around so unremittingly that we had to attach foam-rubber rings to their heels to prevent them from grinding the skin off. The fact that was about the only service we were allowed to render to the agitated depressives, apart to accompany Dr. X. as he made his rounds among them. Dr. X. was a diminutive man with a quite formidable cranium which was said to be full of diagnostic acumen. His entrance into the room of an agitated depression was always the same, slow judicious steps to the bedside, flanked by the nervous shuffling of the resident, the intern and a couple

clinical
of clerks. Coming to a standstill, Dr. X would enunciate with clarity and authority, "Let me see your tongue!" The patient stopped looking about long enough to comply and the rest of us, having or knowing nothing else to do, stood at respectful attention and stared at the tongue as if we had never seen one before. After several of these curious occasions somebody ventured to ask Dr. X why he was so interested in the tongues of patients suffering from agitated depression.

"I'm not in the least interested," replied the diminutive neuro-psychiatrist. "Quite the reverse, in fact. But most people are used to doctors who examine tongues, and the request serves as a useful form of suggestion. When I say 'let me see your tongue' I am taking advantage of well established tradition. In effect I am saying, 'I am the doctor, you are the patient. Being the doctor, I shall cure you.'"

"Don't you find it necessary to let them talk — if they can — tell you about their lives

and whatever it is that causes them so much agony."

"No, that would be prejudicial to the cure. You know, or you will find out during your years of practice, that every life has it something capable of reducing the victim to agitated depression. But the recording of it only serves to convert that something into a work of art, a wall painting in some remote cave, a monument. In that case the sufferer becomes the curator and there is no further thought of cure — the patient has succumbed and the disease has become immortal. In that series of consequences, the doctor figures as the meddler, the man whose insatiable curiosity has conferred accidental immortality upon somebody's stupid and ignoble frustration. The patient will always be a jump ahead of you."

We were horified at this declaration of conservatism even though we could not deny it a certain eloquence and a dramatization presented at our late supper hour brought down the house. The house staff agreed that Northumberland was hopelessly reactionary with re-

electroshock treatments in the

spell to psychiatry. Freud had lived in vain, we decided, and we weren't getting a proper education if there weren't any real psychiatrists on the medical staff of a teaching hospital, such as ours was supposed to be.

At that time, around 1940, the practice of psychiatry was young, and it was understandable that we were looking forward to profound insights and subtle techniques, and that Dr. X, and his tongues struck us as grotesque as well as either cynical or ignorant, whichever it might be. But in later years, as psychiatry became more socially accepted and the city with its more prosperous suburbs got to be rather well populated with analysts, and as hospitals fitted up psychiatric units with card-tables and easy chairs, took to ordered for under loving care, and put on the coffee pot for the afternoon, and interests of my generation were severely disappointed. It was pleasant to go through the Unit and find everything homelike and cheerful, a cosy place to come back to after

even if you called it Chemotherapy

yes certainly

the induced convulsion which mercifully obliterated the memory for recent events, but it hardly seemed a great break-through, and even at the price of electroshock or insulin shock, supplemented by massive doses of palliatives, seemed at least as cynical as Dr. X's lust for tongues.

(And) I regret that when, still a good many years later, I heard that Dr. X was found to be in one of the VA hospitals, not expected to recover, and that he invited all friends who wished to visit him — that I didn't knock on his door. I could well have asked for that room number from the receptionist, taken the automatic elevator up to his floor, and, in response to the cheerful 'Come in!', pushed the door partly open and found the bulbous cranium, perhaps aged, altered, on the bed or in the chair by the window. And then I could have said, "You invited your old friends to come and pay you a visit. Many of those who would have wished to now are dead, as you know. How many of our old associates have disappeared! But I could come and I'm

And perhaps we would have spent an hour together and I might have told him how unwilling I had been to refer psychiatric problems for shock treatment (or chemotherapy) and how unable I had been to take those slow, judicious steps to the bedside, come to a stop and utter those authoritative words "Let me see your tongue!" And if I had then tried to describe the only things I had found to do or say when confronted by a wrecked life, what would he have thought?

Fellowship
Begin research
First hosp. pt.

But I did not make that call ~~and~~

as glad to see you." ~~That is one of the~~ These are omissions ~~and to regret~~, which I recall now with regret

Chapter Ten

Having completed the usual rotating internship and a medical residency, I was awarded the William Perry Holmes medical fellowship for a third year of training. Dr. Holmes had been Chairman of the Department of Medicine when I began my internship; he was also my father's doctor and a great favorite in the estimation of both of my parents. "He's a great fellow," my father said. "He knows just how to handle your father," retorted my mother, "and that's what counts. He's a very distinguished-looking man, and a real Scotsman. It doesn't seem to me, to hear him talk, that he's a very happy man and I don't get the impression, either, that he's very interested in his career as a doctor. He seems terribly independent."

"He isn't very well. I was making rounds with him to-day and when we got

which he must have had for years.

through and I was about to thank him and leave, he ~~said~~ told me to stay and have a look at some x-ray films with him. Then it turned out that he was the patient and that they were doing a stomach and outlet for him. And as he took off his neck-tie and shirt and lay down on the table, he announced that the barium must have reached the ileum; but when we were able to have a look, we found the barium still in the stomach. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop!"

"Well, go ahead," said my mother. "What did that mean?"

"It meant that he has an obstructive lesion of the pylorus, presumably an ulcer."

"What will they do about that?"

"There's nothing to do except to operate: either resect most of the stomach or make another exit from it ~~the stomach~~, thus by-passing the obstruction. He's scheduled to come in Sunday night, on his own service. We don't know yet who's going to do the surgery. I wonder what sort of a patient he'll be."

"Difficult," said my mother with gloomy finality. "Cantankerous. And unlucky."

A few days after surgery I was wakened by the telephone operator around six-thirty in the morning. "Dr. Holmes wants to see you right away."

"Has something happened? Is it an emergency?"

"I don't think so — he hasn't called the surgical service. He just says he wants to see you at once."

"Tell him I'll be right down."

He was propped up in bed, a bowl of soapy water before him and a razor in hand, when I knocked & entered. "Sit down for a minute until I get through. I have a number of complaints and I want them attended to. In the meantime you can look over the nursing notes."

He finished presently and washed his face. I took away the bowl and towels.

"I have written down my complaints. If you'll get that sheet of paper lying on the bureau you can read them aloud and then take what

The surgeons are bored and looking for
fresh adventure and

ever steps you consider indicated. I consider my experiences typical of the post-operative patient, and the story runs this way: I came in on a medical service and was correctly prepared for surgery. On the day of surgery the medical service withdrew and the surgical service took over. Pre-operatively I.V. could be discontinued they considered that their work was done and they lost interest, and it is at this point that the trouble begins. The medical service is afraid of interfering, and the patient falls between two stools. Now I have a number of problems which are receiving no attention and I called you to explain all this and request that you rectify the situation. Do you get my point?"

"Certainly. May I lower the head of the bed?"

"Would you rather wait for Dr. Miller?"

"After your challenge? Certainly not!"

So I adjusted the tilt of the bed and devoted myself to the extracting of every bit of medical insight ~~into the con~~ obtainable through meticulous examination of an aitonen. In I developed

the emergency of his own illness.

and read the findings with appreciation
each phase of the examination. I inwardly acknowledged with gratitude the [illegible] manifestation of the patient himself. [illegible] gratifications I had for

"Will you write up your findings on the chart and make your recommendations, please?" And when you're finished, go and get some breakfast."

That evening I found Dr. Holmes somewhat more comfortable. The superintendant of the hospital was there sitting in the deep chair under the standing lamp.

"Am I disturbing?"

"On the contrary. Come in and sit down with us for a minute." He turned to his visitor, "I gave my intern a bad time this morning, and I'm having misgivings. Perhaps I was too tough, but I had something I wanted to teach you. Will you forgive me?"

There was one more occasion when I was called to Dr. Holmes' room, and that was on the day when he was supposed to be discharged from the hospital. I found him still in bed.

"There are several things I'd like to tell you".

"Perhaps one is that you'd like the discharge order written?"

"Yes. Although I have developed thrombophlebitis - I just noticed it this morning."

"How unfortunate! Then you won't be leaving then —"

"Yes, I'm going home anyway. For your comfort I'll promise to put heat on it and to keep the leg elevated."

"Oh, I do beg you, not to do anything so foolhardy!"

"Your advice is excellent and I'm sorry that there are certain reasons which make it impossible for me to follow it. Now there's one other thing I have on my mind to tell you before I go, and that concerns you. You have handled yourself well as a house officer and I feel assured that you will bring credit to the profession if you are given the opportunity. I intend to use the last bit of influence I still possess —

I haven't always conducted my life either diplomatically or wisely — to see that you have it. Now run along and write up my discharge note and sign me out. Thank you for your care."

I never saw Dr. Holmes again. A short time after he went home he had an embolus to the lungs which became infected. Attempts were made to drain the resulting abscess by bronchoscopy, but these were unsuccessful and he was finally re-admitted to Passavant in pre-terminal condition. Since he was brought in on a surgical service I did not hear of his admission until one evening I noticed a chart, lying on the desk at the nurses' station on Third Floor Center. The interval history began with the finding of thrombophlebitis at the time of his first discharge from the hospital, which he had insisted that I break to him with his stubborn insistance upon leaving the hospital.

"Will you please ask Dr. Holmes if I may come in and see him for just a minute?"

The nurse came back presently — "a minute," she says he would rather not. He's pretty low and is thinking

For the funeral services

a few steps

Only a short distance from the Piazza del Duomo which holds the great conceptions of medieval Christianity: the dome of Brunelleschi and the campanile of Giotto, the Piazza della Signoria provides a sort of spacious courtyard for the Palazzo Vecchio ancient headquarters for the twelve guilds which constituted the Republic of Florence. Thus the former was planned and erected to reflect the glory of God, and its success as a work of art was measured in terms of its responsiveness to the divine ideal ... etc.

it would hurt you to see him that way."

He died several days later. My father and I found our way to a large church, unfamiliar to us, where we listened to a protracted medley of eulogies and hymn tunes which set up a feckless, shattering contrast with the clear, cool quality of mind which I had known and admired, and from which I had vainly tried to be detached. I was amazed at the intensity of the grief I felt as we sat there in the dim blackness of the church, waiting for the service to be over.

The bequest of a Fellowship in Medicine to Roosevelt Hospital provided me with the opportunity Dr. Holmes had mentioned on the day he left the hospital. It was thus arranged that I should be attached to the service of Dr. C., a dynamic and somewhat eccentric man who was interested in research, particularly in hypertension. Dr. C. was a handsome, clever and successful practitioner with

a large practice on the wealthy North Side. Immaculately groomed, a fresh flower or two in his buttonhole, he made rounds at a dead run, arriving in each patient's room flushed, tumultuous and handsomer than ever. He was not given to auscultation and percussion, or even to inspection and palpation, and no tongues had to be exhibited; rather, he wove worlds of blood chemistries, firmaments of sodium, potassium, thiocyanate, uric acid and non-protein nitrogen. Above all, cholesterol. He spoke eloquently and intimately of all these substances and how they should be higher or lower than they were, and what we would do to bring about the desired changes and the patients went home convinced that their doctor was a brilliant fellow, and able to discuss their potassium or their cholesterol ester ratings at the bridge table or in the locker room. There were other doctors who intimated that it was hard to say where Dr. P. stopped and the out-and-

out charlatan began, and sometimes it almost seemed as if Dr. C. himself had doubts or the same point and misgivings as to his own authenticity. In any case, he relied heavily upon his own well-staffed laboratory, and the days when bio-chemistry seemed to hold out brilliant and even immediate hopes for the solution of medical problems. I saw nothing wrong with this approach, particularly since Dr. C. had had excellent training and was close enough to several of the groups prominent in fundamental research to understand something of the requirements involved in a first class laboratory. As for that flickering shadow of unauthenticity which played over his reputation I saw it as attributable to that invariable boutonnière which struck some people as too dapper for the bedside.

Just among the clinical problems which Dr. C. hoped to solve was that brand of hypertension for which no cause could be discovered, known as "essential hypertension." and there was al

least one exceedingly wealthy patient who did not associate well-pressed clothes with frivolity and wanted to help Dr. C. to cure all the people whose blood pressures tended to run above 150/90. With his support an ambitious project was launched which provided for the study, under hospital conditions, of hypertension as it occurred in the toxemias of pregnancy, that stormy and often fatal complication of the last trimester. Here the cause of the hypertension was definitely related to the pregnancy, hence probably to the hormonal changes characteristic of pregnancy. With this rather vague correlation in mind, the patients were to be transferred from the County Hospital by one of the senior obstetricians who also served on the attending staff. There a special room in Lasavant where we would study them. Everything seemed to be well organized and our "team" had several meetings to discuss such matters as costs and the keeping of records, after which the Medical Director and the Obstetrical Director left for their offices arm in

arm. I wondered what "studies" we would perform that would reveal the mechanism of hypertension in those appalling cases in which the blood pressure suddenly rises relentlessly and the arteries seem to kindle and smolder, searing the tissues which they supply. Merely a routine "work-up" did not seem to me to have much value, and after a few days spent mostly in the medical library looking up the literature on the toxemias of late pregnancy, I was so despondent that the whole project began to look to me like a piece of audacious nonsense. Nevertheless I prepared a card-index of abstracts covering all the work done in the toxemias over the preceding ten years and waited for a chance to talk with Dr. C. In the meantime, it became clear to me that there were two possible approaches to the problem, the first being the brilliant idea, the shot in the dark, if anyone of us could come up with it, in which case the method would be therapeutic, i.e. the right hormone, for example, and demonstrate its correctness by the beneficial result. In other

possibility was the adoption of much more sensitive and advanced tests in the hope that a consistent defect might show up which could be correlated with the clinical course.

In the end we followed both approaches, and I drove around the city giving large amounts of — if I remember correctly — corpus luteum hormone intramuscularly to see whether the patients got better or at least didn't get worse. It was a cumbersome example of a poorly controlled experiment which was not without its dangers, in that we were hopeful enough about our corpus luteum to prevent the obstetricians from interrupting the pregnancy, the procedure which was clearly indicated.

The second approach, calling for more sophisticated tests, was also tried and I was sent to the laboratory of Dr. Irvine Page, at that time in Indianapolis, to learn how to set up the inulin clearance test of renal filtration rate which was to provide us with useful and reportable data even though it did not reveal the pathogenesis of hypertension. With the

cordial help of A. C. Corcoran, a brilliant associate of Dr. Page's, I was instructed in every phase of the procedure, clinical and laboratory, and by the time the weekend was over I was prepared to set up the new service at Parravant. There was one other point which caught my fancy, that cold Indianapolis weekend, and that had to do with the treatment of laboratory data by the technician. Sitting beside Woodie, Core's excellent technician, before the spectrophotometer, we took readings for inulin during the four successive periods of the test, and obtained a curve much as we had expected it. Several times, however, one sample proved to be rather far out of line and we agreed to discard it. "Something must have gone wrong here," we decided. Talking with Core that evening at dinner, I mentioned the question of laboratory deletions. "It's tempting to make such deletions, but actually that one sample might have been right and the other two wrong. Or the second might have been too high while the third was too low. Wouldn't it have been

better practice to re-run all four?" "It certainly would! It looks as if we were making a good researcher out of you!" From that time on, Dr. Corcoran often helped us with technical problems and always sponsored me at meetings.

And yet, it is with a feeling of fear, that I evoke the memories of my friendships with Core. The seven-fifteen a.m. telephone call from the station and, fifteen minutes later, the slam of the taxi door in the street below the window. The stairs taken two at a time and, presently, "Where's your telephone directory? Come over here and give me a kiss! You do love me, don't you, Edie? Don't you know the Telephone number of the Pearson? I want to leave a message for Hänel. He's giving a paper this afternoon. Come back at once and give me another kiss! You do love me, don't you? Yes, cream — how could you forget?" This annual or bi-annual scene always reminded me of that early one in which I was being shown through Core's laboratory, and those drops were undergoing mutarotation

ance tests of their kidney function and Core threw her arms around the ~~scottish~~ pup of purred in its quiescent ear "You're the most beautiful little research dog in the world! You love me too, don't you?"

And some time later there was a telegram abruptly announcing his arrival in Chicago as a patient and requesting that I provide a kis ~~ccc~~. Completely in the dark about everything except that it was the soul rather than the body that was in need, I took a room for him in a nearby hotel, and he spent several days lying on the rug before my fire. To change the atmosphere we spent a memorable afternoon in the Lincoln Park Conservatory guided by the director, whose wife had just baked seven pies out of one ponderosa lemon, and offered a piece to each of us. The early spring flowers sparkled in the humid vapor; palm and pine exhaled their particular fountain aroma; the ~~spring~~ released its purling waters over the civic rocks, and we left toward sunset time, soothed.

At the end of three days Core went home, appar-

ently serene. We never mentioned the incident again.

Then, the time when Core came to Chicago for the meeting of the Central Society for Clinical Research, bringing with him a young research assistant which he and Dr. Page had taken on.

"Are you pleased with Arvid?" I asked as we got back to the apartment after the close of the afternoon program.

"Yes. Now we have a quadrilateral figure there in our laboratory, a symbol of our faith and friendship: Irv, Bob, Arvid and myself."

"What a curious way of describing a research group, Core!"

"It's a wonderful way. A quadrilateral figure is a wonderful symbol. Four men who believe in one another and together form a mystic symbol of unity and symmetry."

It was hard enough for me to see Irv and Bob as religious symbols, but in the case of Arvid I gave it up. He seemed to me uneasy,

furtive and unfriendly, and after the meeting were over and Core had departed I continued to puzzle over his exaltation and what had added the ambiguous Arvid to the research org and myself as objects of his unaccountable euphoria. Finally I wrote a careful and rather long letter to the effect that quadrilateral figures were all very well but that in the short time I had seen him I had not observed anything to justify Arvid's inclusion in a symbol of cardinal virtues, however defined. Knowing the damage which can be caused by an undependable lab worker, I urged Core to have another look and thus perhaps avoid personal disappointment and professional embarrassment. His reply was immediate: "Your thoughtful letter reached me just as we had had evidence of Arvid's dishonesty in things financial and scientific. He has disappeared and there is much to be set straight. As for me, this experience of pure evil has forced me to return to my Mother Church. I am sure you will understand..."

"Whether or not you return to your Church is a matter for you, not David, to decide. This is not the first time you have had to recognize the presence of evil in the world, and I can't agree that the present incident needs to prostrate you, nasty as it is."

Tormented

The last experience in the course of my friendship with Core was one in which he did not personally appear. It had to do with a paper presented at the usual November meeting of the Central Society, by one of the younger members of the wrecked quadrilateral by them ~~this~~ ~~one~~ figure, and it was based on measurements of suprarenal hormones. The complex technique of such determinations was thoroughly familiar to me and as I sat there on one of the gold chairs in the red ballroom at the Drake I found myself assailed by suspicions that those figures did not actually reflect the truth. The paper was nicely written, with frequent use of words such as "elegant" which carried an air of sophistication. Certain of the determinations had

been done in the laboratory of another researcher, a practice which is reassuring to the 99% of the audience who may be entirely without experience with ~~certain highly specialized~~ the technique upon which the report depends, and hence unable to evaluate it.

Whatever were the merits of the paper, ~~while it was being read~~ during the reading of it a future opened to me in which refinement of methods would make the results more precarious of execution and, difficult of reproduction, not only for the authors but for anybody else who might undertake to confirm the conclusions. New instruments, labor saving gadgets for the future but no means of screening the false from the true.

In the climate of opportunism which is the result, it is hard to think of words, expressions or images to suggest a future for medical research in which we are always able to tell the true from the false.

Another significant experience occurred

~~while~~ during the term of my Fellowship in Medicine, and that was the admission of my first private patient to the hospital.

He was a young man of about 18 years and his voice reached me over the wires from outer darkness. It was around two, one Sunday morning, and the voice was quiet and infinitely sad:

"I suppose I could go on, sitting in the lobby of my hotel, but it just doesn't seem civilized, and I was told once that if I ever felt this way again I should enter a hospital. Do you suppose that could be done without too much fuss?"

The burden of sadness was so great that the question seemed to require much more than an ordinary answer. I had to struggle for composure.

"I think so. If you come to the emergency entrance of the hospital, you will be seen by one of the house doctors and whatever should be done will be carried out."

"Do you mind giving me your name?"

"Not at all."

A short time later the Supervisor in the Emergency Room called to say that there was a patient waiting. I found a tall blonde man pacing up and down the hallway. He took him into one of the small rooms generally used for surgical dressings, where he threw his head down on his arms and sobbed convulsively. At last he was able to tell me something of the story, and I learned that he was a teacher in a small city in Lower Michigan, that he had had the first major attack of depression during his fourth year at Ann Arbor, at which time a psychiatrist told him that he was suffering from manic-depressive psychoses. The disease is cyclic, he was told, and the phases of depression alternated with the manic. The trip to Chicago was undertaken when he believed himself to be slipping back into the long-feared depression, either because he was afraid of some sort of collapse in the full view of his students & associates or because he hoped to find distractions potent e-

Solitary the fleeting or the fleeing
caught by the candid camera.
What else could be so utterly alone
as the motion so capriciously
fraught

enough to ward off the depression. In the end however he didn't dare to leave his hotel for fear of becoming involved with the police, who would unearth his record of hospitalization in a State mental institution. At the University of Michigan he had been president of his class and of his fraternity.

I left him crying more quietly while I went up to the admissions desk to get him admitted, ~~and assigned to a room~~. The trouble was that, in doing so I was forced to assign him to one of the psychiatrists on the attending staff since, although I already had my licence to practice, I was neither a member of the attending staff nor a psychiatrist. But before I was able to find a solution to this dilemma, the admissions clerk gave me Robert's admission slip on which my own name was written in as attending physician. We went up to Room 330 together. The night supervisor of nurses joined us presently, having evidently been alerted. "Bars on the windows?" she whispered in a tactful aside.

I didn't doubt that Robert was capa-

"... look for a broken mesh in the net
which holds us tight, jump out, escape!
I have been praying for your flight! —
new flight
will be my thirst, like bitter my fur-
ther
you,

able of suicide or that his request to enter the hospital was for the purpose of protecting himself against his suicidal impulse." Yet almost everything's in a name, and if those lethal syllables were ever slightly altered, then the force of prophesy would be broken, and link would snap and the prisoner would escape. Such were my thoughts as I imagined how I would have felt if, overcome by a precocious knowledge of the sadness of life I had been clapped in a mental institution where those vested with authority would assure me that I was afflicted with an incurable mental disease which would always return, alternating with periods of unsubstantial euphoria.

"In limine"

I replied in the negative to the nurse's question concerning bars on the window. "Oh no" I said with an easy confidence which I was far from feeling. "But I do want a special duty nurse for all three shifts, and I'll stay here myself until seven. No medications for the present"

If at the time of this ordeal I could have read Jung's autobiographical book on dreams and recollections, written in his old age, and found a passage in which he says something like this: "I have never found a system applicable to the cure of mental and emotional disturbances. All I have been able to do is to place myself beside the patient, with all the experience I possess, and struggle there beside him" — I might have felt comforted by the knowledge that my mission was legitimate and well-founded. As it was, I felt vulnerable from every viewpoint, but unable to think of anyone to whom I could bear to lose the case while I ran for shelter.

So we talked about anything I could think of until a new wave of depression caused Robert to pound his head against the rails of the bed and while I waited until he was ready to pick up conversation again. Finally the subdued sounds in the corridor outside indicated the shifting of personnel and the beginning of the new hospital day.

"Now it's time for you to get some sleep, Robert, and I'll order a sedative for you. Which one is familiar to you? I'll stop back around lunch time."

We composed a medical telegram to the Principal in the approved vernacular of the period, to explain the delayed return, and I left to get some sleep as well as to regularize my position, if possible.

I was endorsed by — of all people — Dr. L, whose stuffy manner did not conceal from me his real kindness. "I see no reason for seeing your patient," he said in measured syllables. "You have instituted the proper regimen and I feel assured that he will be better."

For real psychiatric counsel I applied to Tom Fenton, once a neighbor and school mate. His reply conditioned my approach to medical practice from that time on. "It would not do for me to see your patient," he said. "The depression is now violent and acute and it is only you who can hold the contact. You cannot

escape your responsibility. Later, when he becomes chronic again I'll help you if you want me to. But this time nobody can help ~~you~~ ~~can't~~ nor can you evade your responsibility."

A few days after he was discharged, Robert wrote to me from the school where he had again taken up his duties.

"The bus trip back to Flint was bad but I made it somehow, and I got through the next day even to the debating team in the evening.

"It may be that you are right and that all I really need is one or two people who understand ~~me~~. Perhaps, again, you are right when you say that I am not ill but human. A human among other people who are just a little less human than I. So I shall be better, happier, and when I am, you know how grateful I shall be to you for having treated me like a gentleman."

I had no further word from him, but I always felt that in his short letter he did at least as much for me as I could have done for him.

Chapter Eleven

When the U.S. entered the Second World War, the organization of several medical units from Northwestern drained off an appreciable fraction of the doctors serving the North Side and the northern suburbs of the city, leaving many patients without their doctors and a number of hospitals with staffs so depleted that they were unable to defray their running expenses. It was for the elderly, the medically disqualified or the occasional woman doctor to accept the office records as they were dealt out by the departing colleagues who were distractedly making their wills, trying on their new uniforms and reassuring their patients that they would be taken of just as well, if not better, by somebody else. Among the Medici, the Bardi, the Uberti, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines, slated to be divorced from their attending physicians, there were certain patients who were famous for being spoiled, demanding, and everybody wondered where they would wind up. In certain of these cases, the

flying doctor lacked the courage to make a ~~direct~~ forthright referral for fear it would go wrong and the patient would be angry with him, in absentia. Instead, he gave the record to the patient, who was to make her or his own choice and confer the chart upon the winner where there was one. This must have resulted in many bizarre scenes played in the surviving offices of the lame, the halt and the blind who still needed an office, and had one. Because of my femininity, ~~my~~ the scenes were perhaps particularly bizarre. The curtain raised on one of these one afternoon when the receptionist in the office across the hall from me called to say that Mr. W.S. was there and wanted me to come over ~~there~~ so that we might become acquainted. I have never been good at that kind of fencing, but the suggestion that I appear at the summons of a stranger to make a turn up and down the room so that Mr. W.S. could decide whether or not I looked like a doctor — seemed to me completely inappropriate. I would be happy to interview Mr.

W.S. without obligation to him, I relayed back, but it would not be convenient to leave my office during office hours. The two receptionists threw the proposition back and forth for a bit, and at length Mr. S. arrived with his wife and his record and his story, which was disarming. It seemed that a doctor at Johns Hopkins had once diagnosed the chest pain of which Mr. S. was complaining as angina pectoris. "You have angina," said the doctor, "and so have I. And it will get us both in its own good time." Shortly thereafter, it got the doctor, who died without further comment leaving Mr. W.S. quavering with terror. "I want you to know how I feel," implored the survivor of this unfortunate story. "I feel something in my chest and I don't know whether I should go to bed for six weeks or take a cold shower and a good brisk walk in the country."

"It isn't at all difficult for me to understand how you must feel," I answered him, completely mollified by the realization that it had been anxiety, not arrogance, that

had caused this frail and elderly lawyer to jockey so desperately for position with a doctor who might not understand how he felt.

It was inevitable that for the last several years of his life, Mr. S.'s feelings whether physical or emotional, should occupy a rather large part of my attention. I was obliged to be extremely meticulous about leaving forwarding numbers with the telephone secretarial service so that Mr. S. could call and tell me about the pain he felt in his chest and I could choose between the hike in the country or six weeks in bed. I brought him in to the hospital many times and ran countless electrocardiograms for him, contemplating meanwhile the humiliations and the devastations of ~~fear~~ anxiety.

Another heart-breaker arrived by train from the east escorted by her physician from Charleston and announced by her husband, a distinguished barrister and philanthropist. "I wish you to be here at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. My wife will be arriving by

ambulance from the station and I wish you to be in the house when she gets here. Is that satisfactory? And for the first few days I want you to make a daily call upon her. Is that satisfactory to you?

My first call began with a conference with the doctor from Charleston. "It's essential hypertension, uncomplicated. The situation is, I shall I say, confused by certain personal elements which you will readily understand. A most charming person, Mrs. P., and I'm sure you will get along splendidly. I can tell that already. Well! Shall we go up to Mrs. P.'s room?"

We went up in the house elevator together with Mr. P. The doctor performed the introduction, placed a chair beside the bed and withdrew with Mr. P. to a discrete distance, in token of the transference of responsibility to other professional hands. I did a cursory examination, enquired as to what medication Mrs. P. had been taking, agreed to return at the same hour the following day and went down to the drawing room to make my re-

Notwithstanding this somewhat comic beginning,

port of findings and recommendations to Mr. P. There wasn't much to be said and I was rather put to it to conform to my predecessor's ~~rather ex-~~ superlative appreciated deference. "I think we would be wise to let Mrs. P. rest for the next few days, after which we will send her down to the hospital for an hour or two, so that we can get some laboratory tests and ~~do~~ review her condition in greater detail. In the meantime, no change in medication."

These commonplaces served to release the tension, and the funereal expression on Mr. P's face changed into a wreath of amiability as he prepared to take off for his office. Dr. Bainley from Charleston came down to the front door with me. "You've won already, honey down, honey," he crowed. "She's very demanding, as you gather, but once she's made up her mind, she's loyal. If there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate. 'Bye now!"

My relations with the Pritchards became one of the most cordial of my medical

but
deputy

life, and I was always touched by their confidence.

Not all went so happily. The debutante in practice has a number of determining decisions to make, even after his specialty has been chosen and his preparation completed, which are apt to take him by surprise. There is even the appearance of his office — should it bristle with gadgets and forms to impress, perhaps even intimidate, the entering patient? How should the new doctor deal with the raids made by suffering but tricky humanity upon his inexperience? Some of them were rather awful: two of them I still remember with amusement, the first being the case of a woman unknown to me who announced that she was tired and needed a tonic. After taking the history, I sent her into the examining room and hurried into the office of an internist next door. "Fred! There's a woman in my office who complains that she's tired and wants a tonic! What should I do?"

"Give her one," replied Fred with maddening calm. "Stock and bottle. I'll jot down

a couple of such substances. Just let me finish this progress note."

I took the suggestions, and returned dreamily to my examining room with a vision of endless afternoons stretching before me full of black and tired and bitter placebos for querulous, tiresome people.

"I think I can assure you that there is nothing really wrong. If we were to remember that defeat and frustration are tiring and that victory and success are exhilarating, perhaps we might find the ideal remedy."

That patient turned back at the doorway as she was leaving. "You're the most honest doctor I've ever met." I never saw her again, and now that I too am tired, I am inclined to think that it didn't make much difference whether I spoon-fed out one of Fred's black remedies or invited her to reflect upon her troubles and her inadequacies. But at the time, I felt better to handle the incident that way.

The other bit of ingenuous comedy that I remember from those first months of practice

was picturesque. It happened while I was still enjoying the hospitality of Paul Wagoner for an hour or two a day, rent free. I used to go in about three o'clock, ~~and~~ just as Jim Stack was leaving. One day we were having a Coke when the receptionist called to say that a patient, had come in without an appointment and wanted a doctor to see him.

"What seems to be the matter with him?" asked Jim.

"He says he has the bends."

"I'm leaving for an emergency in the hospital." Anyway, I don't know anything about the bends. You can send him in. Dr. F. will look after him." — and Jim slipped out the back door.

I managed to find an obsolete diagnostic manual which gave "the bends" as a popular term for Caisson Disease and mentioned that sufferers from it, having been improperly decompressed, often complained from pain due to accumulations of nitrogen in the

Carlson Dream, often referred
to as the "bonds."

Trains. All this sounded to me like what is now known in Italy as "fantarcinza." I detest the specious almost as much as I do the false: if truth either in principle or in detail is really out of the question, then I would settle for the coherent, the tracks of the slipper in the drying mud. But not the false position. ~~I to~~

I telephoned at once to one of the senior internists. "Please excuse the disturbance, Walter. There's a patient with the bends who is even at this moment coming down the corridor. What in the world shall I do?"

"Mercy!" responded Walter sympathetically. "Wait a second while I look it up in the book — yes, here we are: it says to put him in a decompression chamber."

"Oh, Walter, for God's sake!"

"It also says to give him helium," continued, just a shade ~~too~~ merrily, it seemed to me.

I groaned aloud in my anguish, and Walter suppressed something which could have

been a cough or a giggle. "You can only decide what to do when you've seen him. And whatever you do, I'm sure it will be carefully thought out."

The patient came in and sat down, rather a tough-looking fellow who viewed me with hostility. I was so undone by that time that I even forgot to take his name and address; instead I stared at him across the desk and, thinking of the nitrogen accumulations in his tissues, demanded:

"Where do you hurt?"

Evidently surprised he said sullenly: "I don't hurt."

His denial knocked the last prop from under me. "You don't! Then what do you do?"

He hesitated an instant and then remarked with cold finality: "I collapse."

"I see. And what has been the customary line of action for this type of collapse?"

"A shot of morphine." Then it finally dawned upon me that I was dealing with my first case of morphine addiction, an embarrassing class

which was of necessity excessive for a beginner.

of disorders for which there is no answer in office practice
To deny the request entirely is uncomfortable and to give a
moderate therapeutic dose is useless because the
addict can tell exactly what amount he has re-
ceived.

The strain of those
~~those~~ early years ~~were~~ was great, not only be-
cause of the weight of responsibility, but because
of the wild-cat calls for a physician which came
into ~~every~~ hospital. There included all of the in-
cidents to be expected in the life of a great city,
and were apt to come from the wrong side of
the tracks ~~some~~ or from transients in hotels
of various levels. Many of them were not the
pleasant nor safe. On Sunday afternoons I
used to stretch out on the sofa and listen to the
N.Y. Philharmonic on the radio. Often I dropped
to sleep during the program, and wakened to the
gripping ~~sadness~~ tyndrs of Wm. Steen, as he worked
his vineyards. As spring came on one year I came
to the conclusion that something would have
to be done about those tired, dull Sundays.

A spot in the country which could be reached in an hour from which important calls could be taken, patients could be hospitalized if advisable and, at the worst, I could get back to town. With the wife of the younger surgeon who had left with one of the units, I explored the country about fifty miles west of Chicago one day and where we crossed the Fox River at Yorkville. Taking the dirt River Road on the west side we came to an abandoned frame farmhouse ~~on our left~~, from which the land sloped down to the river, which was bordered with trees. As we stood at the farm gate, a girl came down the road on a piebald pony. The house was unoccupied, she said, and the place was part of the Tribune Farms, and belonged to Col. McCormick.

We climbed the Cantilever gate and walked down to the riverbank where we found the most delightful easy-chairs between the swelling roots of two immense black sugar maples whose shade was repeated and extended by the hackberries, the lindens and the walnut trees grouped about us. In the water close to the shore, a huron

lovely Illinois
to the river

stood, motionless, at the foot of his rippling image.

* * * *

This was the first visit, which was to offer me its moods, its reflections, its beauty and depredations, for some twenty-six years.

As Sue and I drove back to town we talked about Col. McCormick and whether it might be difficult to induce him to part with that bit of his farm lands, and if he should be sympathetic what price would he want for it? As for the hour Sue was a little more optimistic than I was: being a decorator by profession, she saw it remodelled and generally "fixed up" whereas I saw only its rolling timbers, its lack of light and water and its proximity to the dirty little River Road, and thought that the costs would run pretty high for a result which would hardly take advantage of the possibilities of the site. I imagine that we both dreamed in the shade of the black sugar maples that night.

Negociations with Mr. McCormick were

dropped by one Sunday
morning, and

opened promptly and soon the local caretaker said, "You'll get in the end and probably at your price; but it'll ~~probably~~ take him forever to ~~get~~ put it in writing. You just come out whenever you feel like it and if you want to put in a few vegetables, there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't. I'll take mail for you, if you want me to, and you can always wash up at my house. I'd be glad to see you enjoy the place."

It was when I bought a Franklin ~~some kinds of a stove~~ in the farmhouse and needed someone to install it for me, that I met old George Skinner in the hardware store in Plano. Mr. Skinner was a retired farmer who had nothing more to do than hoe ~~his~~ vegetable garden and trim the raspberry patch back of the old homestead on High Street. He drove out with me forthwith and we succeeded in placing the stove and connecting up the pipe. After we had fired out the draft with an old newspaper and a few sticks of kindling wood, my new friend said that the house-warming having

been celebrated, a Tree must be planted. "Kind of a pledge for the future," he said shyly. "The early settlers always planted a tree in the door-yard of a new home, and it's best that we do the same. It don't have to be big — I'll plant this pussywillow."

When I drove him back to Island he invited me in for coffee and a doughnut, and from that day there was always a welcome with a hot cup, and help for whatever problems had arisen, such as a bit of ground to be dug or fencing to be improvised to protect the vegetables from the rabbits. And when it was time to start back to town, there was often a "posy" or two or a little basket of raspberries. Through this gentle old man I came to feel the mid-west countryside with its slow breath dreams and its six feet of black top soil as I had come to love the rocky, run-out hayfields of Eastern Maine through the willful tides of flowers and flora.

* * *

During the several years which I went by

the novel deletions from the ground floor of

in correspondence with Mr. McCormick's secretary concerning the Fox River property, I took to leafing through the ~~odds and ends of~~ books and bulletins on modern architecture which I came across on the shelves of book stores and the office tables of my friends. I saw houses made of weathered boards hanging over cliffs and ravines or built out over water; I saw the white tiers and the cataracts of the Bear Run house of Wright, the Savoye house of Le Corbusier. And I began to reflect on the modules of "Le Corbu", upon architecture as an art, as a monument, a shelter, a machine for living. The solutions found by architects and builders for the housing needs, public and private, of people of various cultures and climates, seemed to me fascinating, and I marveled that I had been so slow to take an interest in architectural forms and purposes. The interest once found, the erection of even a little house in an out-of-the-way spot began to seem an action calling for a certain sense of responsibility. As in every other

situation, there must be a really fine solution for an inexpensive weekend retreat for a single person of my tastes and pre-occupations and, conversely, it would be unbearably stupid to "put up" some contractor's cottage which could only ruin the site and remain as a token of empirical mediocrity.

Then one evening I went to have dinner with Georgia and Ruth in their pleasant, old-fashioned apartment in the Irving. Also invited that evening was the massive stranger whom Georgia, with her peculiarly sweet smile, introduced, as I slipped off my coat; "This is Miss, darling."

I suppose he must have formed a few syllables as we had dinner, but if so, I do not remember them. My impression is that the three of us chatted among ourselves around the granite form of Miss. I related in detail, probably too much, the story of the finding of the property, the dickerings with Col. McCormick and the final acquisition of the nine-acre

plot containing, aside from the rolling clapboards of the house and the farm buildings, the two ancient black sugar-maples among the hackberries, the lindens and black walnuts, the rippling river and the milk-white heron.

All of this came to naught, conversationally speaking, and I concluded that Mies spoke almost no English; how much he understood remained problematical. We moved back to the sitting-room after dinner and both Ruth and Georgia disappeared to wash the dishes.

"I was wondering whether there might be some young man in your office who would be willing ~~and~~ proposed to design a small studio-weekend-house worthy of that lovely shore."

The response was the more dramatic for being preceded by two hours of unbroken silence. "I would love to build any kind of a house for you." The effect was tremendous, like a storm, a flood or other act of God. We planned a trip to Plano together, so that I could show him the property.

When I got home that night, I collected ~~the~~ what ~~various~~ books I had on modern architecture, the "international school" and the Bauhaus, ~~which~~ were sprinkled about the apartment, and looked through them for references to Mies. There was mention of the German pavilion at the Barcelona ~~Fair~~ Exposition of 1929 and of the Tugendhat House in Brno with its free-standing interior wall of onyx, ~~a wall or~~ rather brief allusion to an architect who seemed to have a singular predilection for luxury materials.

At this point I am reminded of something which the Swiss painter, Paul Klee, once said to his pupils at the conclusion of a series of lectures. My book is no longer at hand and I am quoting from memory about what I remember and not what the art historians have recorded -- "after you have mastered the Formal Means, and the painting is before you, then you will need all possible patience for the public who will hang over your shoulder and say, 'But that doesn't look anything like Uncle!'" For all of us, both public and artist,

look at a painting and search therein for the known and trusted face."

So I searched the sundry texts that lay about the apartment, and saw in them an architect whose austerity had kept him from popularity and whose manner was determined by his insight. ~~Then, too~~ That was the face described to me by the few accounts of Mies which lay at hand.

Not many days ~~later~~ after the morning of our meeting in the pleasant, bookish little apartment in the old Irving, we set out for a day in the country, to inspect the property with a view to the ideal weekend home. It was either late autumn or late winter when I stopped at 200 East Pearson to call for Mies, and he came out wearing an enormous black overcoat of some kind of soft, fine wool which reached well down toward his ankles. Installed beside me in the little Chevrolet he put up only feeble resistance to the advances of my white cocker who sprawled across his knees for the duration of the trip.

Finally we reached the dooryard of the farm-

his profile suddenly alert + sensitive

house and I would open the car doors. The emergence of Miss and the cocker was spectacular, as I ~~expected~~ found out that the latter had yielded most of his white coat in a soft frosting over the black wool of that splendid overcoat, and we had nothing on board with which to remove it.

We walked down the ~~frozen~~ slope, through the frozen meadow grass and dormant brush, and I worried for fear a European might would be unable to see the beauty of the mid-west country at so unfavorable a season; but midway down, Miss stopped and looked all around him. "It is beautiful!" he said, and I didn't doubt the spontaneity of his exclamation.

We began to see each other from time to time and to make frequent Sunday excursions out to Plano, often including the boys from Miss' office and Mr. Bonnet. The latter was a decorator who had known Miss in Europe and was a frequent visitor in the office. "Ah! I love Miss" he would declare exuberantly. "I really love him!"

As the warm weather came on we had to cut pathways through the weeds and meadow grass down to the shore where Muir had discovered a stump on which he could sit. The ankylosing arthritis of the right hip which crippled him in his later years was already advanced, and he was unable to sit directly on the ground. From the bank we studied various sites for the house and drove a few tentative stakes.

"Muir what building materials were you thinking of for the house?"

"I wouldn't think of the problem quite like that: I wouldn't think: 'We'll build a brick house or a reinforced concrete house: I would think that here where everything is beautiful, and privacy is no issue, it would be a pity to erect an opaque wall between the outside and the inside. So I think we should build the house of steel and glass; in that way we'll let the outside in. If we were building in the city or in the suburbs, on the other hand, I would make it opaque from outside

such as lighting cigarettes for women guests

and bring in the light through a courtyard in the middle."

It was all great fun. Miss reminded me of a medieval peasant, and aspects of his nature which later proved themselves as cruel, during those years seemed simply clumsy. He never showed the trivial courtesies — or the greater ones either, for that matter — and it never occurred to him to call a taxi or otherwise facilitate the safe return of any unescorted female visitor. She could just scurry through the dark streets however she could.

After we had had a number of picnics together, and he had come to dinner with me several times, he suddenly said, "You can eat dinner at my house." I arrived for this innovation several days later and was disconcerted to find no evidence that a guest was expected that evening. The dining-room was occupied as was the custom by an unused drawing table, and in the living room there was no card table suggesting the subsequent appearance of doilies, plates and glasses. But I did think I could hear low sounds of activity

proceeding from the kitchen. Mia got up from the black upholstered armchair at the end of the long marble table (let into the partition in a sort of double cantilever, as he had pointed out) and made for the pantry. "Can I be of help?" I called uncertainly, following along after him. Without answering he ~~handed me~~ offered me a tray and took a similar one for himself. They were much like those used in cafeterias and each was set with an entire meal. Leading the way back to the living room Mia plumped his tray down on the end of the cantilevered marble table and sat down on the arm of his black easychair, his napkin somehow made fast to his shirt. Not knowing what to do with mine, I sat down on the black sofa across the width of the room, with the tray on my lap; but I couldn't manage, and there seemed nothing else to do but ~~place the tray~~ put it on the table that held the lamp, and sit on the adjacent arm of the sofa. In so collocated that way, we both faced west like two trout heading upstream, sustaining the exquisite discomforts of our positions from opposite sides of the room. No word

Is this The medioval peasant or
is it the cruel and imperviues
person?

The weavers' daughters, the apprenticeship,
the art school, Mr. Design, Lilly Reich, Behrens
van Doesburg, the parents

in the black arm chair

was spoken — none could be — and nothing could be heard but the occasional fumble of silverware on china or teeth and the soft sounds of food consumption, not to say digestion.

Mies made it in half the time it took me to dawdle my way, nervously cutting up through the eating of a double lamb chop. When at last I gave up, he got his fat abruptly, seized his tray and hurried out to the pantry while I picked up mine and fell in behind him.

Once more in our places, on the cushions rather than on the arms which had the shape and consistency of fence rails, we faced each other with watery smiles and began to talk about modules, about proportions, golden modules and metaphysical proportions. His glass now in place of the tray on the end of the table, he sat there with half-closed eyes, his face as impassive as a landscape — and talked about his past life, from his childhood in Aachen to the present as head of the department of architecture at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

So I pictured Miss as a small boy attending the local trade school and earning a few pennies in his spare time by picking up nails where building was in progress. His father was a stone-cutter and the boy was taught to polish the inscription on tombstones. "The best part of the day came when the work was finished and we boys went to the factory and stood at the gates, waiting for the weavers' daughters to come out," he remarked with a reminiscent smile.

"Waiting for what, Miss?"

"The weavers' daughters," he repeated, unperturbed. "To try to get a kiss from them. They were beautiful!"

The story of the weavers' daughters never lost its top place ~~here~~ in the early Miss Thronicles and those of us who remained as familiar visitors during those six or eight years of the planning section of the Fox River house continued to urge him to tell us about them. There was another anecdote of the same period which also appealed to me, and this had to do with his

boyhood in Aachen and the day the stone-cutter brought his son to the local "Kunstgewerbe Schule" to get him enrolled. Father and son trailed helplessly around the corridors, ignorant of what door they should pass through. On all of them, Mies recalled, the word "Design" appeared in one context or another, and at last he stopped his father to ask, "Who is this Mr. Design who lives in all the rooms of this school?"

But the monolithic Mies was not much given to nostalgic recollections of childhood, nor was there anything about him to suggest that he had ever been "brought up," or in fact modified by anyone. It was said later by Waltraut, this youngest of his three daughters, that ~~I~~ Mies could never have driven a car because when the road turned he was so stubborn that he would have continued to go straight ahead. Lovely, unfortunate Waltraut—

Aside from Mr. Design, there was one reference made by Mies to his parents that

slid open like a little trap-door and revealed a dark space; then the aperture closed without a sound and for years I forgot that it was there. It happened late one evening: the cigar was burning down toward the wet, macerated end and the glass on the end of the table had been refilled many times.

"Did your parents continue to live in Aachen after you left home, Miss?"

"My parents? They didn't know much about me after I went to work in Behrens' office. Once I started to go back to see them in Aachen but I met some friends on the train and we were drinking and I forgot to get off at the station."

"So you got off at the next stop and went back?"

"The next stop? No, I never went back."

"Never at all? You never saw them again?"

"Why should I?"

Perhaps Jim Speyer was there that evening and we slipped out together, leaving Mies still seated in the black armchair in a mist of cigar smoke.

There was a certain metaphysical vein which enhanced the standard hopes of Mies himself. I suppose that it was pretty thoroughly bogus in the sense that it only ~~was~~ accoutrements to his professional personality and not a true inwardness inevitable in the character of the medieval peasant as I had chosen to see it; at any rate I read Guardini as he urged, and tried to lend myself to the concept of liturgy as an element in the "hierarchy of values," or as a mystic dimension of religion, or a setting-up exercise in the hygiene of the soul — as almost anything which might enrich my own awareness, presumably by showing me how Mies had been enriched. And I dutifully contemplated Corbu's modulor although I was never able to see any organic connection between the proportions of the human body and those of the Savoye or any other house, or what

Monument to Liebknecht + Rosa L.,
Dimensions + proportions to form
a crane, and thence to
"Form follows function" + its
later contradiction

Stories - Goebbels, the Mayor of Dessau
What is life? - Schroedinger
Miss + the mythic. His fear
of death + the photo

Period of disorder
Schneider
The girls
"I lost my husband to van der Rohe,

such a connection could have meant if it had existed. Could it have been the absolute which music had denied? A sort of ~~eternal~~ specifications code for natural forms? In any case, I was all great fun to talk about, or at least to hear what Mies would talk about it, since nobody among the disciples was disposed to compete with those ponderous reminiscences whether of modules and dimensions, or of Behrens, van de Velde, van Doesburg, Lilli Reich, the Mayor of Dessau and the last days of the Bauhaus.

The story of the Mayor of Dessau was dark and cloudy, less regularly retold than the chronicle of the hours spent ~~in waiting~~ on the benches in the outer office of I believe it was Goebels, waiting to plead for the survival of the Bauhaus. The Goebels story was rehearsed less insistantly that we were startled one late evening when Hugo said, "We got a new fact tonight. He gave us the width of the benches in the waiting room of Goebel's office." The story of the Mayor of Dessau was different and its telling always suggested an act of ex

from Weimar

orism. It dealt essentially with kindnesses rendered by the Mayor to the personal of the Bauhaus during the period from 1925 when still under the directorship of Gropius, the school was moved to Dessau, and 1932 when it was permanently closed by the Nazis, and the Mayor was put on trial to answer for his friendliness. Mies was in Berlin at the time, trying to obtain permission to reopen the school there, and was called to Dessau to testify in the case of the Mayor. "I kept trying to think of what I could say to help him," Mies recalled. "There was one thing I could have said but I just couldn't remember it until I was on the train going back to Berlin. I could have kicked myself!" That anecdote turned up now and then, in moments of confidence, and for years I pitied him for a memory lapse so disturbing and for the naggings of conscience which seemed to have tormented him. Much later, however, I could not believe any longer in Mies as capable of any scruples whatever.

But at this stage in our relationship I took it for granted that our views on all such matters were the same. The impression was heightened by the discussions we had after Miss had read Schroedinger's book, "What is Life?" I told him that disciplined, lucid treatise by an eminent physicist, thinking that, whatever might be his metaphysical views, he could only admire a kind of heroic abstemiousness in Schroedinger's reduction of life to observable crystals, organic or inorganic. This turned out to be true, and on the occasion of our next evening with Miss, Jim and I found him limping heavily up and down the living room, obviously greatly agitated.

"Don't you approve of the Schroedinger book, Miss? You seem so upset."

"It is unspiritual. What about man and his hopes for immortality?" Does he think I can sit staring at the snowflakes on the window or the salt crystals on the dinner table, and be satisfied? I want to know what I

have to expect after death."

"Probably Schroedinger does too, but writing as a physicist and deleting the yearnings of the natural longings of human beings for a hereafter, he still offers to man the very considerable dignity of the observer of life. We don't have to just sit and get rained on —"

"That's not enough!"

"Why don't you write to him and find out whether he has some fringe comforts to suggest that he couldn't include in his book? He's at one of the Irish universities and he might well be pleased to hear from you. After all, he is at least as human as we are."

I was struck with the force of Wies' preoccupation with death and it lent a mystic urgency even to the project of the house by the river, and an indefinable dimension to the personality of Wies. I listened to the story of the monument designed by Wies for Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and constructed as a wall made of bricks accidentally fused in the kiln — and saw in it a kind

Miss
pitiless and hard as he turned out to be, But
also

as it appeared in —

and I recall ~~with~~ the Schroedinger incident
and the affectionate concern with which
we tried to shield our mediaeval peasant
from the intolerable apprehension of his
own extinction. At least that is what we
thought we were doing although now, as I
contemplate that late portrait, I wonder
whether the dread on those familiar features
might rather have had to do with some
misconceived ~~unappropriated~~ unappropriated regret. At any rate, Schroe-
dinger served to bring an aroma of eternal
verities into our notions of Miss and to
justify the cult which the disciples were
fervently elaborating.

of solidarity far transcending the political vanity.
I had this evening some thirty years later come across
the photograph of Mies, evidently taken shortly before his death in 1972.
the photograph of Mies, ~~expressed~~ in a London paper,
the face of a man in the upper eighties, defiant
and fearful.

By 1947 there were sketches and a model of the house. The model was packed and shipped to New York for the Van der Rohe exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. This event must have been planned by at least certain of his ~~B~~ sponsors ~~presid~~ such as Philip Johnson, as a debut in the United States, and timed for a moment at which success might ~~be~~ reasonably be counted upon. During the first eight or ten years of his residence in Chicago, Mies had offended some of the ~~distinguished~~ Chicago architects who had procured for him the chair in architecture at the Ill. Inst. of Technology, ~~by~~ work the blank arrogance with which he, as a refugee from Nazi Germany, had accepted this most useful post. Then, the first few buildings designed

by Miss for the campus did not please the graduates who wrote back to their alma mater in considerable numbers to describe in depth their dislike of structures which looked like factories or warehouses and their protests that such warehouses should be chosen to house the great Technological institute of the Mid-West. This naturally saddened the trustees and benefactors of the School who, themselves, were not too sure of their adherence to the austerity of the rectangle as the absolute, sine qua non, of modern architecture. Likewise, the Promontory Apartments, the first residential building undertaken by Miss, did not please either the tenants or the public: among other defects, its reinforced concrete soon began to show vertical streaks, seemingly of rusty water trickling from floor to floor. These were ineradicable and tended to disqualify the building as a prestigious apartment home as well as a subject to photograph for the exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art.

Finally, there was discontent among

These conditions delayed the launching of the massive publicity campaign which was to deluge the country like a tidal wave. The philosophy and the slogans made little or no impression, and the memory of the Pavilion, long due maturity a few sketches of unfeasable and undesirable buildings never realized, a free-standing wall of onyx and one of marble — convinced nobody, and for a number of years Miss' acceptance in America remained doubtful.

Mondrian

responsibility

at the Institute

The undergraduates, whose families had made sacrifices to give their boys the opportunity to graduate from the Ill. Inst. of Tech. and study under the great European architect. They maintained that they were saw Miss and that, so far as he was concerned, the curriculum consisted in the drawing of brick-bonds — not just a few bricks to indicate the system, but yards of them.

However, the disciples saw only unenlightenment and a survival of the Victorian love of fake towers, battlements and pergolas (back-country) in the messages of protest sent by the graduates. The stairs on the concrete whiteness of the Promontory building seemed to me "just one of those things" and both factors encouraged me in the conviction that innovators in the arts or the sciences need not, and should not, look to the general public for understanding and support. It was the obligation of (and privilege) innovators in other fields to supply the background for such advances. As for the students

His reply was brief and coarse:

sitting in their schoolrooms, drawing rubber bricks, without ever a word from their Head or a glimpse of his ever-more-publicized features, how I thought that Miss was squarely in the wrong.

"Those boys come from farms and villages all over the country. Each one has some quality or talent, some scrap of something that has brought him here to you, at considerable cost to his family. They all want to learn something from you. I do think you might at least pronounce a few words of welcome to the entering Freshmen."

I was really ~~inquisitive~~ ~~astonished~~ by his reply.

"They can see me when I leave my room to go to the john!"

The art critics and the architects who attended the opening of the Museum exhibit found themselves dwarfed by the immense blow-ups of old photographs which covered the walls: the Barcelona Pavilion, the Tugendhatt House with its onyx wall, the little Fox River house was set up on a table, and I was distressed

standing around it
that the hand-made trees gave the observer no idea of the great lindens, the maples and the hackberries under which it was to stand. But it was the pivotal point of the exhibit, and I was happy as I boarded the train back to Chicago, and reflected that our project might well become the prototype of new and important elements in American architecture.

I do not remember what the New York critic wrote about the Van der Rohe exhibit. But there was one visitor who let fall a comment which found its way to Mies not in minutes but in seconds. That visitor was Frank Lloyd Wright. The comment was pithy: "Negation is not enough."

Back in Chicago, a day or two later, we gathered at Mies's to consider what should be done about that comment. After long deliberation during which he sat in his black chair and puffed his cigar, inarticulate and huffy, we drafted a dignified complaint having a dim bearing upon negation. This was approved

As we left that evening, and went over to the nearest B + J for relaxation and scrambled eggs, we couldn't decide whether we had been umpiring a battle between ~~two~~ giants or a squabble between two unbearably conceited old men.

So

a summer of satisfactions

" " problems flood water, footings, roofing, utilities, doors, partitions, glass, screening

" " visitors

*

"Are you going to be happy building a small house out of conventional building materials, without any envy?"

"I will build this house for you as I would build it for myself!"

In the big drafting room, the boys sat at their tables, transfigured. "This is the most important house in the world," they

minor
with one or two corrections signed, addressed and mailed. The answer came promptly:

"Sorry old chap," it said, "that my comment offended you. Apologize. But negation just isn't enough."

Chapter Twelve

retrospective

Not many months after the showing at the Museum, serious preparations began to be made for the execution of the house. After reviewing my financial prospects I went down to Mies' office one afternoon and wrote down on the edge of the drawing table before him the sum $40,000 and listed the costs it represented. "How can we have the house?" I asked, half believing that the question was rhetorical in view of the extreme simplicity of the design.

"I should think so," Mies replied. "We haven't made any estimates yet, but it must be a cheap house — it's almost nothing."

In that way, ~~that~~ on the edge of the meandering Chicago Loop, the Fox River house ceased to be simply a project and began its period of

gestation; ~~and~~ concomitantly, the last basic ob-
gan, doomed to dereliction because of its gram-
dire ambiguity, also got off the ground: Less
is More.

crowd!"

Fast fast, big machinery began to roll through the gate and excavations appeared in the lower meadow. There was a lot of talk about the technical details such as the dimensions of the concrete footings which were to bear the weight of the columns, the length of the bay system, the method of heating and the material to be used for the floor. With some apprehension I agreed to travertine for the latter. The utilities were all to be led up from ground level to the house, some six feet above the meadow, through an immense black iron cylinder which would somehow keep them warm. Modern technology had overcome the difficulties of insulation and we were to use exposed steel and single pane glass.

As I passed some of these points on to members of my family and to friends who

were outside the charmed circle I was met with growls and hoots. "You'll lose heat through all sides of your glass box! It could at least insulate the floors and ceilings. And you simply can't escape condensation on all your single pane glass and exposed steel! There's nothing he can say or that modern technology can do that's going to change that."

Those were trying moments for me, but loyalty to the "virtuous Yesicht" prevailed. "He must know what he's doing. And at Head of Architecture at IIT, there must be plenty of engineers who can assist if assistance is wanted," I responded.

Certain details which could not be laid to "modern technology" but to bothered me even more. One of these was the absence of a second door to the house or of any window whatsoever. The second idea took my breath away and I told Mies that I couldn't spend a night without an open window and would never accept a house without at least

—unless sheer discomfort and depression
should drive us together.

one window. I felt almost as strongly about a second door. "I think I should have two ways of getting in or out," I complained. "In case of fire, or other emergencies." "I'm not too happy about the 'glare box' motif, and I rebel at a glass trap."

Another contested point was the "open plan" of the interior, according to which a guest would have a bathroom but no bedroom. He, or she, could sleep on a sofa or I would spread a mattress on the travertine floor. We would each habit a sort of three-dimensional sketch, I in my "sleeping space" and he in his. In the end I got two large windows and no "back door" and no partitions. It was not hard to see Mies' objections to a second door since this would have to be let into one of the big wall-panes and connected by a little flight of steps with the ground, and was bound to look like an automobile showroom. And a partition, if introduced, would have to start at a column, in which case it would end by bisecting the fire-

place

all useful things
from followers further

* ~~It was not an imitation~~ So the simultaneous realization of Wes' innovations in architecture and mine in fluid and self motivation seemed to me just as it should be and absolutely thrilling.

or end nowhere. So I subsided and we "let the outside in" and allowed our space to remain undisturbed, "caught between two horizontal planes."

Notwithstanding a few disagreements and tensions, the summer of 1949 was brilliant and exciting. For the true disciples, the bulldozers and shovels which scarred the flood meadows with deep, purposeful pits and trenches meant the progressive realization of a youthful vision of dominion and grandeur. The big drafting-room beside the frantic Chicago loop became a club-room, a sanitorium and a kibbutz, and the boys vied for the attendance privilege of contributing to the realization of "the most important house in the world."

For me that summer was marvelous because it fulfilled my ideal that persons trained in different fields of the arts or the sciences should seek to understand the ideals and principles common to all fields of advancement and to lend their loyalty and support. For the past few years the case history of Norman had been germinating in my mind, and the new facts

of kidney function, learned in Indianapolis and subsequently practised in a wide variety of cases, had contributed new facts and suggested new insights into the pathogenesis of glomerulonephritis. Reviewing also the facts concerning the excretion of sodium and chloride in cardiac and in cardiac decompensation as they had become clear to me through the good offices of the edematous alcoholics on the wards of the County Hospital, I came to the tentative conclusion that Bright's Disease was not at all as the conventional teachings dictated, that far from presenting the picture of kidneys which were unable to excrete, it reflected renal tubules reacting to abnormal stimuli by salt- and water-retaining hormones. Of such hormones, only those elaborated by the adrenal cortex were capable of producing the ratio of urinary sodium to chloride demonstrated to exist in glomerulonephritis with edema. Drawing the conclusions, the disorder would have to be interpreted not as an organ disease but as a

systemic derangement in which all the tissues were sick but, for lack of a fluid convenient for laboratory analysis, had passed unnoticed while the attention of physicians remained concentrated upon the kidneys. Starting, then, from entirely different premises, the disease first described around 1826 by Richard Bright and never subsequently challenged now appeared in a totally different light and the implications of my wishful thinking seemed almost boundless. The more I pondered, the more the "classical" theories seemed crude and naïve and the new possibilities seemed likely and worthy of exploration; the problem was the choice of a method or test capable of ruling my theories in or out.

The appearance in one of the medical journals of a paper reporting certain preliminary experiences with the newly available "cortictrophic" hormone from the pituitary gland offered such an approach through its function of stimulating the production of what came to be called cortisone, by the adrenals. The pituitary had been described by physiologists

and endocrinologists as the master gland and its hormones were known as regulators of other glands such as the thyroid, little was known about its action upon the adrenal cortex ~~was not known~~ until the nineteen-twenties when it was noted that experimental animals which had been deprived of their pituitary glands were unable to withstand stress. The animal used was the rat and the form of stress applied was cold. The results were conclusive, and were further supported by the converse experiment in which hypophysectomized animals were found to recover their power to withstand stress by the administration of a crude water extract of pituitary tissue. It was then the task of bio-chemists to break down that crude extract into its various protein constituents and identify the fraction associated with the withstanding of stress. Out of these patient and crucial labors there emerged the adrenocorticotrophic hormone (ACTH) complete with its molecular weight and

from animal glands

other chemical characteristics and reproducible ~~ready~~ on an enlarged scale by the big commercial laboratories. Since the material was a protein and to manufacture therefore depended upon a process of extraction, not of chemical synthesis, it was logical that the commercial production should be undertaken by one of the great packing houses, such as Armours. By 1945-49, the new "wonder drug" was being made at rather enormous cost in small lots which were rather less uniform in their physiological action than would have been desirable. Even so, Armour Laboratories planned to devote a year to the clinical trials which would determine the physiological action and hence the potential usefulness of ACTH as a therapeutic agent.

Almost all of this background information was unknown to me when I looked up the number of Armour Laboratories in the telephone directory, dialed and asked for the person in charge of the ACTH project. In touch with Dr. John R. Mote I explained that

My ~~hope~~ line of reasoning was simple: if the renal tubules were acting under excessive stimulation and thereby reabsorbing excessive quantities of sodium and chloride, they might well respond differently to bombardment by ACTH, in the principle that a wild horse, if whipped, will behave differently from the horse which is fresh and rearing to go.

I was interested in the diseases characterized by massive edema, namely, hepatic cirrhosis, cardiac decompensation and nephritis and wanted to use ACTH as a research tool, hoping thereby to throw light upon the mechanism of the water-retention in those three situations.

Dr. Mote said that my plans sounded ~~very~~ interesting, and apologized for his request for a detailed outline of the projected studies as well as reprints of published papers. "I'm sorry to have to be so demanding," he said pleasantly. "The stuff is fearfully difficult and expensive to manufacture and to give it to the profession to see that the little that we have goes as far as possible toward furthering a working design of its properties."

I lost no time in complying with Dr. Mote's requirements and he lost none in signaling his endorsement. "I think it's a very promising and important project," he said by telephone. "You will receive your first supply by messenger tomorrow afternoon.

Please keep me in close touch with results as they begin to come in, and don't hesitate to let me know if I can be of service. Best of luck!"

In the hospital at that time was a 19 year old white girl named Betty who was all that the most impersonal researcher could ask as a typical example of long-standing glomerulonephritis, with edema, which was refractory to all attempts to produce a diuresis. I spent an hour with the house staff going over the records of her several hospitalizations, and explained the purposes of the experiment and the procedures to be followed. Betty herself was then invited to sit in on the meeting and asked if she had any objection to being the first patient from nephritis to be treated with ACTH. She assured us she had none and only wanted to know if she could be allowed to keep the vials as souvenirs. We listed the data to be collected, wrote the orders for the nurses and then went to my laboratory to alert the technicians and check on all the

magenta.

When the control data was complete Betty was given her first intramuscular injection of adrenocorticotrophic hormone and the experimental period was written for 48 hours and a total of 200 mgs. of the material.

At the end of the first experimental day our patient was considerably worse. She had retained most of the fluids she had taken on, showed a gain in weight of 3½ lbs. Her poor little face was more bloated and disfigured than ever. This was not entirely unexpected since, according to my theory, I was giving a powerful dose of a substance which was already present in excess. But for me it was hard to bear. Hard to bear also were the cold eyes of the nurse. I struggled to maintain a scientific objectivity, and we continued our rounds without much discussion.

Twenty-four hours later, the edema had continued to increase and we found ourselves surrounded by puffy faces as we

at the nursing station
took the chart off the rack, & one of the nurses put the question directly and disagreeably: "What's that stuff you're giving Betty that only carries a tol number and that seems to make her so much worse?"

After checking with the laboratory to make sure that the blood specimens were complete, I yielded and terminated the test at thirty-six hours instead of forty-eight as planned, and went home that night bearing the formidable burden of having committed a medical act which had no precedent. The evaluation of the consequences could be made only after the completion of all the laboratory work.

Two days later I went back to the ward and of Fourth Floor Ruled to review the experiment ~~excise of the~~ and try to draw the preliminary conclusions. Betty met me in the corridor, incredibly improved in appearance. "I haven't felt so good in years!" she called out as she danced past me in her pink Kimona.

The gaps in the story were not complete filled in

in all detail for another week but the prime events were already fairly clear, among the first of which was the fact that the remission occurred after not during the administration of the cortico-trophic hormone, and not during the acute phase stimulation of the adrenal cortex. So the experiment tended to confirm the impression that to give ACTH to Betty was to aggravate a pre-existing defect or dysfunction, and that the improvement which followed the course of treatments came as a result of the temporary exhaustion of the cortex, ~~if not from~~ When the rest of the chemistries were finished we were able to confirm that the remission included not only the profound diuresis which had got rid of over 25 lbs. of body weight but a notable decrease in the blood cholesterol and a reconstitution of blood proteins.

I called Dr. Wiete and invited him to visit my laboratory and join me in evaluating the data which I had incorporated into one large and spectacular graph. He sat there

and how it should be treated

studying the reads,
at the big lab table, ~~and~~ talking and drinking coffee
and the technicians hung over our shoulders,
marveling at how the pieces of the puzzle could
be made to fit together. It was a beautiful occa-
sion.

The next observations would show how last-
ing the remission would turn out to be and, if
a relapse were to follow, how it would come a-
bout. In the meantime, the value of the study
already performed would have to remain pre-
sumptive until its reproducibility could be demon-
strated, and other patients would have to be similar-
ly studied before any conclusions could be reach-
ed. But we were all aware that the reversal of
a disease process as complex as nephritis
could hardly come about through some fluke
and we did not doubt that the experiment would
give parallel results if performed upon other
patients.

Not many weeks later a patient with
more advanced nephritis was referred to me
and we set up the same type of experimental

study. Our second patient was a 12-year-old male whose illness had first been recognized 4-5 years before. By the time I saw him his blood pressure was elevated and uremia was already present; although, like Betty, he had marked edema. His course showed a few differences from Betty's, but was even more brilliant than hers in that both uremia and hypertension subsided. Before long we had consistent data from six or eight cases representing various phases of nephritis — enough for the preliminary report required by Dr. Mote for the first conference on ACTH, to be held in October of 1949.

In its earliest stages, nothing could be more fascinating than a novelty in medical thought, even the smallest chips knocked from the mountainous flank of unattainable truth. Then the first formal intimation is given of some appropriate method — and the pack is off, usually on a tangent, down the home stretch in full cry! The rare and refined joys of the mind in solitude promptly deteriorate under the rude and

indignities of publicity. That was the way it was for me when, a novice, a midwesterner and a woman, I packed my toothbrush and my little box of slides and started for Atlantic City to give a paper at a symposium called by the Public Health on Fluids and Electrolytes. I had been told that the meeting would last for one day and would consist of seven papers dealing with various phases of salt and water metabolism in the light of recent advances in the field. "We are trying to bring order among the researches so that the American practitioner will have a basis of recognized teachings to depend on," explained the letter of invitation to participate.

My contribution to this lordly-sounding conference was a painstaking, abstruse paper on the behavior of the renal tubule under stimulation by ACTH. I had worked out ~~faithful deductions~~ mathematical equations which I arranged in well-advised but impenetrable ratios, and the whole showed whether the prime effect of the hormone was on sodium, on chloride or on water. There

was nothing wrong with this plan or with the conclusion that the effect of ACTH was fatal of all upon the cation. The ~~which dragged~~ trouble with the Symposium on Fluids and Electrolytes, insofar as I was concerned, was that my own inexperience had convinced me that if would consist of the seven of us speakers and that we would sit around a table and bare our hearts to each other, express all our hopes and fears as these had to do with salt and water, and finish by formulating a few basic principles for ~~the~~ temporary guidance of medical practice. With this ingenuous picture in mind, I was stupefied to enter the room which was to house this earnest, modest scene, and discover that it was the largest room in Atlantic City, that it was packed to the doors and rigged for mass public speaking, with loud speakers, amplifiers and what-not, as dictated by modern technology! Not far away, however excitedly to beckon me to the seat they were holding for me -- the trembling hands of two of the other speakers. "My God, Harry.

I never thought it would be like this! I don't think I can make it —"

"Shut up!" I'm next up, and when I'm through, you've drunk will get loped up there and support my conclusions. Yours is the last paper this afternoon."

Harry got through all right and did not hesitate to summon me to the platform "to support his conclusions." The audience extended before me, ~~a~~ rows of dark faces with pipes gripped in their teeth, scouts (as I came to find out) for the research establishments ~~of the Mountain~~ ~~West~~ continent. Anyway, that morning trip up and back furnished me with a dress rehearsal for the afternoon, which was helpful when at four-thirty I was called up to deliver the final paper on the program. My knees were shaking violently as I put the manuscript and notes on the lectern and turned to acknowledge the greeting of the moderator who had to hand me the pointer and the pin-point flashlight. I wasn't in condition to manipulate either one or the

Thurs. 6:30 Harry
Fri 4:30 Nika

to speak from the floor.

other but it cheered me somewhat to see that he didn't seem to notice my quaking knees, chiefly because

The question period was brief, for the simple reason that nobody could decide quickly enough what to make of my data, much less whether there were flaws in the line of reasoning. So I clambered down off the platform, relatively unchecked, when I received the congratulations and blessings of Dr. McQuarrie, prominent scientifically-minded among natural philosophers. Those also of the Hopkins group who urged me to visit them on my way home. I wonder now why it was that I was able to get into the firing line with my condensations labors but unable to accept the affectionate invitation of the friendly group from Johns Hopkins who crowded around me when I tottered down from the platform at the close of the Symposium on Fluid and Electrolytes.

As for those who would have challenged every particular if they had dared, I met them on a later day the following day, deployed over the beds and the floor of one of the hotel rooms. "There's your place," said one of these, indicating one of the twin beds

which was occupied by two instead of three recumbent persons. "Make yourself comfortable. Your drink is on the way. Soda? Right you are. Now would you be so kind as to tell us what you think those statistics of yours prove? Just speak freely, if you care to, and in words of two syllables. We were all very much interested in your paper; we feel however, that we are all passing through a rather revolutionary moment in medicine, and any further bedevilment is not what we're looking for. What in hell do you really think all of those ratios of yours indicate?"

"I limited my conclusions—"

"You sure did! We all commend your ~~proper~~ caution in not getting your neck out. Very proper. But for all of us hardened veterans grouped here around you, all of this is irritating — very irritating. For example, Dr. X who is extended on your left, gathers from your figures that in cardiac decompensation everything is wrong except the heart, whereas Dr. Y suspects you of insinuating that in nephritis

everything is wrong except the kidneys. Now we have lured you here to pry out of you, if possible, your innermost thoughts. "Speak up!"

Back in Chicago I had an urgent phone call from Dr. Mote. "For heaven's sake, did you tell everybody you met in Atlantic City all about your project? I've had no fewer than seventeen requests for LCTH since you put foot on the Board Walk! Haven't you any instinct for self-preservation? If not, haven't you any regard for me? I haven't any more of the material available and it's very hard to turn down eminent researchers from first class institutions. I'm trying to protect the priorities of each spoke in our wheel: the nephritis idea is all yours and you're down for the report at the October conference. Don't tell all your secrets to everybody who asks you!"

It was clear that for all the facetiousness, the bedroom tribunal had been in deadly earnest and that what?

Immaginiamo Italia: Mondo bandiera fiori e
grida
urli acuti di "Evviva la patria" come nel 1914,
l'eventuale
Fra i partiti ora per la fronte il morale è
per quanto cerebrale intellettuale
eccellente ma entusiasmante mentale, Lucio
che dicono che uomini è intelligente non è
motivo. "Se è inevitabile che venga, andiamo
attesa gioiosa
di vivere in questa ~~maniera~~

sulle mura
accollata in ogni dove nelle città e nei paesi
Il governo ha telefonato a parecchi (fra loro)
a casa loro
ieri
ieri
ieri

da l'Est, la stazione ferroviaria da dove migliaia di
partiti
soldati sono stati per raggiungere le fortezze delle
del
frontiere di nord. Ove la maggior parte erano vi
elmi
di vera e elmo d'acciaio, pur portando le
di famiglia piccole di fazzoletti
coperture e fazzi di calzetta pulite che erano
vi erano
stati ordinati di portare da casa. In più, le
le mogli hanno
madri i padri e le sorelle non versato lagrime
le trattenute hanno
prima che i treni si avviarono. Mentre la
maggioranza degli uomini sono stati chiamati
alle armi per mezzo del bando ufficiale
intitolato l'"Appel immédiat," che è stato

da
~~per~~ la pace che non esisteva giovedì o venerdì

Inghilterra, tutti in Francia; il governo, i soldati,

~~a bruciare per~~

le masserie — aiutiamo a prepararvi per la

guerra qualora essa risulti una parola inevitabile della storia. Durante questi ultimi tre

giorni d'ansia i parigini sono rimasti del tutto calmi. Come dicono loro, "Maintenant

nous avons l'habitude" — abbiamo avuto il

marzo 1917, abbiamo avuto il settembre

passato, ora abbiamo l'agosto." L'emozione

maggiore si è verificata attorno al Gare

Parigi sera ven. p. 221

Preparativi per la guerra 26 Agosto

La mobilitazione generale, che si attua per appellata 1° giorno

di ancora

fin: sull'intera della rete non ha avuto luogo.

È

Da tre giorni Danzig si trova in stato di

ca vigo attesa

guerra pronta per l'arrivo

tensione militare, in attesa dell'arrivo della flotta

tedesca, la quale non è ancora fatta vedere.

È

Nonostante la deplorevole interruzione Hendaye-

nei collegio o incontro

Hitler, i circoli diplomatici qui credono che

sono del parere

i messaggi inviati da Roosevelt possano aver

influenza

fatto una certa impressione. Per quanto

finora

riguarda si sente oggi una debole speranza

Torno in Europa (avevo trascorso un'annata
in Italia e in Francia nel 1920-1921) che
una specializzazione alla università
per la spesa di studii avanzati in
qualche università. Non mi era chiaro
che cosa volevo nella vita. Non volevo
potere essere
insegnare sebbene sapessi di aver tutto
un buon insegnante
to per questa professione.

del New Jersey

collegio, per ragazzi che si preparavano
alunni

da matricolare all'università e per be stati
per l'ammissione ai

come campeggiatore in villeggiatura per classi estive.
campo estivo collegato alla scuola

sempre in congiunzione con la scuola. A
All'apparenza

guardarsi ero allegro e coscienzioso; dentro
non mi importava niente

di me, però, ero cinico e quasi del tutto
di nessuno

privo di compassione per chiunque altro
a parte le persona

essere umano fianne (per) i membri della
quasi 30

mia famiglia. Avevo 29 anni. Avevo
risparmiato duemila dollari — messi
da parte, da non toccare — (sua)
per un ri-

Theophilus North, di T. W.

dell'anno

Nella primavera del 1926 rassegnai le dimissioni dal mio posto di lavoro...

I primi giorni che seguono una tale decisione sono come il rilascio da un ospedale dopo una degenza prolungata. Ci stento si impara di nuovo a camminare; lentamente lento lento e meravigliandovi intanto si rialza la testa.

Stavo benissimo, ma dentro ero esaurito. Per quattro anni e mezzo ero stato insegnante in una Avevo insegnato per 4 anni

and no ~~regard~~
~~without~~ relation to the near-at-hand,
feelings within,
archaic mechanisms,
totem fragments
into the mild air—
(a bit of ravaen bread in the coat pocket)—
thus the days fall
until the treetop has ~~stands in the sun~~ grown high
on which the birds will ~~stand and~~ find their (bed)
after the long flight.

Ah, the Distant Land

Ah, the distant land
where the heartbreaking,
~~flitting among rounded stones~~
like a dragonfly on
or beds of reeds,
murmurs to me;
and the moon brings out
its subtle lights
glints
— half blotting, half harvest-white —
frost
double background of ~~the night~~,
night; ~~the~~ starred
so ~~comfortingly~~ witchingly —

ah, the distant land,
where the hills are warm
from the shimmer of the lake
for instance Cuoto, where I use rest —
from Pellegrin
the "Duilio" carried by home,
bay
the flags of all the warships, even the English
flying
flag at half-mast
in Gibraltar
as I passed Gibraltar —
utterance
There, unforeseen within,

To hold a meeting — l'assemblea fu tenuta

To place an order — passare l'ordine, ordinare.

to file a complaint — presentare, o fare un reclamo

to turn the tables on s.o.

to get the upper hand over s.o. = vincere il sopravvento su —

) record it with shame

Theophilus suffered from that Hemming. essere afflitto da

Let other fellows court and woo. corteggiare
non mi fare il bello e il bellimbusto
non mi lisciare le penne

Delighted to outwit the clods.

A reading for rich awoke in me.
risvegliò

Quando furono cresciuti diventati grandi, uccisero l'usurpante Re d'Alba Longa, posero il legittimo sul trono e da lui ottennero l'istruzione di fondare la colonia di Alba Longa che sarebbe diventata la città di Roma.

Romolo e Remo vennero esposti alla nascita
abbandonati
il quale fu dalle acque
tà posti in un paniere e consegnato ai
vi fuori
non
diluvii del Tevere. Sempre a galla, il pan-
ai piedi
iere fu depositato alla base del Palatino
le acque
quando si calarono i diluvii. I gemelli
si salvarono e vennero allattati da
Si trovarono furono trovati
una lupa. Finalmente sotto un fico
dal pastore Faustulus il quale con la
moglie Acca Larentia li allevarono nella
in che
capanna dove abitarono, sull'angolo
sud ovest della collina.

Romolo e Remo erano figli di Rhea Silvia, la figlia del Re di Alba Longa, uno dei discendenti di Enea (lui stesso un figlio di aveva
Venere) che si era sposato con la figlia del Re Latino allorché arrivò in Italia dopo la sua fuga da Troia. Rhea Silvia era stata costretta a diventare una Vergine Vestale da un zio usurpatore ~~prepotente~~, ma essendo amata da Marte gli diede due gemelli maschi. Varie interpretazioni si danno della sorte della madre però quasi tutti sono d'accordo che

Dalla cima del Palatino, Romolo aveva
visto un volo di dodici avvoltoi mentre
Remus
il gemello suo, non ne aveva visto che sei
che provenivano dall'Aventino dove avrebbe
Secondo la
voluto fondare la città. A seconda delle leg-
gende il Remo era geloso, per scherno
la mura,
scavalcò la fondamenta del muro di città
sulla sua
del fratello, il quale già rabbia l'uccise
mai avranno
gridando, "Così moriranno chi valicherà
(mai) le mie mura."

Sempre a seconda delle leggende

scavava una fossa sulla collina e vi si buttava
di sacrificii propiziatorii di granaglie dalla
raccolta precedente. Quando la fossa era col-
ma, un'altare veniva costruito sul luogo.
Terminata la consacrazione, i confini della
futura città venivano tracciati da un aratro
giovenca
tirato da una vacca e un toro, Il solco sca-
vato,
veggiava il fossato e la terra buttata
luogo
il sito delle mura. Era l'aratore il Rom-
dagli favorendogli di
lo, scelto dei dei stessi concedendogli
auspicio
un presagio buono,

processo
della Repubblica a una procedura di
razionalizzazione — e gli archeologhi
moderni non siano d'accordo nei loro
pareri, tuttavia la maggioranza di
questi ultimi credono che le loro costatazi-
rilevanti romani
oni s'accordino con la tradizione.

affermano
Le leggende dichiarano che quest'
importantissimo avvenimento abbia
ebbe
avuto luogo durante la Parilia — la
festa primaverile della dèità pastorale
Pales — e descrivono le cerimonie
rustiche che le accompagnavano. Si

leggende ed auspicii

Roma fu venne fondata il 21 aprile dell'
anno 753 a.c. sul colle Palatino. Questa
tradizione di data e di luogo, santificata
ci Tra già
dalla leggenda, è stata rimandata, per i
secoli e il 21 aprile viene tuttora festeggia-
l'anniversario della fo-
to a Roma oggi come il compleanno della
città. Sebbene gli storici antichi non fossero
dogmatici nei riguardi della vicenda —
c'erano molte leggende a di esse, molte
versioni, sottoposte nei più tardi giorni

per via - ordine

C'è un tono condiscendente nella maniera

raccontare

di scrivere e questo risulta dal dire al lettore

piuttosto che mostrargli il punto in questione

mezzo discorso da colloquio

per via dell'azione. Poi lo stile colloquiale

in comune

presume un bel pò di informazione mutue

per di più le

tra l'autore e il lettore e le messe in scena

vengono appena abbozzate

dalla ~~sua~~ poesia di Arthur (il socio).

Il commento dunque è un potpourri opinioni
delle nostre reazioni.

Il modo di scrivere è troppo retori-
co per i gusti di oggi, temo — Guardando
indietro alla Chicago dei primi anni del
novecento" — "la lunga prospettiva
della North State Street ... si guardava
verso il nord ..." La seconda persona.
pesante nominale adoperato che
è spesso ingombrante e si usa di rado
dagli scrittori contemporanei

Cara Dottoressa,

difatti Ruth Winter mi ha parlato più volte di Lei; quindi l'arrivo dei ~~capitoli~~ capitoli del Suo manoscritto non è stato inaspettato. Siccome sono delle copie carbone, ~~sospetto~~ penso che Lei non ~~abbia~~ si aspettato che venissero rimandate.

È bene forse pigliare il lavoro a questo punto (Lei scrive che sia ~~pressa poco~~ quasi a metà lavoro fatto.) l'ho letto e l'ho fatto leggere anche da un'altro socio, per coincidenza un redattore per la Tri-Quarterly quando era studente all'Università di Northwestern. Stephen Spender si trovava a Northwestern in quei tempi e fu piuttosto colpito della

e commendiamo un risparmio di fogli."

Ma non occorrono 77 anni di vita per chi un uomo possa annoiarsi di interrogativi giornali stupidi e maligni. Basterebbero 37 forse persino 17. E la noia ci spinge qualche volta ai piccoli passatempi più o meno dei automatici come attesta il blocchetto che sta accanto al telefono in ogni casa. Possibile che il puntiglioso giornalista abbia esagerato l'importanza delle zanzare nella vita odierna del suo disgraziato soggetto sentendosi costretto di farci, non meno di alla piccola procuratrice di tante delizie dal nove allusioni nel corso di un breve articolo?

Non è la mia impressione che Montale sia senile, e il povero rannicchiato così premurosamente presentato dal sig. Zorelli mi pare la vittima del "come non bisogna far" una intervista.

La prego di far pubblicare questa lettera nella prossima

Mi sarebbe difficile perdonare
al vostro inviato, il sig. Jorelli, (Epoca 3/3/57
la pura e semplice cattiveria della
sua intervista con Montale, intitolata
la catastrofe è rimandata, nella quale dipinge
il quadro di un uomo in piena decadenza,
un poeta spento, ormai senile, noioso ed annoiato.

"A quest'ora di sera – sono le diciotto e trenta" – afferma il giornalista – "sta tentando di fumare con mani tremanti sotto la tela di un paracadute... Ma c'è anche, a vista d'occhio, una scatola di caramelle ai sapori di menta, arancia, ananas, ribes che il maestro golosa carpisce, tendendo con forza il braccio trepido. Durante la delizia del meccanismo, le dita – dite obbedienti alla mente – tentano puntigliosamente di arrotolare l'involucro delle caramelle, di farne biglietti ripiegati in sei come quelli delle lotterie. Non è escluso che, più tardi, i biglietti serviranno per annotarci l'idea di un verso,

mi era piaciuta
vecchiaia
vano, fin allora inosservato, ricominciato

Mi pareva che quei piedi ciecamente marciando

portassero avanti il mondo verso un altro

ingente disastro e che a me non restasse

più una scelta per continuare a girare

dei popoli e delle lingue
d'Europa, incantata dai paesaggi stranieri.

Il piacere di accostarmi a quello ch'era

stato lontano e di affezionarmi a quello

che era distante, mi abbandonarono ad

un tratto e del tutto.

o piedi di qualsiasi altra nazione occidentale.

Il calcio della radio, del raccattar delle foglie ca-

duta, falciare dell'erba — tutto tranne l'esercitazione militare.

La destinazione di quei piedi marciava mi

veniva con

era ignota e non li collegavo a quell'uomo

bizzarro che si chiamava Adolf Hitler, il quale

stava attirando sempre più attenzione per

tutto il paese. A me però facevano venire i

di un panico freddo

brividi e aumentavano enormemente il

dell'

senso di alienazione che già da un pezzo pa-

Capitolo sesto

Ossigeno Tenta

Nei primi giorni degli anni 1900 ...

più percettibili nelle città tedesche più piccole che grandi, si sentiva una pulsante

sottocorrente, il duro trafelare di una

nazione prostrata. Quel suono, appena

identificabile, stupefacente, era di piedi

che marciavano.

Come si sarebbero sentiti

Cosa avrebbero fatto dei piedi

americani, il pomeriggio di domenica?

Oppure britannici, o francesi, o italiani

ultimately
for them lastly ~~with his gaze~~, smiling vaguely
behind his moustache, ~~upon~~ the great gilded clouds
which filled the sky; over towards Bologna.

got home each autumn with such an in-

tense such an imperious desire for peace

and composure, Elia would appear, un-
before her

for moments
few minutes, seated as always at the

desk placed under the window furthest

from the entrance, in the act, perhaps
at that moment
just, in the act of raising his eyes from

the his books to direct them outside, beyond

the orchard, beyond the wall which separ-

ated the ~~and~~ orchard from the fortifications
bastions

beyond the bastions themselves, and to

haughty and

and those reserved people who hated her or they did, no real agreement, no understanding except the most superficial, could ever have been possible.

Each time, even before she saw her, she pictured Elia to herself.

In the big kitchen, where the copper cooking utensils hanging from the walls threw off flaming reflections (and where, returned from her annual summer peregrinations to Baden-Baden or to Vichy, in the wake of the Duchess Castalia, the

which cluttered them, the shelves piled with
books, and the notebooks lying around every-
where, even in the most traversed areas
from
to the alcoves and closets, the assorted
typewritings, the letters, large and small,
folding the inevitable odd, complicated
for the
studio lamps, the old canvases, most
part
of which in bad condition, hanging on
or hospital
the walls alongside of family photo-
graphs framed and mounted; repeating
bitterly that between them, the Brontës

p. 95 Lucian - Within the Walls
Inside "

Later,
They found themselves together again, on the second floor landing, before another closed door.

And they too, as they waited for someone to open another ~~the door, a quick~~ ~~adjacent~~ supplementary ~~to the pause,~~ (always necessary was ~~no order~~.

But finally there they were inside. Except that, once ~~inside~~, (The others had gone ahead lagging behind at once, aiming resolutely for the kitchen) it often happened that Amilia loitered to trace hung back through the rooms above. In passing, ~~she~~ glance ~~eyes~~ brushed over the ~~notes~~ familiar, everything objects

framing with ~~hands~~ brow his large head — justify their unnatural postures by their fixed gaze upon the beard revealed in an attitude of inspiration; discovered and their motions thus fixed, conform to the quill in the poet's hand. The tree which bends over him, the pedals of the flowers like trunks and boughs, and the curling ~~and~~ young shoots like the pruning hook, down to the ~~spread~~ wings in which the pages seem to terminate. Ut pictura poesis picturae, we might well say.

Here the author and the foreground impinged from close at hand. But what were my emotions, if I may be permitted a personal confession, when I found before me, in the National Gallery of London the Kilton diptych in which I seemed to recognize a perfect figurative equivalent, devoid of connotative link, of the vision of Petrarch! With this single subjective impression I will close this recapitulation of data and commentary, for a chapter which is one of the most seductive in the history of occidental cultures.

to the nature of Chiara, fiochi e dolci acque, of Di
Pensier in pensier, di monte in monte, of un
abete, un faggio, un pino / Tra l'erba verde e 'l bel
monte vicino," this nature abstracted from the fau
reality of the world and ready to be converted into
an emblem. "... not only distinguishable from, but
opposed to, the "realism" of a broad knowledge of
the real, modelled in its massive and luminous
sensuality. The tapered hands of the Petrarchesque
virgins, from the last long, weaved fingers, appear
as a slight and easily-deciphered symbol of the linearity,
the graphism, the division, that differs into the
Ambrosian surface (painted for Petrarch and
guided by him to the center at which is the al-
most unseemly exhibition of Donato who draws
away the veil, a veil of milky transparency in which
is more ravishing the entropy of the Sienese "mantle"
the curtain and the covering of the "San Martino
of Assisi and which transmutes [illegible] the
Tree in the background, and Gemma bent over,
the staff which supports him, the shepherd
milking who faces backwards, the gardener

indices are extended or flexed to indicate steps; similarly prolongations or integration of painted arabesques serve as forms in the dialogue which the solitary poet overheard carries on with himself, non-verbal discourses which extend the written word.

In our cursory survey of the phenomenology of the relations of Petrarch to the visual arts, we have already happened upon an answer to the primary question having to do with our problem, namely, which pictorial visualization is most closely related to that of Petrarch more or less in the direction indicated for French researches by Helmut A. Hatzfeld in his manual of 1952, Literature Through Art, in the sense in which it has been said that Petrarch was a civilizator in the broad, "natural-universe" significance. Petrarchism appears as an obvious parallel to the so-called "international Gothic" which takes it as a necessary precedent an Elysium populated by creatures of pleasure like the Limbourg brothers, Stefano da Zevio and the artist Stefano, da Zevio, Michelino da Besozzo up to Gentile. The "Gothicism" alludes

aesthetic
did not escape Castelnuovo. By continuity, just
unites Petrarch, acclaimed artist for a day,
with the describer of exquisite pleasures and their
pragmatic co-ordinator.

nature
Continuity of a slightly different type
can be established for the graphic studies done
by the hand of Petrarch in the footsteps of the scholar who
in addition to
beyond the famous vision of the "Gioconda bam-
bino" has marked the silvered pages of manuscripts
almost a reserve of points, caprices or notes produced
by the same instruments as had fixed the word.
lines symbolic of mountains and rivers (which
recall the lost art of the cartographer); sketches of
monuments (in the ever-enviable Pliny, a fore-
taste of Sant'Angelo which recalls somewhat
crudely the male figures of the cortex of San
Giorgio); vaguely profiles intended as portraits (although
entertainment
of amusement (although the Petrarch likenesses
were notoriously created as accompaniments to
the manuscripts of his works); here a head in-
there a quantity of little hands, more with su-
perimmary fingers, of which the disproportionate

man to terminate in a steeple, and extending the scene horizontally at the bottom in an enchanting [illegible] vista with birds and fishes. A grouping under the heading of "naturalismo cinquecentesco" ~~recognized~~ by Enrico Castelnuovo in his excellent monograph, published in 1962, on Matteo da Viterbo (An Italian Painter at the Court of Avignon. Matteo Giovanetti and Painting in Provence in the 14th century) del Petrarca "naturalistico" with these and other artists*, particularly the Italian and Transalpine "collaborators" of Matteo who painted the verdant charms of verdure, of fishing and stag hunting in the Chamber of the Wardrobe (or of the Stag) in the Papal Palace of Avignon. Here, coming to the aid of the critic, are the already adopted by others — on the two "orti" of Valchiusa —, XVIII, 5 — also in the country "ad fontem Sorgie" —, III, 22 — of the place in Valchiusa —); and the importance which the suggestions of Petrarch had for the garden of Vaucluse, brought out by De Rothae,

* in this connection

have been given for
Minute interpretations accompany this charming
sketch, and discussion has taken place as to whether
the chapel is the real one of Saint-Victor or the
ideal which the poet would have wished to erect, and
whether the graves and the animals are frankly
representational or symbolical. It would be
much more important to point out the close mnemonic
relationship which suggests the Martini fresco al-
ready referred to in Notre-Dames-des-Doms in which
occupies the right side is occupied by a rocky cliff
surmounted by a tree, and particularly the exqui-
site and obviously closely related miniature of the
same subject containing therefore a putative Laura
in a codex executed for the same Cardinal Stefa-
neschi, now in the archives of Saint Peter's. Al-
ready identified with Martini the author has been declared to be an anonymous individual more (eg. The so-
called Maestro del Codice di San Giorgio) and
the page already shows the paging from which is
to be found in Petrarch's Plays occupying
the right lower corner, where the vertical
complex of rocks and attendant grass

the Simone petrarchesco renews ante mortem the methods of Dante Alighieri'. Between Dante and Petrarch falls a true documentary frontier in the history of civilization, if etc. omit? — as from the latter we come to possess not only a fair number of autographs but also the artistic products of his pen.

Literally, only the best known of these, namely "Transalpina solitudo mea iocundissima" which occupies the right lower margin of a page of the Pliny, now in Paris, to which she has several times referred, at the point where the Historia naturalis describes a spring near Narbonne which Petrarch, rightly or wrongly ("Sorga nomine est"), identifies with his own Sorga, in Vaucluse. The vertical portion to the right shows a rocky cliff surmounted by a chapel and embellished with tufts of plants; at the foot of which, in the center, is the grotto of the spring, from which the stream proceed horizontally toward the left to meet, under a clear sky, a row of grasses and marsh flowers. At the extreme left is a heron with a fish in its mouth.

is an enemy of the bitter". Of How communicated would be if one could glance through in a handy hunting * the responses with which the Rules ... teaches the Laudium in the chapters De canto et dilectione a musica etc.! - - -

of this most extraordinary writing of Edwards:

Trace the features of the ancient and beloved
Petrarch from which ~~he evoked~~ inspiration
of the
~~contadorina~~ came. He took, as shown by Chiovenda,
for the little heads which he drew in the margins
of parchments, Paintings, illuminated manu-
scripts, vases, "tabulæ" — there was hardly
a field in which Petrarch did not learn a ~~that~~
~~learned of it person~~, ~~enormously before him~~. (Cer-
tainly no one would venture to say that he was a
"man of taste".) In addition to which makes
of him something much more ancient or more mod-
ern than the adjective "first humanist", given that
to the luxurious awareness of being a sophis-
ticated dilettante, he added remorse for being
such, and that the decadent was also a Stoic
of the Age of Silver or a Christian ascetic. He
book five, open before us, the many times quoted "Re-
remedies", of which it is much to be regretted
that the mythical expectation of a critical edition
inhibited in the meantime any kind of a
legible modern edition. Thus ~~assuring~~ the field
of philology the Latin proverb, "The good

some loose but most of them are broken.
The most outstanding part of his collection coincided therefore with his altogether admirable
library, since certain codices were already illuminated
while he had had others illuminated in
Bologna or Milano — without counting the care
dedicated to the script which he wanted, and
had: clear, intelligible, elegant but functional,
not unduly calligraphic (hence the praise of
the rare scriptor at against the pulpit, how
so-called out of die, what a sight it would
be were it possible to assemble, once in our life
time, surviving the dispersion of the corpus
which occurred immediately, reconstituted by the
great blocs from Paris and from the Vatican, with
the noted great examples in Milano and Firenze.
In addition, however, Filarete owned a num-
ber of objects wrought in precious metals, men-
tioned in his testament as well as a fine collec-
tion of Roman coins upon which he could

especially French ones

?

* exhibition of

* of the collection?

Carrara, who wanted frescos in the Hall of the Giants of his palace in Padua, now destroyed so completely that it is useless to ~~conjecture~~ attempt to ~~locate~~ distinguish the ~~rules~~ parts of Giants, (Hercules, Orpheus, Evander), ~~inspired~~ by events of Roman history. It was then that he went back to his ~~unfinished~~ work, De viris illustribus, developing the edition known as Epitoma, with thirty-six biographies ranging from Romulus to Trajan. Thus Petrarch became the originator of one of the great cyclic motifs of Renaissance painting; namely, Uomini Illustri, another being Trionfi (already associated with the tradition of the De viris), for the Trionfi della Sala which adorn two Carrarese manuscripts of the opera, I Latini (6069 I and F of the Bibliothèque Nationale).

So a small incursion into the patrimony left by Petrarch, collector, & legislator) which one is always tempted to attack in the modern manner on a strictly pictorial basis

on a basis of strict craftsmanship

the Epistle says: "..... etc.

~~almost~~ somewhat abnormal

The judgment shows a misoneism for one who had once associated himself with both Giotto and Martini. Inasfar as the identification is concerned, attempted by Chiovenda as ~~by~~ Lorenzo da Milano who, then, however, was working in Florence, we might as well hypothesize a Riminese). And, truly, we would still be with Martini if we were to listen to the guess advanced by Chiovenda a propos of the head of a moribund ("a crucifix? a Francesco?" Mother wonders) which, in another marginal note appended to the Plinian passage on Apelles, the poet declares that he claims to possess ("qualem [expectantis imaginem] nos hic unam habemus preclarissimi artificis").

The miniature of Virgil was obviously executed according to precise instructions from the owner, as must have occurred on other less brilliant occasions. But at last one can Petrarch had to elaborate instructions in behalf of a powerful client, namely, Francesco da

given the origin of Malatesta

reproduction
vaguely in the 17th century drawing published by De Nicola in "Arte" in 1936; Then Petrarch himself in the Laurel and, somewhat later (Schulenburg) in the Trivulzio Ambrosiana. Note that the purchaser, the cardinal of San Giorgio in Velabro, Jacopo Stefaneschi, included, in his active admiration. On the other hand, Vasari saw Laura and Petrarch as painted by the hand of Martini in the Cappella degli Spagnuoli in Santa Maria Novella, where the frescos were done by the Florentine, Andrea di Bonaiuto, after the death of Simone. And Vasari likewise has Martini going to Pandolfo Malatesta in Bergamo to paint Petrarch — an invention or an unconscious error with what is related in a letter to Francesco Brun (Sen. I 6) from which we gather that, unknown to the poet, Pandolfo had already sent a well-paid painter (to what place is not mentioned, but evidently in Italy — with the same assignment; then, having viewed the interpreter with another artist whom he had known personally in Milano (1356), being dissatisfied with the first painting. (Of this second, whose work was ill-starred,

A
perceptual as characteristic by the object

Finally, in his Pliny (now lat. 6802 in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris), a rich source of art history information for him as art historian and for us as well as informal indications of his attitudes toward art for us, when mention is made of the good humor of Apelle, Petrarch noted in the margin: "Hec fuit et Simoni nostro nuper iocundissimo"; a personal eulogy this time of a deceased, confirming at the same time that Martini could be the modern Apelle, not a "rigidior mentor." With this bit of marginalia closes the catalogue of the certainties; but the love of the portrait of Laura, sought in vain through the succeeding centuries (for example, in the house of Longuyon at the request of Spinello Aretino) gave rise to various legends. Thus the Martini fresco with Saint George in Notre-Dame-des-Dons which came to be destroyed in the last century after a long deterioration, is believed — and had a copy made of the detail — that he recognized Laura in the Principessa di Trebisonda in whose features stand out somewhat

when Bernardo, the father of Pedro Bern-
100 years

similar period of intimacy. This cursory archivistic identification I would like to add this observation: that in the celebrated painted page the poet himself makes use of a medievally retrospective induction with respect to the task of the painter. Having to fill the two illuminated pages Petrarch takes recourse in what was unusual for him although common in the epigraphic middle ages, namely, leonitas: distychs (of verses not elegiac but still hexametric like the trivially) scholastic ones of the Dicta Catonis, rendered by the rhyme. The same metre was adopted for what has been considered a certificate of merit from a satisfied client, unfortunately; but here, furthermore, the Leonitas (which adds to the prosody, forced and projectile, verses but of tone) recalls, even not by chance, the similarly alliterative formula used for the signature — at that time however, vulgar — a quarter of a century earlier (1315), in the Maestà di Palazzo pubblico, "Simon a man di Symone".

* The following

* an induction which is mediorally retrospective

agudeza acuity in Paradise

the perspicuity of the ~~paradisiacal~~ woman to the execution of the icon, which ~~imagine~~ could not have been less than paradisiacal (here ~~the~~ Simone's but not all of the for massive dose, according to certain interpreters, particularly the devotees of the figurative arts.

Simone died in Avignon in the summer of 1344 in the absence of the pope who had been away since the preceding September. ~~and~~ The date of his re- turned in Avignon is controversial, although it was certainly after the year which is 1333, inscribed on the Annunciazione now in the Uffizi. Simone was away from Avignon during the first half of 37 and again from February, 1341 to the Spring of 1342. It is difficult to ~~determine~~ declare whether the portrait is to be placed before or after the coronation. But it is evident that on April 17, 1338, he again saw Laura (at the Santa Chiara Convent) from whom he had been separated ~~for~~ twelve years before. It seems probable that the addition of two ~~eighth~~ or quarter, the second years record of which ~~was~~ ornamented by the famous Martini miniature, should be placed almost coevally and that the last portrait belongs to a

Here Time's close is somewhat too
massive

he formed The Virgil, stolen (now (embracing) in the Vatican)
from him 12 years before, and it seems probable that (by addition of two (or three) added letters, the second of which was decorated by the famous Martini miniature) were located in almost exact juxtaposition — and that (in a like period of intimacy) also the lost portrait might be recovered.

To the "finta effigies" we cannot add "ivi
maggiore" from the sonnet for the Carmen
(CXXX): "Ma fe' non fanti, o Praxitele, o Fidia/
Ma miglior maestro, et di più alto ingegno," as on
the opinion of the commentators cited by the dis-
tinct Chiarelli which curiously enough Marchetti
Lionello Venturi, Chiovenda and De Rinaldis
(not Müntz and Ewing, however): not [illegible]
himself as the master (ordinarily inter-
preted as Love) thus acclaimed as superior to the old
masters, superseding whom, if the portrait was
executed in Fiesole (or Murac) would be more
than the Creator Himself. Nor can we agree with Sig.ra
Chiovenda that in the sonnet Lasso la mente
(CXCIII) the object contemplated, measuring "less
than a palm" would be Martini's: accurate
impressions, in fact tangle with casual ones, and
recordings on tape to frame the pattern. But
the several allusions are enough: in one (Quando
giunse) [especially] lamenting that the likeness did
not possess also voice and intellect (as in the case
of Pygmalion); in the other, the extension, propagation, of

dissenting

a number of devices of the figurative arts,
such as

one having to do, not only with Laudamus (confused or distinguished from Laud dal' Uovo) but with his own chapel; the exceptional place reserved for it in the Petrarch "guide" could hardly be more significant.

On the other hand, relations with his elected neighbor by election, Lemon Martini were utterly transparent. I dare go so far as to maintain that the prime good fortune of the Siena master was his encounter with Petrarch, because his writings, which contain such an exalted mention of it, were to give "centuries eternal," while the pictorial works "are doomed to vanish sooner or later." The two [sight lines] common ground finds a literal confirmation in circumstance since the portrait of Laura, executed "in carta" with "lo stile" (**) bears a miniature, a portable likeness (as in the Secretum: Agostino autoritratto: "non contentum...). Here it makes little difference that to the other reference

of the art of "Giotto"); and that notwithstanding the
~~present~~ state of the Florentine dome, I do not know if
it would be timely to suspect, in this case, an incorrect
attribution. What is somewhat confusing in
connection with an attribution to so important
a master, as to the enjoyability to the sophisticated
connoisseur; and from the last quotation on
the Madonna of the cathedral, the presence of
qualities, specially chromatic, characteristic
of miniatures cannot fail to come to mind.

"Not entirely devoid of difficulties is the
last contact between Giotto and Petrarch,
whom the so-called Illuminatum Syracusae
describing Naples from the sea, begins with the
port ~~with~~ and the royal palace, within which
is the "Cappella regis" containing the master
pieces left there by "conterraneus olim meus,
pictor nobilium principes". This is the final
mention (1358) after the generic one of Ottimo
Commento (Andrea Dandolo?), of one of the
totally destroyed neapolitan work conducted
by Giotto under King Roberto, and the only

from which one gathers that the testator bequeathing to the gentleman of Padova, Francesco il Vecchio da Carrara, as the only possession "worthy of him": tabulam meam cum iconam Beate Virginis Marie etc. .... Such a similar picture no longer exists to-day but we are accustomed to identify it with the Madonna called "del Carro" situated on the altar of the right transept of the sacristy of the Cathedral of Padova. We are accustomed, but not on the part of the specialists, beginning with Moschetti since it is clearly a work of North Italian origin, even if we neglect its relations, direct or indirect (one author believed it to be a product of the Ferrara entury) with a bas-relief of Santa Giustina, which was the object of a controversy among the specialists. The fact still remains the fact of its glottisms, authoritatively proclaimed (Longa, 1927: "in its robust modelling, as in the appearance of the baby, it demonstrates its experience of the Lombard renewal"; Longhi, 1946: "the most intelligent Giottesque transposition in Padua"; Longa again, 1953: "already one glimpses/divines the presence

not long thereafter, the Fiammetta (XLV) discovered
personal
the ingenuous of Giotto, so curiously opposed
to the sovereignty of art; and a tradition is cor-
rect in recognizing a self-portrait in a certain
profile of the Giudizio agli Scrovegni, he was
not outstanding for [illegible] prudence. This serves
only to bring out how to what extent the anecdote
was common knowledge, without insinuating doubt
on the authenticity of an acquaintanceship on the
part of Petrarch. The doubts begin with the chron-
ological inconsistency of the meeting; if Bonn
contained nothing but pure gold, this would re-
main only to hesitate between Pisa (the Pisa
where Petrarch is thought to have been a child),
Romagna and best of all Avignon; to-day we
can only turn around the difficult question over
to the specialists on the biography of Giotto who do not
appear to have posed it. Another, but this time
well-recognized, difficulty has to do with the re-
lations between Giotto and the collector, Petrarch.
Here, too, the quotation made by Vasari just before
the passage to Guido Sette. This deals with
the testament which closes the Latin works,

To all that was sovereign in art

in the Basel printings

sculptors Petrarch may have come across and where or even worse because it spurs us to deplore (which would hold good, at least a silentio, also for Dante) the inadequate appreciation of the major Pisans, of Arnolfo or Duccio; but because, inversely, there comes out of it an awareness of the greatness of painting at that time. This was further amplified in its remotis where, as we have seen, from the banality of the greatest three-dimensional naturalness emerges that other and opposite banality, of the decay of antique painting and as a consequence, the observation: Unde hoc etas etc.

And the adjective "impar" turns up again, as never ever with ferret to Matteary; although only a few lines above, painting was taken to be pre-eminent among the liberal arts as "Grace", among the "mechanic" in Rome and was even practised by prominent intellectuals.

So The appreciation involves, among the as seen by the highest level, Giotto & Simone.

on the contrary

there is certainly no modification of pattern
In this, the sculptural-rhetorical scheme clearly
~~undergoes no modification~~, at the center of which
is the macabre jest of the painter who, ques-
tioned as to why he makes beautiful pictures
and ugly children, replies that the pictures
are made by day and the children by night;
and where the back-bone of the example derives
from the accustomed (customary) in bulk also
(or the consumere) Plinian patron saint's day
of Apelle, Parrasio and Zeuxi, Fidia, Policleto
and Praxiteles, great either by fame or by
surviving relics (difference in fate among
the various arts, again stressed in the remind-
er, without there having been "former"
That if one turns to the moderns ("nova")
and the comparatos ("nostra"):

duos ego etc.

the products of whom were nonetheless a long
way from the producers

The last statement is unquestionably
the most interesting, not because it pre-
vails us to predict overrides which of the contemporary

In only one passage are the two artists considered together, and an admirer a priori like Sig^na Chiovenda could hardly fail to find it "significant". It occurs in a letter to Guido Setti (Jan. V 17), which Wilkins dates around '41 – '43 in which case Simone, who died in 1344, would have been still living, contrary to the impression to be gained from an unwary reading of the document. However this may be, the passage, although abruptly introduced, appears less extravagant when related to the general theme, than a little to Setti clear to by the author. but irrevocably lost, seemingly probably through the coming and goings of admirers! only the comparison which comes reproach AFTER the passage, of having written a "putera" Giles, though being himself an "ignoble man," (since "puterum depinxi hominem pictor fedum), explains in retrospect the excursus made by the great artists into the ugly) – comprehensible if the "forma corporis" and the "ingenium" qua forma est animae are both the gift of the Creator (and therefore implicitly separable).

the archbishop Giovanni Visconti (Fam. XII 11). Then Petrarch the "naturalist" traces one of his countless charming little pictures of the house at west of the city which had been assigned to him:

Sed iberorum domus est ...

And adds:

... aram [and here a centrifugal quotation from Seneca] imaginemque eius [of Iesu Christ Progio]

Wilkins, the great Petrarch scholar, discovers in this quotation, as genuine as it is to the point (and better than any place else), the topic which is to be caught in the first part of the remedies utriusque fortunae: exemplorum vis etc. ... the evidence of a very fine taste in art. But he discovers it also in his comments on Giotto and Martini. Let us look further.

Thí. II, 74. { V. 118 ~~1000~~ x 10 x 75 = 88,500
ap. 23 { IV " x 8 x 75 = 70,800
mẹ. 23
gang. 29
75

118 — 118
750 — 600
5900 — 70800
826
88500

to an accustomed ..... This may seem the eclecticism of the definition

admire the graciousness of Giotto and to place in polar contrast this the sublimity (graphism) and linearity of the Sienese, so congenial to the visualization manifestly of Pisarek. But one would rule the anacronistic neo-dating of an idle chic in the manner of from the vocabulary a modern sketchboy: Giotto and his colleagues, Pietro Lorenzetti and Simone cohabit without quarreling the Supreme walls of Assisi where a brilliant hypothesis of Roberto Longhi postulates (unaware as the teacher common to both Giotto and disciples. Duccio: We may easily concede that a specifically smaller reduction of mental armamentarium did not allow the poet other tertium comparationis than the common ground of painting as requiring only the vital breath to integrate the perfect imitation; a common ground equally adapted to an entirely heterogeneous work such as the romantic bust of Sant'Ambrogio in plaster (then in the basilica and now in the museum) of which in August, 1353, he wrote from Milano to a Florentine friends who deplored his acquiescence to the invitation of a "tyrant"

	28/4/74			13/5/74		
Forch. grandi	3	6	5	5	4	3
" picc.	2	7	2	3	2	2
Colt. gr.	1	3	8	2	2	8
" picc.	1	3	8	2	2	8
Cucch. gr.	1	4	6	4	3	6
" picc.	3	5	6	5	4	6
dacch.	3	1		2	3	
" serv.	1	1	8	1	1	8

	7/7/74			11/9/74		
Forch. gr.	2	7	3	3	8,5	
" picc.	3	6	2	3	6	2
Colt. gr.	1	8	8	1	3	7
" picc.	1	5	8	1	3	6
Cucch. gr.		6	6	2	4	6
picc.	4	3,2	6	3	3	6
Caffè	2	2,1	1	1	2	1
serv.	1	1	8	1	1	8
pranzo			2		1	1

IL GUINNESS DEI PRIMATI

(Da «**Il Guinness dei Primati**», per gentile concessione della A. Mondadori Editore)

IL REGNO VEGETALE

Il primo fiore. Il più vecchio fossile di una pianta da fiori, con impronte simili alla palma, fu trovato nello stato americano del Colorado, nel 1935, e risaliva a circa 65.000.000 di anni.

Le radici più profonde. La maggior profondità a cui siano penetrate le radici di un albero è di 45 m. Il caso si è verificato per una specie delle *Acacia*, probabilmente *Acacia girafae*, la profondità delle cui radici fu misurata, scavando una fossa, nella Fattoria Okapanje, situata 100 km. circa ad oriente di Windhoek nell'Africa sud-occidentale.

I più grandi esseri viventi. L'essere vivente più grande che esista sulla Terra è un grande albero della California (*Sequoia gigantea*), chiamato il « Generale Sherman », che misura 83 m. di altezza e che si trova nel Parco Nazionale delle Sequoie, in California. Esso ha una circonferenza di base di m. 30,96. Il suo diametro medio di base è di m. 9,83 e il suo diametro massimo è di m. 10,36.

I più veloci nella crescita. Non considerando il bambù, che non è classificato botanicamente come albero bensì come erba legnosa, l'albero che cresce più velocemente è l'*Eucalyptus saligna*; si è calcolato che, nell'Uganda, Africa centrale, esso cresce di m. 13,7 in due anni.

Il bambù più alto. La più alta specie di bambù che si conosca è il *Dendrocalamus giganteus*, originario della Birmania meridionale. Nel 1904 fu riferito che nei giardini botanici di Peradeniya a Ceylon, vi erano alcuni esemplari di questa specie con un culmo lungo dai 30 ai 35 m.

Le foglie più grandi. Le foglie più grandi sono quelle della palma rafia (*Raphia raffia*) delle isole Mascarene, nell'Oceano Indiano, e quelle della palma bambù amazzonica (*Raphia toedigera*) dell'America meridionale. I lembi di queste foglie possono raggiungere i 20 m. di lunghezza e i picciuoli possono misurare fino a 4 m. La più grossa foglia intera è quella dell'*Alocasia macrorrhiza* di Sabah, nella Malesia orientale. Un esemplare trovato nel 1966 misurava m. 3,02 di lunghezza, 1,92 di larghezza e, su un solo lato, aveva un'area di 4,01 m^2.

La pianta che fiorisce più lentamente. Tra tutte le piante, quella che fiorisce più lentamente è la rara *Puya raimondii*, la più grande di tutte le piante erbacee, scoperta in Bolivia nel 1870. La pannocchia nasce quando la pianta ha già 150 anni di vita e subito dopo muore.

I funghi più grossi. Il più grosso fungo di terra era un esemplare di vescia di lupo gigante (*Calvatia gigantea*), trovata nello stato di New York, nel 1884. Le sue misure erano: 160 cm. di lunghezza, 135 cm. di larghezza e 24 cm. di altezza. Il più grosso fungo d'albero, ufficialmente riconosciuto, fu un esemplare di *Oxyporus* (*Fomes*) *nobilissimus*, trovato nel 1946 da J. Hisey nello stato di Washington. Esso misurava cm. 142 per 94 e pesava almeno kg. 135.

Il seme più grosso. Il più grosso seme del mondo è quello della doppia noce di cocco o Coco de Mer (*Lodoicea seychellarum*), che cresce solamente nelle isole Seicelle, nell'Oceano Indiano. Questo seme, l'unico del frutto, può raggiungere un peso di kg. 18.

Edith B. Farnsworth

Artifact

The dawn was close this morning when I woke
To hear some flying creature strike the pane
Of glass beside my bed--strike and flutter
For a moment, strike and beat
Bewildered wings upon the glass.

There was no light.
It was not day, or night.
I could not see the wounded flying thing
But I could hear the fluttering, breaking wing
Beating its moment out upon my pane
Of glass. Why does it not recoil, or die?
Why does it try
The sold smooth artifact to pass,
Why does it beat upon the glass?

The unseen wings are slipping down the pane;
The splintered feathers agonize in vain.
The moments pass
And in the grass
Below, there lies
My hope, and dies.

1960

XENIA

1.

Dear

~~Darling~~ little insect
known to everyone as "fly", I don't know why,
this evening almost at dark,
as I was reading Deuteroisaiah
you reappeared beside me,
but you didn't have your glasses,
you couldn't see me;
nor could I, without that little glint,
recognize you in the gloom.